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HISTORY
OF THE
OTTAWA VALLEY

BY

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A COLLECTION OF FACTS, EVENTS AND REMINISCENCES
OR OVER HALF A CENTURY.

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HISTORY OF THE OTTAWA VALLEY

THE history of a country is the narrative or story of the character and conduct of its prominent citizens or inhabitants. The succession of events they have been promoting or hindering, in which they have been the actors or participants, forms the theme and adventitious circumstances from the coloring of the picture. The topography of the soil, the salubrity or the reverse of the climate, occasionally come in as the local habitation on which they dwell and the atmosphere in which they breathe. Very little has been recorded of our fertile valley in past years and that little is scraps not available as history. It fares no worse than other lands, whose early history lies deeply buried in obscurity and whose people's origin is unknown for want of records, or what are given as facts drawn from imagination or tradition where it is impossible to separate truth from fable. Politicians have proposed to make it an Eden blossoming in beauty and filling the air with fragrance, provided we elect them to make their fortune at our expense but their promises were visionary and vanished away like the mirage of the desert as soon as the candidates were seated and in a condition to help themselves. To indolence and carelessness may be attributed the meagre information we possess regarding the origin, progress, growth and decay of so many branches of the human race. Even the briefest correct records would be of signal advantage to posterity and to the historian. The migratory disposition of mankind makes it difficult to preserve such records even when they exist. Intelligent young people should keep short notes of stirring events that come within the range of their observation as these must be of interest and in the hands of one who could classify and arrange and generalize they would not be heavy, but readable. The story of savage life is confined to the gratification of natural appetite, idleness sleep and slaughter. If they observed any kind of laws they were not always in aid of the survival of the fittest. The history of such tribes is seldom written, or of much value if written. We have some interest in the Indian tribes that roamed these parts, but few traces remain of them; Algonquins, Hurons, Senecas have almost disappeared or at least greatly diminished, so that little reliable can be written of them to gratify curiosity, except we draw too extensively on the imagination. Many of the present rising generation with whom we have conversed can scarcely tell you of their great grandfathers or their grandfathers. We remember in youthful days the first inhabitants of the Ottawa country, on both sides of the river, who used to tell long stories of the red men, but we never met a vestige of encampment, to show that they had ever pitched a camp on the plains. Their wigwams were not of a kind to require a foundation like more solid structures, as

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y were formed of little poles, set in a circle on the ground and con-
juring their small points in the centre above, covered round with white
rarch bark, to keep out the rain or snow, without an opening at the top to
et the smoke escape, which had to make its way out by the door or
other openings. When the tents were struck the bark was so light
as to be easily rolled up and carried off, whilst the dry poles would do
to cook the last animal to eat before they started out for the next halt-
ing place. Their contact with civilization unmanned them, making
them wards of the government, than a blanket became the door or
screen of the tent. Cedar, ash and birch bark formed the staple with
which their canoe fleets were built. Other tough timbers like oak and
hickory were used for bows, arrows and clubs. Fish and the flesh of
animals procured by the chase with wild vegetables, berries and other
wild fruits were their provisions. Dressed peltries were their clothing
with a profuse decoration of feathers. To these hereditary wanderers the
desolate forests were valueless except as hunting grounds or the home of
the tameless fur bearing animals. They appeared very much the same
to the first French immigrants, if we may judge from a statement in a
French man's letter to his French friends in the old land, in which the
aspects of the country, its flora and funa, are graphically described
thus: "You can see nothing but swamps, hear nothing but frogs, and
feel nothing but mosquitoes." Meadows have taken the place of swamps,
large clearings have silenced the frogs, and mosquitoes are not so pro-
ductive, or have betaken themselves to less civilized lands. We have
conversed with the men who felled the first trees cut by the white men in
this valley. We have not heard of a single trace of the march of Sam-
uel Champlain with his little army of French men with their Indian
allies, whether he took the north shore, which is the more probable as it
was the Indian trail, or the south shore, in making his way to Lake
Huron and thence to the father of waters, or wherever he went to meet
their Indian foes. The French did little or nothing in the settlement of
the Ottawa country, except on the north shore, Two Mountains and
Papineauville. The British, with a good sprinkling of U. E. L. Ameri-
cans have taken up the whole valley. Almost all the first settlers of
Upper Canada were children of New England, refugees from the United
States.

These came in after the war of independence and got land grants all
along the line of frontier, from the Eastern Provinces to the Great
Lakes, and penetrated back to the banks of the Rideau, and down the
Mississippi to the Carp. The valley along the north shore of the Ot-
tawa river is beautiful lands, but it is only an average of six or seven
miles, between the river and the Laurentian range of mountains. North
of this range the land is good, but in small patches very broken, thinly
settled, in a word, a wide sea of mountains and valleys, with lakes and
streams innumerable, as far as the country has yet been explored and
known. The south or Ontario side is now very populous, lots all owned
or occupied worth holding. In our early recollections, what the people
called half-pay officers held all the prominent place on the south shore,
locating on the river bank till it was crowded full, then taking the rest
of their large grants as near the other lots as they possibly could.
Tier after tier of settlement followed, till all the best lots were occupied.
Rivers were the channels of communication, and canoes and boats were

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easily made in rude, strong ways, and served to convey men and freight with speed and safety, avoiding storms and squalls, and plying the paddle well on smooth water. We remember when a boy, perhaps twelve or thirteen, crossing with an old gentleman, W. Nesbit, on a smooth sea in the morning to Aylmer. On our return in the afternoon the "waves were raging white." It fell to me to steer, as he could neither steer, row nor paddle but very poorly. He was ill to persuade to get in. The canoe was very large, dug out of an immense pine, fit to be the mast of some great Admiral. We embarked, got out a couple of lengths, when between two great waves she grated on a large bowlder that called forth a groan from the frightened old gentleman. The wind was in sailor phrase, on the larboard, blowing across the river, and too strong to face. To have run up the north shore would have put us alternately on the crest of the wave and in the trough of the sea, in a very dangerous rolling position. We took the medium course, half against the wind trying to keep on three or four waves, so that we were breasting the wind and the waves, making steering and rowing anything but a pleasure. Often by the blow of a heavy sea, the canoe quivering, we were thrown into a deep hollow between two large waves, the foaming crest of one dashing against the side of our craft, sending a shower over us. He would say "They're gathering on the shore to watch us go down." Trained from the cradle to trust in providence and fear no evil, the boy encouraged the old man. An unguarded dip would unship his oar, we shouted, "Hold up the blade and get it into the row-lock again," and watched his stroke, we sailed about five miles on the north of the island and got under the lee of the land in comparatively calm water at the south shore. We took in our paddles and let her float down, whilst we breathed freely. We did thank the kind Providence for our safety, though we could not divest ourselves of the notion that it was a tempting of that providence in not waiting for a calmer atmosphere and a smoother sea. This is one of many escapes we have made, which when we look back on, we devoutly thank the Lord for leading and delivering us. We remember sitting enchanted with the narrative of pioneers, who told often in the funniest wittiest manner, sometimes with an earnest eloquence, always to our mind with originality, the hardships, privations, difficulties, besetments, yes, suffering through which they passed, and over which they triumphed in such peculiar trying times.

After this country had passed from the hands of the French into those of the British, the settlements began at once to be extended beyond their former bounds. Large parts of the eastern townships and the south shore of the Ottawa river were occupied by the British. The Scotch from highlands and lowlands generally clustered together, and filled places like Osgoode, Beckwith, Ramsay, Lanark, Renfrew, Bristol, Litchfield, Dalhousi, whilst Gloucester, Nepean, March, Huntley, Torbolton, Fitzroy, Goulbourn, were taken up by a mingled people of English, Scotch, Irish Welsh, whose rasping notes, enriched by Tipperary and Kerry brogues, the broad flat accents of Antrim and Down, together with the softer tones from this side and from the Tweed; the tones of the Corlosnian mingled with those of the far down, making not so much a confusion of languages as of dialects, burs, brogues and tones. Yet they were obliged to converse with and understand each other, or give it up. The conversations were rare, rich, entertaining, like the people, the cir-

cumstances and the times. Of course they were all from the British Isles, one nation, no denying that, but diversified in disposition and modes of life as if they came from the ends of the earth.

Ladies of some training and refinement have told how they passed the summer, when their husbands were away earning what would keep the wolf from the door in the coming winter. They would make lye from ashes, boil hard corn in the lye nearly all day, and when it softened wash and boil it again in clean water, and when cooked sufficiently, eat it with milk if they had it, or with maple syrup if they had that article. Go back in your thoughts to 1820, picture to yourself a shanty 14x20, and 8 feet high, scooped, standing in a clearing of three acres, that clearing fenced by cutting down trees, so that one met another, and some stakes and long poles on these made it high enough for the purpose, brush being thrown in freely to close gaps. Elms were preferred if they were available, as they stuck on the stumps, by that means standing much higher than if they fell flat. This was the brush or slash fence. With this in view, look at the door of the dwelling and you see a smiling good-looking little woman with three pretty children, amusing one another at their play, the mother at her domestic employment, or hoeing corn or potatoes among the stumps, and the wheat waving closely, all a rich color, as the land is full of potash, having been burned over recently and with this in view you have a picture of a new home in the bush seventy-five years ago. The cows, if she had one, lodged at night at the bars, the entrance to the clearing, lived in the woods all day, and came in the evening again to be milked, if she forgot herself which seldom happened the bell would tell her whereabouts, or as she would obey the call of her owner whose clear voice would ring a long way in the echoing woods. The Government furnished a number of implements, indeed many things even to the door lock which was rarely locked at night throughout the settlements. An old hoe that has survived when compared with the morden article looks as if it belonged to the stone age. A Huntley man once carried a number of these articles from Richmond the place of the distribution, some fixed on his back both hands full and a pot on his head, ran the gauntlet of a whole army of mosquitoes, not cutting his way through them, but the reverse they piercing their way through his delicate Irish skin as he waded across the long swamps and bitterly complaining afterwards of his face and hands so unprotected and so perforated (the country was free trade then) the boys in expressing their sympathy would have it that they bit him through the pot. The fresh old country (Caucasian) blood had for them a new relish compared with that of the "red skin." The Ottawa Valley is well watered. Many of its rivers flow into the Ottawa river (called Grand river in the early times) nearly opposite each other. The Petite nation on the south a little below the Lievre on the north side of the Rideau opposite the Gatineau, the Carp and Mississippi opposite the Quio, the Madawaska or the Bon Cheer, corresponding to the Colonge, while the Muskrat lake discharges its waters at the pretty village of Pembroke sometimes called the Indian river. But we could not discern from the C.P.R. a single stream worth naming on the north side for over a hundred miles falling into the Ottawa. This is owing to the nearness of the Laurentian range of mountains to the river bank and their height causing the flow of the chain of lakes on the summit to the northward

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and eastward whilst only rills come down, their face concealed by the green little gorges barely visible in the mountain sides. The Constance slowly flows into the Ottawa at the sand hills in Torbolton, the lake being only a few miles back. There is a string of lakes connecting with one another by creeks or outlets along R. R. between Pembroke and Mattawa on the south shore of the river occasionally turning a saw mill like Aumond creek now Klocks mills. Only in one place did we observe anything coming south like a slide for planks in all that hundred miles. The Pitawawa runs into the Ottawa with some creeks that are nameless. The Castor with its many branches collecting in one becomes a feeder to the nation. Mulberry creek, Stevens creek, the Jock and other little streams feed the Rideau. Bradley's creek runs into the Carp with many smaller ones. Many take their names from mill owners or some one operating lumber on them or drowned in them. Some retain their Indian names which is very desirable and very proper, as commemorating these aboriginal forest wanderers fast becoming extinct. The land is of great variety from loose sands fit for glass ware to the thickest heaviest blue clay fit for pottery, bricks and tiles; said to be full of alluminum, which ought soon to be produced cheap enough to be used for roofing, the best yet discovered or applied. These lands were so thickly covered with forest trees standing near each other, and of so large a growth as almost wholly to exclude the sunshine from the soil in the leafy season "when summer was green." Hardwood trees of fifty and sixty feet high were plentiful, some white pines there were whose height was found to be a hundred feet from the tops to the ground. We helped to square one 73 feet long 24x25 inches, four straight lines over three hundred cubic feet and we have seen larger than this one. That piece on the ice in 1844 was worth fifteen dollars in planks, now at the mills it would be worth one hundred and fifty dollars. The density of these forests, the interlacing of the bows and their thick green foliage or frondage account for the abundance of water then flowing in rills and for the disappearance of these waters when the country was denuded of this thick, close covering. These little river beds have disappeared before the plow and the present generation could hardly point out their place. Yet some of them with water not over three inches deep and twelve inches wide ran the whole summer. The cleared land has proved capable of producing all varieties of grains, grass and root crops. We have seen growing luxuriently the Alfalfa, or Lucerne clover, perennial rye grass, fescues foxtail, orchard blue grass, with every other kind named and nameless. We once sowed a mixture of seven kinds of clover and eight kinds of grasses, and the experiment was a success. Fruits of every useful kind can be produced and are now grown in the various parts of the valley, from the wild strawberry to the flemish beauty pear. This last with a splendid orchard of apples of about forty varieties, a brother of the writer has succeeded in producing, beside old Glencairn, a beautiful sight to observe as you drive past, according to the expression of Judge Ross, who passes it slowly that he may take it all in and enjoy the beauty of the healthy looking trees in blossom and fruit season. The scenery of Chaudiere before its wild beauty was defaced by the axe or its sparkling waters were utilized in slides and mill races, was truly picturesque, almost indescribably grand. The rocky cliffs, green with the cedars and the pine to the rivers brink, its volume of water tossed.

broken, dashed into foam, that foam floating down like islands or pearls on the bosom of the dashing current, the whole surveyed from the brow of the hills on the east in the evening sun, to be comprehended, to be esteemed, to be captrously admired, must be dwelt upon. Thus Samuel Champlain saw it, Mirrick and Stevens saw it, thus Philemon Wright saw it before a tree was removed or an arch had spanned it except the rainbow in its natural grandeur, in its virgin beauty, in its pristine sublimity. This is much the finest fall on the river. The next in importance is the Chats Rapids about thirty miles west of the Chaudiere, observed from an eminence on the east side facing the falls, the rivers rocky bed is dotted with islands covered with ever green pine and divided into many channels forming great cascades, the rushing waters dashing over the precipitous rocks, foaming into the abyss below, filling the eye with the magnificence of the vision and the ear with the soft but thundering sound of many waters. Other rapids and falls on the majestic river are exceedingly worthy of the artists' pencil, where travellers linger to admire the scenery, but these two surpass them all in sublimity or grandeur. Niagara has a greater volume of water, a fall much higher, a roar deeper and louder, but its solitary goat island is nowhere in comparison with the number and beauty of these Islands. How ineffable in majesty and glory must the hand be that formed them all! "He cutteth out rivers among the rocks and his eye seeth every precious thing." The Dominion in its length and breadth has few places more beautiful or attractive for travellers to visit.

Mr. Charles Shirriff, with his grown up sons educated civil engineers with practiced eye and cultivated intellect, explored the Chats at the instigation of the government, and decided to sell out at Port Hope and make his home here. The offer of three thousand acres of wild land was an inducement, but the splendor of the whole scenery, the illimitable water power and the dreamy prospect of a ship canal to the Huron must have helped largely to the decision. It was easy, it was natural to picture to themselves a city covering all these banks, with factories of every kind where water power could economize labor by turning the great wheels of machinery. Fancy could easily conjure up fleets flying the Union Jack at the mast head, bearing through such a city the precious produce of the measureless west to the sea girt isles of their fathers, and returning laden with the rich and beautiful fabrics, showing and displaying all the colors of the loom, with abundance of iron and steel, the cutlery of Sheffield, and the tin of Cornwall, to distribute from ocean to ocean over so long a line of inland navigable waters to supply the ever increasing demands of half a continent. This was something attainable, not the dream of an enthusiast or a fevered brain. The young man, Alexander Shirriff made an exploration to the Georgian Bay past Rice lake at their own expense and great labor, and reported to the British government a feasible highway to open up the country to the overcrowded population of Britain. But the huge debt of England, and the desire of a breathing time after so great wars, and the counsels of the Duke of Wellington, the worshipped hero of the Peninsula and Waterloo, and as nothing was known of the vast region save this solitary survey, a less costly plan was adopted and the ship canal deferred to a later date, which may yet be realised as the vast resources of the Ottawa valley, come to be developed, understood and known

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Sir, then Hon. J. A. McDonald, when some constituencies were to be won, and many to be obtained for contractors and from them for other purposes, gave out that the government was in an interesting state that at the end of three months, a Chats ship canal would be brought forth, gave a contract to make some holes in the rocks which was done at an enormous expense, then the base born monster was strangled in his birth. The people in these times did not look at the river above and below and ask why build a ship canal in the woods where no ship would come? But it served the purpose, was an excuse for getting the money and Pontiac though fooled and deceived, sticks to the party. The British people are credited with being a shrewd and intelligent, enterprising, conquering race or conglomerate of races. Al' this is correct and it may be added that they are ultraloyal to their Queen, government and political leaders. But it may be conceded that they are the most easily led of any people. They will believe in the most extraordinary shams to please the leaders, or through that fatal delusion under which men believe the false as if it were true, and defend the grossest untruths as if they were gospel. In our early history it was not so. Jamie Johnston ran against the supporters of the family compact and the people in and around Bytown elected him by an overwhelming majority. Then in a drunken mood he resigned his seat and when sober came to take it and was ejected from the house, the same electors by an overwhelming majority left it at home. The same people elected afterwards Mr. John Scott subsequently judge a liberal worthy man and were greatful to have such a representative. In the days of our childhood we learned from our fathers that the men of the family compact were men of honor compared with their weale vasclating, selfish successors, whose eyes are only on gain at the public loss preparing them for political perdition in spite of all warning and the cries of oppression.

Men would have blushed to offer or to receive a bribe. Of course the country was poor and the statutes few. But even now we have no law to punish defaulters in government when they retire from office. There is no end of lawsuits to punish those who swindle the public purse but the government lose them all and arbitrations go in favor of defaulters. Since our credit has been established in England we have gone every year a few millions deeper in debt in the estimation of most people double or treble that of our improvement. Legislators are mostly lovers of money and such never repent. Drunkards may leave their cups, lovers of pleasure thir companions, even thieves may repent, but the lover of money never gets enough, never repents, never makes restitution without which professed repentance is but a mere sham. The clergy of those days were devoted men, they had no millionaires in whose sunshine they could bask, no societies in which they could work up to the top of the heap and so procure worldly influence and patronage such was thus considered not merely unspiritual but immoral. When W. L. McKenzie's election was twice voided and he was permitted to take his seat for Haldiman after the third election to the same parliament he published in his message that the cost to him of the three elections was only five dollars. When Wilks assailed the wrong doings of the English parliament in the north Briton and his election was declared void his friends inscribed on their banner "North Briton No. 44, Wilks and liberty," and carried him in three times with increasing ma-

juries. After they were compelled to let him take his seat he assisted in procuring legislation against the seizure of an Englishman's papers, which contributed to the welfare of his country. All parliamentary men are not plunderers of their country.

The Burritts' began to explore the lands on the Rideau in the middle of the last decade of the 18th century. Mr. Wright came six or seven years later to Hull and cut the first trees on the north shore of this grand river west of Papineau settlement above two mountains. We have no land cleared more than one hundred years along the Ottawa west of Hawkesbury. Otters were plentiful on the streams. Beavers built dams with poles they cut, and formed houses of poles and grass. Muskrats cut the thick, coarse grass that grew in the middle of the stream, drew it to their landing place, fed on its white roots using the stems for houses, under which they could get down the bank under ice in winter and help themselves to such provisions as came in reach. These little workers kept the streams clear of these grasses so that the currents ran freely but their indiscriminate slaughter by the Indians, the carelessness of the farmers on the banks, the rank grass has grown up and obstructions abound and lands are overflowed to an alarming extent damaging the lands and injuring the health. The other wild occupants have diminished or wholly disappeared, so that a beaver or an otter is not heard of within many miles of the highest up settlements of the lands. The floods killed fine oak and other forest trees. The Dominion Government should deepen these streams for the health of the people. Three or four dollars a rod would take three feet deep out of the middle of the stream. The people of this part of the Dominion have not got a grant of anything to improve the condition of the country that has supported Tories in all their straits. Men with India rubber boots could shovel out mud at twenty-five cents a yard. The authorities have been spendthrift with railroads why not do some other things for the people. What they waste wilfully in a year on the Experimental Farm to no purpose would deepen all the streams in the flat lands and drain and make healthy the large tracts of country under their very eyes, but never looked at. How would it do to make the trial of doing a little stroke of justice to the inhabitants around the Capital? Three feet deep cut out of the river bed below what it now is would carry off water enough to let the lands dry up around and greatly benefit the farmers now suffering by draining their neighbors. Under your view each farm resembles an embryo village with dwelling houses, barns, feeding houses silos. Most of the pioneers of 1818 are gone, and many born since have followed them. Some farms have changed owners. Most of them, however, are in the possession of the descendants of the original owners. The first occupants got their patents from the crown. The Simcoes, the Maitlands, Durhams, Gosfords heads figure on the old patents. From these the transfers has been made. Some have a long succession of mortgages. Here the law is loose, even defective. Every transfer the lawyer has a new search and the offence is piled up and no gain except the satisfaction of every new lawyer as he executes the mortgage. The early settlers were generally free from quarrels except when they indulged too freely in Jamaica. These were immediately quieted down and peace restored. Drink was freely used as if it were a necessity and so long as people kept in moderation it was not considered even a vice. Treating

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was considered an act of friendship. Moderate drinking very common, yet there was not much drunkenness. Profane swearing was by no means as common as at present. Lying, the vice of to-day was very rare. But now what man will you believe? "Even ministers they ha' been kenned in holy rapture great lies and nonsense baith to vend and nail't wi' scripture." The church has suffered more to-day by the falsehoods of the clergy than by intoxicating drinks. We do not give this as heresy, but as a subject, sad to say very capable of proof. Illegitimates were very few. Education was by voluntary subscription and well sustained. Boys got a good training for business and girls read fluently and wrote elegantly, whilst arithmetic was carefully taught and no such thing as the notion of denominational schools entertained. The idea originates and is largely cherished for the safety of the seats and to absorb the funds. Human beings greatly desire to be the dominant party forgetting that such a party is almost always tyrannical. There was great effort put forth to clear, and fence, and build. Some got up stone houses, but these being plastered on the stone become damp, and they had not got to the idea of building in bond timber furring and lathing which is the true plan. Some one recommended roughcasting the stone wall outside, which they did and secured a dry house. A properly built stone house is the most healthy, the most economical, the safest from tempests, and the most durable. After the temporary shanty, sided log houses became very popular. Several of these are yet standing and in good preservation. In the clearing of land very much was done by what they denominated a Bee. The people of the Ottawa valley need no description of what it is or was. For the benefit of others we may say, it was a gathering of neighbors to pile up the logs of the burnt chopping that had been cut about 12 feet long. The teamster often chose the four or more men to follow his oxen, and with a long chain pulled in the logs from both sides, which the men rolled up in a pile and threw light ones on top. A team and a gang would log an acre a day. The bee was according to the size of the chopping, provided they could command so many. The day was one of general feasting. The fattest calf or sheep was killed or the best beef procurable was well roasted with well boiled potatoes, the best of bread, buns, cakes, crackers, also puddings and pastries, whilst tea and coffee flowed in equal streams. One man had charge of the bottle, if he was judicious the people went home sober, if not there would be odd ones a little inclined to mirth, others measuring the road as we observe some measuring a twelve foot sidewalk in the evening. The day being over and gone and the work done, the young men washed off the coal dust of the burnt logs, and dressed as they came in the morning, the oxen were cared for or sent home. The young ladies having got through the dish-washing and looking as bright as bottled ale, they began a hearty contest at "song about." The music of the human voice divine "put life and mettle in their heels," and dancing followed as a matter of course till the short hours had passed and the young gentlemen each saw "his Nellie home" from the entertainment. The United Empire Loyalists and all others followed up these customs. In after years it was thought impossible to have a bee without the liquor, either to log or raise a building, but Mr. Hugh Gourlay broke the spell and disappointed the predictions of the seers by having a splendid bee without the Jamaica spirits, and since

that time enough the bees are less numerous than before they succeed without a drop of alcohol. They used to have quillings too in these primitive times and plays sometimes were substituted for dances. The pioneers followed the customs and plans of those who came from the United States, who knew so much more of the new country and how to succeed in it. They planted more corn than the farmers did in the following age, which gave an opportunity to have evening husking bees. General Booth has plans for bringing together the young people that mating may take place on proper principles of fitness. These husking bees gave favorable occasions at times to meet and get acquainted and paved the way for the more formal calls at her mothers where the acquaintance thus formed could grow and ripen, happy matches often sprang up from these beginnings. The corn crop in these parts was not very large, and the ears should not be left to hang on the stalks very long, as in the Western States where they raised little else. It had to be housed as soon as ripe, and the animals were left to consume the stalks before winter set in. So in the long nights of October and November the fine moonlight, the huskers could convene and strip the ears which were disposed of on some dry loft or safe place till milling time came. They seldom used "Atolbrose" at these assemblys. A choice supper served all purposes. They had such a good time and went home before morning dawned. There must be marriages or the race must cease. One generation must pass away and another must come. Ever since Jacob went to see Rachel, and kissed her ruby lips, when they met at the well, and we are far from saying that, this was the first meeting or demonstration of the kind among our wandering species; it is probable that the custom is as ancient as the race; nothing offensive, wrong or in bad taste could be said of the lovely, unstained and blushing Eve when she first opened her eyes on the dignified, manly form of her lover and lord in the pure innocence, submitted cheeks and lips to receive the salutation as evidence of love at sight, without shame and with a modesty unsullied and becoming, the situation, and the circumstances; no stealthy invasion of a neighbors rights in the case; so in this young world of the Ottawa Valley, when kindred spirits met, there were harmless and friendly greetings, "nemine contradicente."

One institution of these early days has passed away. The innumerable places where a well can be had by sinking six feet, made it easy to procure abundance of pure water. Jacob's well required a bucket with a rope to lift the water. "Sir thou hast no 'antlema' and the well is deep. Instead of the long rope, a small pole with a limb near its thick end, set to hold the handle of the pail was used, and when skilfully managed served the purpose, but in unwary hands tin pails often gets off, and sank, to be raised by a fitting hook. But the spring pole was more common. A long thick cedar post, with the top prepared by a natural fork, or otherwise, to take the long spring pole that worked on a pin, was planted deep in the ground to be permanent and steady. The connection between the spring pole and the bucket, might be a rope or a chain, but was generally a small pole attached by a piece of chain to the top of the spring pole and the heavy end had the bucket secured to it. The bucket was made of good oak staves, iron hooped with a strong iron wire handle, and hung there in the wind like a pendulum. The back weights on the spring pole would nearly balance the pole or

bucket full inside with or three f There we papers pr make frie go too ne days of p bench to the crowd goes up a wooden p pumps we to stay. lass. Lat drilled in resting on house enc bucket rise There wa beyond th have not b bore such success, an the plan h much land Educa each famil ren in the of Hull an taught her The Richm the money teacher wh schools we except som pense. Ma relatives ur ers and sist before they sometimes send, and p five dollars scholars," w the farm. There was famous Thr fraction," th themselves. armers wor eams when his, absorbi

bucket full of water making it more managable. The well was built inside with stone, and a platform on top, with a crib or a box two or three feet high, and sometimes a lid covering the mouth for safety. There were early cases of drowning in wells reported, as we had then no papers printed, and anxious mothers going to church, or store, or to make friendly visits, warned their children "not to fall in the well, not go too near the fire till Ma comes back." Like the Indiana lady in the days of great meetings and "Jerks," when she rushed to the penitent bench to confess, she left her little Pauline with her husband back in the crowd saying: "Hush now and be a good little Pliney while mother goes up and joins Church." In the onward movement of the world, the wooden pumps appeared of bored pine, and tamarac in joints. Chain pumps were introduced but did not stay. Force pumps after this came to stay. In some cases the bucket was worked with a chain and windlass. Later they used a tin bucket, the size to draw water out of wells drilled in the rock with a valve in the bottom of the bucket, that was resting on a pin in a box that conveyed the water to the pail. A little house enclosed such a well, and the pulley at the top let the six feet long bucket rise out of the well, to be set on the pin that raised the valve. There was one artesian well on the farm of one of the earliest settlers, beyond the stony swamp that ran freely for some time. But they have not been numerous. One of the Bonaparts was said to propose to bore such wells to run in the desert, which it was thought would be a success, and turn the wilderness into fields of verdure and fertility, but the plan has not been carried out as far as we know. We have too much land yet more easily managed.

Education seems to have been after the Hebrew mode, taught in each family by some member of it, as there must have been some children in the few families that first cast their lot in the land. Mr. Wright of Hull and Mr. Billings of Gloucester had tutors. Mrs. Honeywell taught her own and some of her neighbors children in her own house. The Richmond colony having so many officers, succeeded in obtaining the money from the Home Government, to build a school and pay the teacher who was sent from England. It only lasted a year or two, schools were indispensable. Governesses were employed by some, but except some retired army officers, very few were able to meet the expense. Many families kept a little school, some times two families of relatives united and one girl taught her cousins, also with her own brothers and sisters. The people of a district talked the thing over often before they could get a schoolhouse built, and a private building was sometimes used temporarily. Every man stated how many he could send, and pay for, if the aggregate came to twenty, the fees would be five dollars a head, as one hundred dollars and "go round with the scholars," was the remuneration. This corresponded with the wages on the farm. Many teachers were no better qualified than farm laborers. There was nothing taught but elementary principles, equal to the famous Three R.R.R. One man thought if his boy could "add up a fraction," that would do for him. Of course they did not all so express themselves. Lumbering was in advance of settlements, and many farmers worked in winter cutting timber, whilst others drew with their teams when they got teams, and the grown up boys were employed in this absorbing work. Younger children could be sent to school, and

high qualifications in the teacher were not expected, nor considered essential. Many teachers were old feeble men, that were incapable of progress. Young men pushed on their studies, and rose to the needs of the schools, retaining their places and doing efficient work. The schools were small in accommodation, and they were thinly attended at first, but perhaps in as good proportion as ever after, all was done on the voluntary principle. Every improvement of a public nature wasso. A subscription was opened, and pushed to meet the crisis whatever it was. There are people so unenlightened yet, as to think that method preferable even to-day. This would make sad havock with our bureaus of public works, agriculture and so many other institutions, that we delight to honor; could we not have macadamised roads, canals, railroads, built by private companies without government aid? Would they not be as well done, as efficient, as profitable an outlay, and useful to the community, as on our modern plans, which all men admit to be unexampl'd extravagance and leading to national bankruptcy? The law of his commonwealth compelled every head to teach his family to read and write his own language and observe the morality of the Mosaic law. The doors and gates of their habitations proved this, and their elders, and other rulers of the tens and hundreds, were bound to see the law obeyed. Can any family now plead that a similar moral obligation is not of binding force? Is a commonwealth bound beyond this to compel the education of its people? Is it not possible to combine efficiency with economy and improve on the present boasted system—without its extravagance? Some of the churches are mad upon Separate schools. If these schools waste the time of the children in beautiful trifles and keep them unfit for citizenship, except as hewers of wood and drawers of water, is the commonwealth bound to interfere, fight the leaders of these denominations, and give, at the public expense, a more efficient and liberal education? Is the Provincial Government to take the place of the parents and of the clergy and see this done? How strongly would the parents have resented clerical interference in these early schools, when three or four families would have been compelled to keep their children at home in such circumstances? Should the present fire, kindled in the Separate school cause, lead to a commission of investigation and lay bare the true state of things; and should the Government of Quebec refuse to secure a liberal education according to the wishes of the clergy; will the grandfathers at Ottawa interfere by gentle coercion? Are the Cardinals not kindling a fire in the bramble that shall consume the cedars? Unfortunate Mercier's night schools, after giving great offence, fell and perished, when people that did not know peas from barley, dismissed him and his colleagues from office. The Americans oppose church establishments, but work up a costly, and yet faulty school system. The Saxons of England are bound to free trade with a faulty church establishment. But they have begun to take down the church establishment; the Americans to take down the high tariff. Both are abusive to mankind and in time must be got out of the way. If a church establishment is good for England it cannot be bad for America. Freedom in education may prevail some day. If efficiency is maintained, economy is also secured. Would it be constitutional to make such changes? If the people see

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One century ago the Government here was mixed—civil and military—the country had been conquered. Officers were by appointment, not elective, and except the Municipal Council and members of Parliament most of them are appointive still or in the patronage of the Government, which it assumes, and without proper authority. Custom or habit is all they can plead. But so many of these long appointments have become so very offensive (some useless) and so costly, that they are objectionable and demand reform. Our earliest settlements were formed of military men, together with the United Empire Loyalists who had all, or nearly all, inherited their policy from the middle ages. The latter was the most remarkable as their progenitors had forsaken England because of the despotism of such a policy, but returned to it in the day of their power and burned witches freely when they should have turned the despotism out of their hearts. The looseness of their divorce laws is objectionable. They retained slavery until it was driven out by force. These and many others like our family compact create rebellion and the tyrannical enactments that cherish, or rather provoke the spirit of rebellion, as they call it, but the sustained struggle for plain common human rights as it should be called. All these show the humiliating inconsistency of fallen humanity. Besides these above named another class of people came and mingled with them in the settlements—a class that wished to escape the grindings of their landlords and their agencies. These opposed high taxation and exorbitant outlay, and of course soon became marked men and fit subjects to be called rebels. What brought these men here? What have they to do advocating such questions? In a word what right had such rebels to brains or anything bordering on brains? But they are yet in existence and may as well be reckoned upon in the estimate of the world's progress. The descendants of the men that have forgotten the wail of Flodden, the tears of Drumclog, the humiliation of Killecrankie and the long starvation of Londonderry; the men that to avoid oppression buried themselves in the woods to better their prospects and those of their children, in order that they might be owners of the soil, independent freeholders, and have a large interest in the government of their country, cannot be expected to coolly approve of misrule. In the first town meetings these gentlemen contended for the lightest taxation, and the honest outlay of the money of the people. But they were too few to be felt; never aspired after office, not even to be pound keepers, path masters, or collector of taxes. They succeeded in having the work of the year past read at the following town meeting, so that they might judge who were worthy of re-appointment to office and who were to be rejected or kept out, if that were possible. The man who would have spent money to influence an election in these early days would have brought on himself the execration of these upright, single-minded, straightforward men. Should there not still be the determination to oppose undue taxation and encourage economy in every department from the House of Commons to the Township Council?

The chain of hills lying east and west, begin at the Jock incline a little northward to near Bell's corners, then trend southward across the

corners of Goulbourne and March, still inclining southward and stretch into Huntley at Glencairn and Elmwood, covering the borders of March, Huntley and Fitzroy and Torbolton terminating at the Chats. Occasional levels and breaks and niches appear through which roads pass. They contain limestone and sandstone of various colors in great abundance, materials enough to build a London. Minerals also abound mica, plumbago and phosphates enough to enrich the soil to the height of land. Geologists assert that there is no coal in them. Then every one else to be deferential scholarly and fashionable sing the same song. But they are finding shale at Lake Temiscamingue that is said to burn nearly as well as coal. We submitted samples from my brother's farm, No. 7, 1st Con. March to Professor Chapman in Toronto, who termed it choral, but a Philadelphia coal merchant said my sample was exactly like the rocks above the coal beds in the Lehigh Valley in Pennsylvania. No one has the disposition or the money to bore and test, but it may yet be done. The artic explorers report abundance of coal in the north, but is not available for our use (?) Could a railroad be built and worked in such an inhospitable climate to bring the treasure to our doors? No doubt a contractor could be found to go into the job if there were millions in it. The fellows that propose to go to James Bay or to Hudson's Bay are ready to go to the worse place in the universe for money, but it is much more economical to bring it from Pennsylvania or Nova Scotia than from the polar regions. The fact, however, that coal exists in the parts explored in the islands near the pole, explodes the theory that it is below the coal formation and that other wise theory that the southern part of the continent is a drift from the northern. Where did the north get the earth to send down? No trace of the old factories for the manufacture of so much earth have been discovered. Perhaps like the inventors they have passed out of recognition like Hans Breitman's party. Fair ish that party now? Fair ish dat loafly colden cloud vat hang on te mountainish prow, all gone away mit te loccar peer. Modern geologians may overturn the notions of older geologists and get us coal on the north of Ottawa. They talk of coal oil or kerosene far north of the St. Lawrence in Quebec. The shale of Temiscamingue may be introductory to coal. The latter may lie deeper and no one has gone in search yet of the coveted article. But the iron rods will be pushed down after it ere long and then we will have a boom like the African gold fever in which all our unfortunates will make their fortunes. If it would only crop up before the elections would come off how grand and glorious!! The highest point of these hills is at the junction of Huntley and Fitzroy. From these summits you can get the most delightful views of the country extending on all sides. The beautiful level fertile fields of Templeton, Hull, Eardley, Onslow on the north shore of the Ottawa River, with Torbolton, March, Nepean, Gloucester on the south shore of the river and north of the ridge on which you stand, presents to the eye a pretty expanse of valley lands. Then the thousands of magnificent buildings in city, town, village and farm, the shining spires and towers of public buildings, the workshops, bridges, highways, all giving evidence of an outlay of engineering and architectural skill, an amount of labor skilled, and other wise presenting an expenditure of thousands of millions in current money with the mer-

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chants. In a night view from the brow of these hills, the display of light, gas, kerosene, electric, is positively wonderful to look upon in every direction. This outlook is on the north side with the clear blue waves of the flood rolling along bearing on their bosom to man and everything that breathes, health inspiring breezes, building up bone and muscle, enriching the blood, invigorating the brain, and the mind, contributing to the health and the pleasure of a race of men as hardy, patient and laborious, brave, intellectual and scholarly as are to be found in any clime, or in any division of the human family on the face of the wide world. Our remarks apply to the dwellers on these hill sides and valleys and over all these extended plains without a shadow of exaggeration. Turn now your face to the south side landscape though your stand is not at so high an altitude as on the Laurentians, 20 miles north of it, yet the prospect is so fair so agricultural, and so dotted with original forests in clumps yet untouched, the clearings are so extensive, so well cultivated, so productive, luxuriating in waving meadows, golden grain fields and green pastures, teeming with flocks and herds of improved breeds and of many varieties and lengthy pedigrees. In the summer season the gardens shining with flowers, promiscuously blending their bright tints in the distance and shedding their aromatic fragrance in the atmosphere around. A large number of little orchards blooming in the loveliness of paradise as a Persian would say, pretty and productive as possible. The unbroken woods abounded in wild plums and cherries, the latter choice lumber for furniture, stair building and such like, but should be more cultivated. The red plums offered so plentifully on our market are the lineal descendants of these wild specimens, so much admired by the youths when no other fruit except berries, wild currants and thorny gooseberries were visible on the landscapes except the never failing hawthorn that blooms in the vale. We should not omit the fruit of the beech, oak butternut, hazel and hickory. These furnished abundance to beast and bird ere any footprint but that of the roaming savage had left its impression on the soil of the country. When you consider the latitude and climate you may ask the explorer to point you out any country much superior on the great globe we inhabit. You can see almost without a glass the spires of churches between you and the St. Lawrence. Your view from these hill tops, one hundred years ago, would have shown you an unbroken forest on every side as far as your best telescope could take in the range of your vision. Not an axe had been laid to a tree by a white man. The country on the south shore of the Ottawa from its eastern point for 250 miles westward is very good soil, stretching southward to the Valley of the St. Lawrence, and westward to Lake Huron. But in the last 100 miles east of Parry Sound it is broken, composed of mountains, rocky hills, valleys, lakes and streams—not much of a country for settlement. The north shore along the river bank is good land, but only a strip between the great river and the Laurentian range of hills. North of this range there are patches of good land, but so broken as to be what travellers describe the west side of this continent an "Ocean of Mountains." These are not high but plentiful, with lakes and streams unnumbered. The Ontario side of the river boundary is well cultivated and very populous now, but in our early recollection it was largely occupied by what they termed half-pay officers of the army

and navy, all of whom received large tracts of land from the Government. Old soldiers of the ranks and others filled up the back country, whilst the officers occupied the river front. One hundred acres was the smallest grant made at that time, and the settlements extended back by slow degrees on the good lands. The stories of these original settlers were very entertaining to the new comers, especially to the young, on whose susceptible minds deep impressions were made, as everything was new, strange and interesting. The French were the first European settlers keeping the river banks and lake shores closely, though they extended the line far westerly exploring rivers and lakes over the greater part of the continent. The British followed in the conquest of the country and its occupation. The country was one great unbroken forest close and dense, through which the sun scarcely penetrated to the soil, the high-land and swamp alternating lay in shadow except in small openings of swales and ponds fed by rills and small creeks, all of which soon disappeared as the lands were cleared and cultivated. The cleared lands proved to be of rich quality as the forests fell to the axes and the songs of the labourers. These early days were disturbed by no bush fires. The dampness of the soil made it sometimes difficult to burn the brush of the choppings. A horse was an interesting sight; very rare indeed, and men got rich by the labours of the ox, whose backs served often to carry loads of provisions. Many were the sighs of the exiles for their native lands, though they often denied that poverty brought them from their ancient homes, for they had plenty of it there. How intensely they listened as one told them that he ground wheat or corn in a pepper mill to make a cake on which he fed, whilst he looked for work or secured a bushel of potatoes to carry home on his back, 17 or 25 miles, and plant for the next year's provisions. Some told how they had travelled hungry and weary to get employment and sent word back home to their wives that they had got work but were doubtful if they would get paid for it. Lowrey's and Moorehead's carried wheat on their backs from the Rideau to Fitzroy and Huntley, at least 40 miles, for their seed, travelling along the south side of the Carp and staying over night at Harten's and Grant's. This was about 1819—years before our time. The great winter labour was chopping, then burn off and hoe or drag the wheat in the burnt land. In the end of the last century Mr. Philemon Wright explored the Chaudiere Falls, and in the second month of 1801 began his journey from Massachusetts via Montreal to Hull. He commenced to clear land and build houses and mills. He was the first to employ the almost limitless water power. He chose Hull as his home and the scene of his operations, though the land was rough compared with other places, but it was covered with timber which was in his mind the prospect of a fortune. The Government of the times made him liberal grants of land, and almost everything else he required. He was endowed with the best business capacity. We well remember a visit to his mill which was reputed then the best available. We came with a younger brother, the best teamster of "his inches" in the land, with a yoke of three-year-old steers bred by Mr. Thomas Christie, half-bloods from some fine sire that Dr. Christie had got from Quebec to his Glencairn farm. We crossed the ice to Hull (or Aymer) and came down to the Chaudiere mill. We were all night in the mill,

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the steers chained in the shed. It blew a tempest in the night. We could not get our grist for several days and had to get home in the storm. We crossed the river on the ice to By-Town as the first wooden bridge had gone down the current for ever, from where it had stood some time before. James Morin had walked to By-Town and brought back the news that the bridge had fallen some time before this. He told the story that a "black man" was crossing when it broke down and ran for his life, and Morin affirmed that he was white when he reached the By-Town side, (if you demurred,) Well, as white as I am, which was not saying much for his own colour. The day was still stormy and very cold as we came home and we trotted our steers keeping up with a grey mare that led the way till we turned from her on the March road halting to feed them and warm ourselves. But darkness came on us on a road we had never travelled, and the wearied steers turned in at a bars where a straw stack stood at a shanty door, the man, Mr. Mike Gleeson, came out of the shanty asking a question, and the two little fellows told their story. He chained the steers to eat at the straw stack, took the boys in before a blazing fire, the delight of their hearts on such a night. This act of hospitality has never been forgotten. What evoked our admiration on the Hull road was the beautiful rows of young maples Mr. Wright had planted on the sides of the highway, before and on each side of his fine house in Hull, surpassing anything else visible on our whole journey. His depot or store of provisions never failed. Seed wheat, corn, potatoes, oats and peas served to supply the wants of all the surrounding regions. He was always in funds to meet all exigencies. The Jamaica spirits were freely used in those times in Hull as the thirsty used to tell. Bob Boyle is reported to have asked the Squire "Is my credit good for some drinks?" "Yes, Bob, for a puncheon." "Roll it out then." So Bob and companions had some enjoyment for a time. A box of pipes and a keg of tobacco completed the year's wages. So he went to the woods cheerfully to pay it with the axe and the lines. Treating was kept up by store keepers for many years, but this ruinous practice has gone to oblivion. The first cellar was not yet dug in Chicago, and pork had to be brought from Cincinnati, the great porkopolis, all the way to Hull, for the "Lumbering" Hull became the centre from which radiated colonies, if we may so say, to all points up the river on both sides. Small boats might land easily along the north shore all the way from the Gatineau to the falls. Many people as they came to the country entered for some length of time into the service of Mr. Wright till they got some money and some idea of the country and looked up lands. Officers of the army and navy seemed not to settle in or near Hull. Upper Canada was their field or place of attraction. Settlements were early formed up the north shore of the Ottawa. Waller, Day, Rollin, McConnell, Holt, Esterbrooks, Bell, Taylor, Grimes, Heath, Chamberlain, Parker, Hill, Kenny, Conroy, Eagan, Doyle, Hurdman, Coutle, Church, McLean, Radmore, Aylen, Aylwin, Haworths, Pinks, Gordon, Stewarts, Sparks, Lusk, with many others in these primitive times. Towards the west end of Hull Brekenridges, Duncans, McCooks, Beoby, Merifields, Maxwells, Eadies. P. H. Church and De Cell were their physician all their life among them. Dr. Church left great wealth, but Dr. De Cell not much, and burned his books that no one could collect after him.

Hull was the hub whence radiated so many to other parts, one after another especially between the mountain range and the river, till the leading road cut first to the lumber region and from which branch's turned to the shanties, was all located on both sides to Eardly and Onslow and Bristol. In the two former the hills trend southward and narrow the land to a strip. Joseph Lusk had a numerous family of sons and daughters that married and filled up a large portion of the country. Joseph was an upright man and truthful. He told us of the kind of discipline he exercised. One daughter had a visitor her father did not like and forbade her encouraging his visits, but they were continued, so he took a light trace chain and inflicted a few stripes on we suppose what a young lady called "Henry Ward Beecher's part of the body" as the portion he thought was formed by nature to receive correction. We hope the stripes were not numerous nor heavy. He was not a stern man in the time of our acquaintance. The visits ceased, however, though the wrong party was punished. Were punishment, of course not too severe, resorted to more frequently in certain cases, there would be fewer ill-assorted marriages and much less misery inflicted on themselves and others. Physiologists and stock breeders hold that certain animals should be employed for other purposes than propagating their species. Pigeons are said if taken away and left wild for a few years to lose all the rich colour of their improved condition and return to the dull leaden natural colour. Does the law not apply to the higher orders of creation? If the parents are not in harmony about the upbringing of their offspring, will these left to grow not degenerate? Perhaps that is too strong a word for the negligent parents have degenerated. Human nature requires eternal vigilance to keep on improving; rejecting the vile virulence of our fallen nature, and purifying it from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God. Farther on in Eardley the Finlays, the Frenches and Merrifields, Col. McLean and his family, Moores, Joseph and Wm. Veleau. Joe Veleau kept hotel in the woods in Onslow on the leading road to Ottawa, greatly frequented and patronized by the shantymen. Sometimes the boys paid their bills, but without cash they would have the drink and give their employer for it. The business broke down at last, as Joe could not keep up the supply, and he told doleful stories of how he was broken down: One big Irishman he fill tumbler, an he say der ma coo, Joe, one odder big Irish he fill tumbler, he say here's luck, Joe, anoder big Irishman he say here's fortune, Joe; he no stan French, but de no money, de luck and de fortune soon broke Joe Veleau. Dr. Church had some very long drives in his extensive practice, and sometimes halted for a dinner with Joe, whose wife was a pure blood Indian woman. Joe was very proud of her as a tasty cook and a shanty keeper, for his hotel was a log shanty even when we saw it. He introduced her to Dr. Church thus: Dr. Church, my wife; some lady, some squaw. William Veleau was a shoe maker and wrought extensively for Andrew Howley's shanty men. The lumber road was past his place. The men wore his beef-skin moccasins and coarse boots. His brother's tavern was near, and on Sunday some drouthy soul would take his horses and a sleigh load from the shanty of the men to visit William. When the drink had hold of him William would fight with his own shadow. His wife was

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all for peace, and would take hold of him—"Wealyaam, Wealyaam," he would turn to shake her off with "aret a vateau—cosh, me no wile man." William would sometimes drive to the shanty for supplies. The boys all rushed to shake hands with him—Mr. Veleau, how is your family? All sick. How is that, Mr. Veleau? Can eat no bread. Oh, sorry for that, Mr. Veleau; got no flour. So the foreman would furnish the flour in pay for the work done for the men and charge them, then all was serene once more. No matter how sick a French Canadian is pork will cure him. The children were often sent to us saying mama he very sick; he want a little piece of pork, or my fadder she very sick; she want a little preeserve. The French people, however, did not mix up in the settlements with the English to any great extent, but generally formed their own neighborhoods. The Quion Village was not formed early and was small until after the building of the "Chats Ship Canal," but the line of settlement went on merely as a line, not spreading out till long afterwards, so that as the land pleased them they sat down beside one another on both sides of the line rather than go back from it. The line was prolonged with settlers into Bristol, which was chiefly taken up by Scotchmen. Prominent among these was Mr. Wm. King, educated for the law, he, however, did not take to it, but with a widowed sister, Mrs. Laird, and her two children, Mr. James Laird and Miss Laird, a very superior young woman, came and built a mill on a creek nearly mid-way westward in Bristol. Being a scientific man and well trained he was of much service to the new settlement, and the Presbyterian congregation there, giving a healthy tone to both. The land being good, settlers came in from Beckwith and Ramsey, filling up in a few years. But the line of road was continued into Clarendon, lumbering preceding occupation of lands, and the road being at first that cut to reach the shanty to get in provisions for the work, the timber roads crossing this as they led from the groves to the river or the creeks that could float it to the Ottawa River. Clarendon became a great attraction with its thick covering of white pine on its level good lands, and as the laws had not got above the Long Sault they could, as in Israel when they had no King, do what was right in their own eyes. Multitudes were driven into it, not so much from persecution as to enjoy immunity from the incessant annoyance and torture of creditors, whose polite duns became very irritating. There were fellows so vicious among these creditors as to nickname the happy retreat of these escaped victims "Rogues Harbour." In spite of all these draw backs the place was not only popular but became populous, so that Clarendon Centre soon became a village. Mr. Shaw kept store in the place and gave it his name, and it is now Shawville, through which runs the Chapleau & Church (now Pontiac) Railway. Still farther west Scotchmen flocked from Ramsay, and other parts of the County of Lanark to Litchfield, filling it with enterprising farmers, many of whom lumbered and built beautiful houses and made fine farms, raising good stock of various kinds.

The Hon. Geo. Bryson & Sons lumbered extensively and built Colounge Village on the pretty river of that name, a village whose stone buildings reflect the highest credit on father and sons. Their Presbyterian church, of stone, is an attraction and attended by all the community. "So good and pleasant is it for brethren to dwell together in

unity." We can only now outline this march of settlement, but hope to return to it, and do it more justice in a fuller extended notice at a future day.

Hull thus became one centre whence the people proceeded to form other settlements. Mr. Wright got lands for the hands that wrought for him, and they would build a little shanty, brush out and clear a little bit; then he got them their patents and when they wished to go elsewhere he bought them out for a small sum or a little trading, and so became possessed of immense land property, in addition to the grants made to himself, which were very large. Years elapsed after the young settlement of Hull was begun before any survey was made in any part of the County of Carleton, as it now exists, except one side of Marlboro.

March was unsurveyed when its first inhabitants took up lands along the river bank. General Lloyd and Captains Monk, Edwards, Street, Weatherly, Lieut. Reed, (the Admiral) and his brother James, with Dr. Christie, Daniel Beatty and others covered the front of the township on the south shore of the river from the line of Torbolton to the line of Nepean about 1818. The 1st concessions of March and Huntley begin on the town line between them. A post was planted in the centre of the line and one at each side; thirty-three feet from the central post to each side post. Every five double lots, fifteen furlongs, a road allowance was laid out as wide as a concession and at right angles with it. Settlers came to the front of March about the time the others occupied the river bank. Frederick Richardson, Thomas Acres, Thomas Wiggins, George Clarke, Thomas Morgan, James Armstrong, Samuel Milford, A. Harper, Cassidy, Scarf, Sparrow, Wilson, Christy, Jamieson, Draper, McMurtry, John Armstrong, Killeen, Gardiner, Burkes, Bouchers, Walls, Edge, and settled along the south of March. John Sparrow purchased from Cassidy. My father bought out Harper and Milford in March and Roberts and Hyde in Huntley. Anthony Summerville, Jacob and John Graham, Hugh McCaughan, Wm. Nesbitt, Capt. Logan, Robert Duncan and Joseph Davis filled in along the 2nd and 3rd concessions.

Amusing stories were told by these folorn hopes of settlers. John Cavanagh cut down a very large tree then cut a lot of small poles placing them with one end on the ground, the other on the great log, slept many nights under these poles with his axe on one side and an old Queen Bess musket on the other. Such a dormitory could not be long used as it was not water-tight and there was not a panel near that he could go into head foremost, like Diogenes, turning its staunch end to the weather in defiance of wind and rain. Sergeant Cowie, a little farther west, lengthened out his provisions by shooting. They said he never plucked duck or partridge, but burned off the feathers as he roasted them on the fire of burning brush.

Mr. Alexander Workman, so long and favourably known, and filling so many places of honour and trust in the Capitol, settled on the 4th concession 25 and 26. Mr. Workman and his man were chopping, and as they took a breathing time they heard the sound of an axe they thought away in the distance; so taking out their compass they started to brush and blaze a path to see what they might discover. After some time they reached the bank of the Carp and began to cut a tall elm to throw across for a bridge. The sound of their axes drew the other man

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to brush and explore, so they met, and it turned out to be Mr. Cowie locating on the right or north bank of the Carp a concession below Mr. Workman. The latter remained only a few years on the farm, but managed to teach a part of that time. He wrote a beautiful hand, and would take as much pains in writing to a friend or in keeping his books as in setting a copy in the old style to a school boy. He narrated some peculiar experiences he had in his time on the farm. One was a run for Dr. Christie who could not be procured, being away on another call; when Mr. Workman returned the boy was born and all right. John Zissca was born in the open field. The name indicates one-eyed, as he had lost an eye, but he seldom lost a battle, and when totally blind and guided by a horseman on each side chroniclers say he never lost a battle when deprived of both eyes. He fell at last *non tam victus quam vincedo fessus*.

The splendour of the great bay, as well as the beautiful scenery of the Ottawa River bank, must have attracted to March the many officers as well as some civilians in 1818. Captains Cox, Landell and Stevens, in addition to those above mentioned, found room on the river front. But such large grants of from 800 to 2,000 acres, said to have been given Mr. Pinhey, could not be located on the river bank, and they agreed to divide the front among them and take the remainder of the grants in other places. The survey had not been made, but Mr. John McNaughton and Hugh Falls were excellent surveyors and genial gentlemen, who managed to arrange suitably to the satisfaction of all, so that from Capt. Landell's at the Torbolton Corner down to the other corner the river bank was parcelled out to the satisfaction of all concerned.

General Lloyd had no family, but his estate went to his nephew, Mr. Lloyd Smith, who married Miss Monk, now Mrs. McNabb. Another sister is Mrs. R. Y. Green, whose late husband enjoyed a very high place in the esteem of the people, was long Reeve of March, and whose sons are in the law and other professions in the city. The sons of Capt. Monk have been in the law, the army and Parliament, very honourable men. Mr. Hamnet Pinhey, an English merchant, some times went as super cargo, was at home on sea or land. He came rich to March and settled among the army and navy officers, built a grist and saw mill on a little creek, and a church at his own cost, as his neighbours, officers of high rank, were not overburdened with wealth. The talents, wealth and enterprise of Mr. Pinhey were of great service to the young colony, as he was private banker to the people before any banking was thought of in the new country. He had done some gallant service for the British Government with his little bark: Dressed as a Spaniard he sailed almost through the French fleet, delivered his dispatches to the King of Prussia, and returned undetected and triumphant. Everyone honoured him. Gifted and unassuming he was in Parliament and the Legislative Council of Upper Canada. The lumber was exhausted, the creek dried up with the land clearing, the mill became useless, but the church is good to this day. Mr. Horace Pinhey, his eldest son, lived and died in the old home. Many immigrants came in empty handed. Mr. Pinkey sold them lands, gave them time to pay, lent them money to purchase or took them for debts due him by others, and gave plenty of time, which was then a great accommodation. His interest was then only six or

seven per cent. The writer's father was often transferred to Mr. Pinhey in the many land purchases he made. He was frequently offered money at six per cent. if he wished to speculate, but he would not do so on borrowed capital. Mr. Pinhey wrote all deeds to those who came, and prescribed for many sick folks till his nephew, Dr. Hill, came to practice in March—sometime after Dr. Christie left. The usual plan of purchase among the new comers was to buy at so much, pay an amount down and the remainder in yearly payments without interest.

Dr. Hill married one and Mr. John Pinhey the other of Mr. Pinhey's daughters. Mr. C. H. Pinhey, the late talented lawyer, was the youngest. Studious and obliging, he was our old school mate under Mr. Wardrope and Mr. Robb; ran a brilliant career at college and ranked high as a lawyer all his life.

Several talented and distinguished men prepared for college in that old barn like frame building. The late judge, Robt. Lyon, Esq., and the present judge, William Mosgrove, Esq., both talented, scholarly and influential, together with Bakers, Moncks, Mallocks, O'Connors, Mc Larens, Chestnuts, afterwards Christies, Bishops, Grants, and a whole host in the law, medicine and other professions ran brilliant careers in the grammar school that had its early beginning in that old building on Sandy Hill. We never meet the survivors of those times but with the most cordial greetings. They were manly, warm-hearted, generous and most obliging, and well conducted, with scarcely one exception. Many of them are gone. The four sons of the late Hon. Thos. McKay are all dead. One fell in battle in the east, a young officer so distinguished by his general conduct, and so much so in that action, several having fallen by his hand ere he was overpowered and dispatched, as to call forth an autograph letter from Queen Victoria of condolence to his sorrowing mother. The cheerful, pleasant Joe Stephenson fell from a mast and was killed. John McArthur, we have not met since college days, when he related an incident worth mentioning. He had passed Bishop Strachan without the usual salute, whether in absent mood or not, he did not say, but the Bishop reported him to the Professors and he was called to answer to the charge. Fortunately for John, there had been a great procession of Oddfellows that day and he fell on the plea; that he had met so many Oddfellows, that he must have taken the Bishop for one in mistake. The plea was admitted; the Bishop himself not being able to suppress a smile. So he escaped with the gentle caution to "be more careful."

Capt. Weatherly sold a portion of his 1,200 acres of land to Mr. Didsbery, an English farmer who first imported short horn Durhams and Leicester sheep to March. The writer's father bought of these stocks and with some other importations began his improved stockraising. Mr. James Davidson of Nepean purchased some of the same animals. Mr. Didsbery sold the property to Mr. Berry, who started a brewery, and whose son, Mr. W. Berry, carries it on successfully at present.

Capt. Weatherly was a bachelor, and Tom, a son of Daniel Beatty, hired with him as cook, butler, man and companion. Once a hunting party called on the Capt., who held them for lunch, (let the dogs rest) and to be sure that all was in order he made a look at the table Tom was spreading and says: "Tom, these plates don't look very shining."

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Tom stammered out with an oath: "They were as clean as water could make them. "Water" was a very favorite setter the Capt. had. He had a man blasting a well on the farm whose solid foundation had not much depth of earth. The enterprise was somewhat doubtful, and the captain made many visits to the work. After a blast on one occasion the man had contrived to moisten the dust, and the Captain rushed down the ladder to see for himself, and touching the damp material applied his finger to his tongue saying to the man with an innocent look, "I think it's a salt spring." Weatherly sold all out afterwards and returned to England. Capt. Street was very popular in his native Britain as well as in the land of his adoption to which he did equal honor. Early made a J. P., he married many of the aspiring youths that wished to carry out their honest intentions. His son, J. G. Street, was then very young and his sister, afterwards Mrs. J. B. Lewis, but either the Capt. or the young Mr. Street managed to get the first schoolhouse built, at their own expense for the people. Mr. J. G. Street, called Jock when a boy, still lives on the old property. One of his daughters, a beautiful girl, is now the daughter-in-law of Mr. John Heney. Her mother was the sister of R. Y. Green, Esq., very handsome in her time. Dr. Christie of the navy had lands on the first concession of March next to Huntley on the Pakenham road. There is a little cemetery on the place in which they have buried for three generations. This farm lies in a notch in the spur of hills commanding a splendid view of the country to the south. Jamie Clarke, one of the Dr.'s people, called it Glencairn under which name it is still known. Here Mr. Thomas A. Christie spent the greater part of his short life. Among other excellencies he possessed a commanding intellect, a great deal of genius, was very obliging and greatly beloved. In these times when clearings were small the lands yielded the finest of crops and the animals grew and multiplied in the woods and beaver meadows as they now do in the richest pastures. Sergeant John Armstrong spent some time in Hull, then drew 200 acres on the 3rd line of March. A schoolhouse was built on his land, long taught in by Mr. John Younghusband. A fine stone house has replaced the old wooden structure. Two or three were union schools with Huntley, (supported by subscriptions,) one on the Huntley side, two on the March side and occupied by Roman Catholic teachers for years, with only two Catholic families in their section. No cry then for Separate schools. Headley built a little sawmill on a creek on the third line farther west which wrought while the timber and water lasted, then ceased. Mr. Gainsford has a steam mill near by. These are all the mills up to date. The fire of 1870 consumed these old union schools. Old Mr. Potter made some fine scholars in one of these at Star's Creek. A fine stone house at James Watts succeeds another of these union log houses. Col. Burke of Richmond was the first M. P. and also Crown's land agent and afterwards Registrar for the county when it was defined. Through him most people got their grants from the government. The Bouchers lived in both sides of the township. John Wall, another old soldier, settled toward the west side of March. His son Tom Wall occupied the place after him. George Edge, or as the English called him, Hedge, was another of the army and taught school with a well preserved Irish accent. His place was near the line of Torbolton and was termed Purga-

tory, it was so difficult to get through a swamp of such interminable length without ditch or bridge except a tree over a creek. A Bible agent said he had only got half way through Purgatory when he reached old age (Edge.) Capt. Bradley came from Richmond to the place now called March Corners. He traded with Mr. William Erskine giving him 200 acres in March and £40 for 100 in Huntley that had a mill site on it which he gave to his son, who built a mill there, so Mr. Erskine, a very upright man, became neighbor to the Capt. Mr. Erskine was once summoned to court at Perth as a juror but it seemed to him a bootless trip as he had got his shoes worn out and was wearing the bare feet. He consulted the Capt. "Are you not made a constable," said the Capt., "Yes but I am not sworn into the office yet." The Capt. being a J. P., put the oath, then pulling off his boots, (perhaps his only pair) said: "Here, put these on and be off to reach in time; you will be under pay and be able to come home in a new pair and bring mine with you." This was like the Capt.'s disposition. He was generous, good-hearted and bound to be obliging. The clergy had not yet come to these young settlements, and the J. P. performed the marriage ceremony when required. The Capt. had a great birch tree left growing on the roadside, on which he nailed the notice of marriage antedated some weeks but tacked on late on Saturday night and he would marry them next day and send them away double on their life's journey.

Mr. Draper had been some time in Nepean but came and settled in March. His trade was shoemaking, but he raised seeds and supplied his neighbors around. He had a great family of sons and daughters and went with them up the Gatineau and prospered well in that region. Anthony Summerville living close by him had purchased a wooden clock when they were first offered for sale with which he was very much pleased. He told them "when it comes to one she strikes one," and running over the whole figures wound up by saying "she never strikes half a blow more or less than the exact thing." He was building a piece of wall for Mr. Pinhey to land his little boats at. Mr. Pinhey came down to look at it and being full of humor observing, hat it was somewhat uneven said to his son, "Horace run up for the plumb till we plumb it." "Plumb it, plumb it, plumb the debble, sir," said Tony, had I thought you were going to plumb it, sure I could have built it as fair as a." Here Mr. Pinhey was convulsed with laughter and the last part of the sentence evaporated into thin air.

The Conleys came, some of them lumberers; Rays, Scarfs, Savages, Davis', Gainsfords, Burkes, Kelleys, McMurtrays; some of whose sons are mechanics, merchants, doctors, successful in various occupations, but a large proportion are still farmers. Most of all these came in between 1818 and 1826. Forest Cauldwell sold to Thomas Morgan close by him and purchased from Lieut Campbell, 3rd line Huntley, lot 21; Campbell going up to Litchfield and giving the name to Campbell's Bay, that pretty sheet of water lying between the island and the north shore of the Ottawa. His large family of sons and daughters are residing there still on the line of Pontiac R. R. John Jones, eldest of the family, a very active worker in the lumber, was returning from Quebec and the boat taking fire near Three Rivers, threw out his trunk and leaped after it, and though a fine swimmer, was drowned. The family went west. The

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Presbyterians in March have no church but go to the Carp, Stittsville and Bell's Corners. The Episcopalians have a stone church and parsonage east of the Corners which is a stirring embryo village. The lands are well cultivated.

Mr. Pinhey was school inspector for some years, when these institutions were established on a very limited base, and very far apart in the Bathurst district. He made the tour on horseback, the roads admitting of no other mode of travel except on foot, which was much more common. He would dismount at the schoolhouse, and with the bridle rein on his arm, place a hand on each side of the doorframe, the horse looking in as if to examine the furnishings, to the great enjoyment of the young folks, who seldom saw a horse in that early time. The gentleman would ask a little boy how to spell a word of one syllable to which the little man would address himself with energy, but his eyes fixed on the horse. After a short standing examination he would dismiss them with a benignant smile and very gracious words of which he had an abundant treasury at easy, ready command. He was a free, voluminous correspondent of the papers when printing was introduced. Afterwards when we occupied the wool sack of the editorial office we had many interesting communications from his nimble pen in the *Aylmer Times*. Teachers' qualifications were not high in that period of our history. Mr. Pinhey reported cases as samples to the early press like the following: A short engaging conversation was held, then the aspirant was asked to spell cabbage. He began, chabb—that will do, sir. I am very much in want of a gardener. Could you not stay and help me instead of going into that dreary work of teaching?" Oh, sir, I can get £25 a year and go around with the scholars." That was like the times. Teachers preferred that to farm work, the wages being about the same. They sent me to several schools but the honest teacher wrote my father a note stating that the boy would lose his time with him. So the boy had to dig away at home among the roots, square and cube, and from early dawn to breakfast commit to memory Murray's large grammar.

Mr. Pinhey on the hustings when opposing Capt. Lyon represented himself as the Lamb, and his townsmen sometimes called him that and Paddy Whelan called him the Hon. Lamb. His hardest hit against Capt. Baker, who half unwillingly opposed him, was that he, the Capt., would make a good weathercock but he changed too fast for the wind. Elections then lasted a week, there being but one polling place in the county. Open house was kept for the entertainment of the free and independent electors, and they were not dry places, not from any defect in shingles or scoops but irrespective of the natural rainfalls, the clear running south branch of the Carp, and the sparkling water of W. Kemp's deep well. The fluids were conveyed in puncheons and huge barrels. Some of the thirsty ones termed it divine juice. One poor man had promised against tasting it for some months. His ingenious neighbor found a way to avoid the breach of promise. The man had got a small loaf for one or two with him to dine on, so this friend made him break off what he required and poured into it from the bottle. "Now eat that," said he. They understood it as only eating, not drinking by any means. The bread, beef and cheese, with various kinds of

drinks, for a week's entertainment of so many voters and camp followers, must have been of some moment in a financial point of view.

After gaining one of these elections, Mr. Pinhey indulged in some poetical descriptions of the rare occurrences at the place of polling. We give from memory a couple of lines as a sample of the fun in such cases:

"Thom Acres, as cunning as any pet fox,
The bread and the cheese he locked up in a box."

In after times when he was warden of the county he would sit and enjoy the debates, sometimes throwing in a word gleefully to supplement or balance the opposing parties, or restore good humor if irritation had appeared. We recollect at the first formation of the council of the county of Carleton, they had agreed to have a district surveyor. Then the question of his salary was discussed. Some would borrow the \$700 and pay in advance, others thought it should be earned first. The friends of the surveyor then fell on six months pay in advance. The mover dwelt on the fact that the surveyor could not live six months on the air. The seconder also in an eloquent speech said he could not live six months on nothing. The warden said he never knew a man that had or could live six months on the wind and thought they would all agree that no man could live six months on nothing. But he had known many a man that had lived well six or more months on credit. The motion was dropped. The history of Mr. Pinhey's life would be the history of his township, and county, and the whole valley, as he was a very great actor in all the movements of note during his busy life. Col. afterwards General Lloyd, Col. Edwards, Capt. Logan and others lived in quiet retirement on their farms and half pay *otium cum dignitate*, taking little to do with municipal or school affairs or anything but to finish a green old age in the peace and comforts of rural and religious seclusion from all the rush and conflict in the busy world. The north of March like the south of Huntley and much land on both banks of the St. Lawrence has a very thin soil on the rock foundation, adorned with wild roses, orange lilies, blueberries and shrubs in multitude, all so beautiful in their season. North Huntley and South March form the Carp valley of rich lands well cultivated as any part of the Dominion. The Ottawa & Parry Sound R. R. runs through this valley.

About 1818 or 1819 the first settlers of the Huntley side of the valley were John Scott, William Erskine and William Montgomery. The last cut the first tree. Their lands were soon the property of Lieut. Sans Bradley who built the little mill so long used there. John Cavanaugh came in 1819, William Mooney in that or the following year. The first located on the 3rd line, the second on the 4th line. The Stars, James and George, came from Hull about the same year and Moses Wilson from Cavan, Ireland. George and Thomas Graham from North of Ireland held lots 5 and 6, 1st concession Huntley. Evans, an Englishman, drew lot 9, which he sold to Arthur McEldowney. Thomas Roberts, a Welshman, had lot 10, which he sold to John Gourlay. James Morin, James Holmes, Samuel Hyde; the latter sold through Col. Ahern to John Gourlay. Richard Rivington sold to Pearson. David Moffet, Jas. Hays and Michael Rivington filled up to the rock spur where the land is worthless. Sergeant Cowie settled west of the Carp village and sold to Robert Wil-

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son, whose numerous sons are well established farmers around. One of them, Thomas, took to the tanning business, was very prosperous and is rich beyond most of his neighbors. His wife was a Miss Alexander. His family are all daughters that survived. Alexander Workman settled pro. tem. in West Huntley south of the Carp in 1820. A man the name of Cobourn wrought for him and his wife kept the house. One day she was taken ill. Mr. Workman came for Dr. Christie who was on a sick call in another quarter and Mr. Cobourn for woman help but before any returned the boy was born and all well. Mr. Workman spoke of it as the hardest run of his life. The Hodgins, Dornins, Argues, Alexanders, Lowrys, Johnstons, Larretts, McEwans, McKords, Hamiltons, Williams, Wiltons, Hustons, Kennedy's, Daleys, Irvins, Hogans, Grams, all came in between 1818 and 1824. Thomas Murdy and John Mannion came in 1825 and settled well up toward the south of the township on the 9th line. Hon Peter Robinson took interest in forming a settlement and procured a lot for a church which the Catholics built after the canal work was finished. The next was an Episcopal church built by Mr. Alex Christie, stones furnished by W. B. Bradley from the quarry of R. Taylor.

The Episcopal Methodist church at Booth's was the next built and the Presbyterian west of the Episcopal, and was consumed in the fire of 1870. Its successor is at the Carp village. Its succession of preachers was Bennet, Penman and McLaren. The village has three churches and a good school. It is a fine centre; stores, railroad station, mechanic's shops, post office, agricultural fair grounds and buildings in good condition. A. Workman was the first teacher in Huntley. The first schoolhouse was at Mooney's where James Lowry, a gentleman and scholar, as well as a superior teacher, long held sway. He married Miss Sally Ronan of Goulbourn, the belle of that age and the finest horsewoman then in the county. Recently in our rambles for information we had the pleasure of dining with her family. The conversation turned on Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic." It was an hour of entertainment. The acquaintance shown with that history, and especially by the eldest daughter, was highly creditable and particularly pleasing. History read to purpose must enrich the conversation. Should knowledge not be inhaled with every breath and diffused by every utterance? The second schoolhouse was on lot No. 6, 3rd line, taught by Mr. Johnston with force of character. We visited it for two days when a very small boy. It is replaced by a stone building at Mulligan's. Mr. Reid had a post office in March and Mr. Hopper one in Huntley in connection with his store and jewellery business. This was removed farther east and kept by Mr. John Graham for many years, then it was located about midway between these two places where it now is. A post office was established at the Carp village and another at the Fitzroy line and one in South March. Mails were only weekly for many years. Then they got to be carried tri-weekly, now they are daily delivered. March and Huntley were associated for legal and ecclesiastical purposes for a long time. Rev. James Padfield, a very excellent man, was Church of England minister at first. He was succeeded by Rev. John Johnston, afterwards Canon Johnston of Hull, very favorably known. Mr. Harper, Mr. Kerr, Mr. Rolph and Mr. Butler followed in March, and Mr. Godfrey, Mr. Mc-

Morin, Dr. Codd in Huntley. Father Peter Smith of Richmond supplied back Huntley. East side of Huntley has much useless land, hard and thin covered with birch pines and swamps with no outlet. But its north-east corner can be matched with difficulty as to the excellent quality of the soil for thousands of acres.

The Grahams, Wilsons, Blacks, Burrows, Roes, Boyds, Hartins, Daileys, Evoys have land in plenty of the best quality and in the highest state of cultivation. North of the town line opposite these the Richardsons, Robertsons, McCurdies, James and others exhibit fine buildings, well cultivated fields, large herds of improved stock of much value. We have recommended tree planting for the lighter soils. In former days when the country was covered with forests, the wild pigeon came thick as clouds in the spring and summer, rendering the air vocal with the action of their wings. They were shot in great numbers. We have heard of fifty-two falling by one musket shot. We have not seen nor heard of a single one appearing in these parts for several years. Wild ducks and geese still come but in greatly diminished numbers. Partridges are thinned out very much and rabbits are very rare. Deer and fur-bearing animals that were plenty are nearly all gone. Wolves were very numerous. Sheep, deer, calves and some heifers became their victims. Bears took pigs and calves. But we have not heard of wolves devouring human beings. It is told of an Indian belated who climbed into a beech tree to escape a pack and made it his shooting gallery for the night. As a wolf fell to his careful aim the others feasted on it whilst the Indian fired away. When daylight came the remnant disappeared and he thought he was safe to get home but his former visitors or a fresh lot were soon on his track in hot pursuit. He ran like an Indian but they gained on him and he had to stand at bay and defend himself as best he could occasionally with his back to the tree, splitting a skull with his sharp tomahawk. His squaw came to his aid in time. They cut, clubbed and made their escape reckoning twenty dead wolves as the trophies of their bravery.

Savages are said to be truthful, being so free from the vices of polite life. Would they not stretch a little for self-glorification? We give the substance of what we have heard without denial, coloring or confirmation. We had the honor, so called, of killing a wolf by laying poison on a sheep he killed, which he took and died. We had the great pleasure of saving a boy whose load of ashes had been upset on him on a hillside. His horses were held and his face was in the snow so that he did not suffocate by the dry ashes. My young brothers came up as the ashes were dashed off him. We thought him dead and carried him to the sleigh and held his head in my lap whilst one drove and another put snow in his mouth. His breathing became perceptible as we drove the team at a gallop. We were soon at his home and had the satisfaction of seeing him restored. We were barely in time to save life.

John Graham of the Bay got the north half of Sans Bradley's lands. James his son, died there and his family now live in the city. In 1833 John Gourlay came from Drumquin, Tyrone, Ireland, and settled in March. His youngest son Hugh owns the old home, but lives in Huntley where he built the finest farm house and planted the largest and most thriving orchard in all the Ottawa country. The other brother

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William occupies the old Roberts farm to which he has added some more at a high price and has the whole in a fine state of cultivation. On this farm he has bred Durham cattle pure and unmixed, for about forty years. John Pearson, whose sons are dentists and lawyers and farmers, popular and successful men, holds these many years, the Richard Remington farm.

The people of South March in those early times had no church building but were obliged to walk to the 3rd line of Huntley to worship and hear an occasional discourse from a Wesleyan preacher who embraced it in the long rounds of a great circuit. When old enough to walk to these meetings we remember hearing some old men remark specially of a young McDowell, that he was "no cripple." My father, a good old Presbyterian of the straightest sect, kept open house and entertained these laborers in the Gospel field, the Nankievvilles, Lovers and others. In after years a Presbytery meeting was held in his house to examine Mr. James Smith for license. Quarterly meetings were sometimes held in a schoolhouse in a grove on one of his farms. He sometimes questioned us after the collection was announced and before we could reach home what each gave, which summed up, was over half the amount. He was dissatisfied with these collections wondering how the preachers kept soul and body together on such allowances. He had lurking suspicions from ample reasonings with the Methodists that they laid a little stress on their good works which he maintained did not abound in liberal contributions. The Dominion Government legislate for eight hours as a working day but set an example themselves of working a hundred and twenty-nine hours at a stretch on the Separate School Coercion Bill. But these people did not overstretch their pretensions in piety by putting in the collection hat taken round in the schoolhouse or in the grove.

My parents were very anxious to stir up and collect into a congregation the scattered Presbyterians in March and Huntley. The undertaking was neither an easy task nor very successful. Mr. Hugh Falls, a surveyor, a man of education, a Presbyterian from near Londonderry, Ireland, assisted much in the Scripture readings and sermon reading, in the meetings held for prayer and religious exercises from house to house over the settlement. They made appointments and kept up these for years. Meantime a process of training was going on in the family. Readings were to be done by the boys, the eldest superintending the exercises, so that nothing was omitted or neglected. Examinations were held on the lessons and in this manner the leading truths of religion were impressed on the minds of the growing up boys. The truths concerning the Supreme Being; His unity, Trinity, spirituality, wisdom, love, power, holiness, justice, goodness and truth. His eternity, omnipresence, government (or Providence) over all His creatures, their movements and thoughts, influenced, controlled, guided or prevented in His ruling the works of His creation. One primary lesson engraved on the minds of the youths was reverence for the Holy Name of the Deity. Another was the strictest truthfulness. Boys in youth are not perfect. Faults will be found and must be corrected. But the truth must be told without any hiding or even coloring of the circumstances, or punishment proportionately severe would follow, to avoid which, assisted materially till the principle of truth telling formed a habit in the

mind. Honesty in their little trading with one another was strongly enforced and their bargains must stand unless the other party willingly consented to give up his claim. Our good mother's influence was entirely against the use of alcohol and though it was kept as an entertainment for callers it was soon omitted from the family groceries. Not a pipe was kept in the house. Our mother would not suffer one of us to mimic any oddity in any human being. Had the mother of "Ian McLaren" (Rev. Watson) observed this principle, that religious buffoon would have furnished fewer subjects for laughter and ridicule to his readers and treated with less profanity sacred themes, as well as the feelings of the less-educated whose sincere hearts may be as priceless in the sight of God as his own heart, that can treat them with irreligious frivolity. But like Josh Billings by his bad spelling he has furnished religious fun and made a fortune and a great name. When the clergy like McDonald and Watson become novel writers, religion must be in want of a revival. The Bathurst Presbytery sent a minister to visit and preach on week days in school or private houses, and though they were flying and as they say, angelic, yet they were very highly esteemed and well attended. Mr. Bell, the oldest minister of Perth, Mr. Fairbairn of Ramsay, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Mann afterwards Dr. Mann of Pakenham, were the principle visitors of Huntley.

Cousin Thomas Alexander was the only male member of these meetings that could "lead the singing." In his absence my mother.

Mrs. William Alexander came to the place soon after these meetings began and she was a great assistance having a fine voice. The twenty-four tune book was very interesting to us boys at that time with its illuminations and birds painted in water colors. At this date everything was crude. The tools furnished by the Government were unwieldy compared with those of the present day. Wheat, corn, oats and potatoes were the staple crops raised and almost the whole planting was done with the hoe. Mr. Thomas Morgan and his wife Mary used to tell how on the 4th and 5th of June they hoed in a bushel of wheat and threshed 42 bushels off it. This was enough for a year's provisions and seed the following spring. This was grown on Lot 5, 1st concession March. Mrs. Morgan was greatly delighted to receive visits from the children around. She made very popular readings, recitation of poetry, setting the example herself. She had early memorized large portions of Pope's "Homer" and Dryden's "Virgil." She recited these in fragments and scraps to draw out the young people so that everyone had to say his piece in prose or verse, tell some story historical, oratorical, whatever he was master of, to even pass muster on such an evening. Being from the south of Ireland, she was not acquainted with Burns, but we from the north supplied that lack which afforded her very unbounded pleasure as she loved the ludicrous.

A very imperfect idea can now be formed of the country in its physical appearance dotted with specks of clearings, paths blazed from one to another, a single tree for a bridge or two poles together across the little stream in the vast forests and swamps all but impassible. The toil of making a living was immense. There was anxiety lest frost should destroy the wheat and potatoes like there is now in Manitoba and the Northwest. Anxiety was felt lest the crop should not be adequate to

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feed the parties depending on it for the year and when there was a failure prices ran very high. Once or twice in the memory of some yet living flour was \$16 and even \$20 per barrel. Pork varied greatly in price, sometimes bringing \$40 a barrel. Other articles of provision brought much like present prices. Good factory cotton cost 25 cents a yard and woollen goods were high whilst butter for long years was sold at sixpence a pound. Beef quarters sold at three to four dollars a cwt, but stall-fed sometimes brought six to seven dollars live weight.

The settlements were chiefly formed of people from the British Isles, but they were greatly benefitted by the experience of the Yankees as the U. E. L. were called, who brought with them the knowledge acquired in the States, a country once a forest like that to which they came, but a century older. These people commanded respect for their shrewdness and competency in almost every department of lumbering, stockraising and agriculture. Pines, oaks, elms and ash grew on every rock, hillside or valley, and lumbering was the natural calling of almost every man. The river banks were first stripped as the pieces could be laid on the ice or bank by oxen. These could live in the bush in summer, and on beaver hay, brush and sheaf oats in winter, and after drawing timber in the snow would be ready for the work of the small clearing in spring. Everything required for their work could be made of wood except the chain, staple and ring. Even the plow only required an iron point, and the cattle could go so close as to pass one on each side of the stump turning the land to the roots. The harrow, as late as our time, was often a tree fork, and sometimes oak or elm pins supplied the place of iron or steel. An oak block was sawed off, split and formed into a mould board with its natural twist suiting exactly. Among the stumps and on stony land the oxen were preferred. They were famous for logging. Canadian ponies came afterwards to be used but they required a man exclusively to handle the chain, and keep the traces in order in their turnings.

At that time a good acre of new land would yield 40 bushels of wheat, 60 bushels of corn or oats, 400 bushels of potatoes. The new burned land with its surface well broken with the drag would bear, sown broadcast, 1,000 bushels of turnips. Immense crops of timothy and clover hay were raised on that virgin soil. About the summer of 1835 we received a visit from the Rev. James B. Cairns, M. D. He was a man of piety and marked devotion to the Presbyterian cause and was received by my father and mother with pleasure, nay delight and joy. A Mr. Glen had been at the embryo village of Richmond some years before this, but remained only a short while, but we never saw him during his stay, except a few visits he made to Torbolton halting at Mr. Henry McBride's where he would gather a half dozen and speak to them. He never came into the region where we lived, he was before our time. Dr. Cairns preached and made some visits with my father, and arranged to preach again when they had had time to see what could be subscribed in order to have him stay, but the amount was small as the people were few, scattered and not rich. He made a short stay in Torbolton where were a few Scotch families, but his missionary turn of mind led him to travel over most of the new settlements of the country, finding out nearly all the families of the Presbyterian name and lineage. On

his return to Scotland and Ireland, he could tell to the delight of the astonished listeners, of almost all their distant relatives, and where they lived, and how they fared in this new world. He gave a great impulse to emigration, but he was not in the pay of the Government.

Dr. Cairns was a great advocate of temperance and magnified his office on every possible occasion. He returned again to Canada and roamed round giving the accounts of his travels and visits, and causing considerable enjoyment to many by the freshest news from the old country relatives. An old lady in Torbolton was reported to him as being fond of ale. On his visit he inquired if she still continued to use it; learning that she did, he made an early call, knocking before she was up. At this early unexpected knock she sprang up and in loose attire opened the door a few inches, and as it were with a single eye surveyed the Dr. who at once said, "You are Mrs. — and I hear you always stick to your ale." "Aye, ye'l be that daft body they ca Dr. Cairns?" "Yes my name is Cairns." "Aye, aye, well awa' wi' ye then;" and closing the door she left the doctor to ruminate on his signal defeat and disappointment. A short time after I entered college at Toronto the Dr. came to the city and found I was there and hastening to see me asked if I was from March, reminding me of his visits and explorations. It was a very kind and friendly call and much and mutually enjoyed.

Reuben Sherwood had the contract of the survey of Torbolton but the work was done by John McNaughton the great friend of Hugh Falls. In our early recollections these were our only surveyors for many years in these parts, both good and true men. The concessions and side lines in these townships were 66 ft wide. The plan was to plant a post in the centre of the road and one on each side 33 feet from it. These were the corner posts. Then 120 rods from these three more posts were driven into the ground dividing the first double lot of 200 acres from the next, and so it proceeded throughout. Any one could run a line dividing one double lot from another by setting up two pickets carefully at these posts, your pickets in a straight line from these must reach the other posts, if the posts are correctly put in the earth. In halving a double lot you must chain across from post to post and plant your picket in the center. The form of Torbolton is almost triangular lying west of March on the south shore or right bank of the Ottawa river. It contains nearly 26,000 acres, a couple of thousand less than March, a gore like it. The side along the river is very irregular from the indentation of so many little bays. A French Canadian got a shanty on a point near the mouth of the Constance Creek, where he hunted and fished, and sang, and sold whiskey to the raftsmen in summer and the teamsters in winter; but he could not be said to be a pioneer inhabitant or settler. He sailed up his canoe and stopped there, cultivating no land, following no trade, but with fish spear and hook and traps for the fur-bearers and grog he kept up there a while, and then disappeared leaving his ghost of a habitation sitting on the sand dry and deserted a desolated skeleton. Such shadows of humanity count for nothing in the history of any country.

It appears to us that the first settler was a Mr. McLaren, brother of Mr. David McLaren who came here afterwards from Richmond. This Mr. McLaren had gone in his canoe to the post office to mail a letter to

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his mother in Scotland, and coming home with some provisions upset his canoe or fell out in some way and was drowned. A son of David McLaren's was also drowned in connection with lumbering. Both bodies were found and buried. The writer in the Atlas speaks of the British government granting 400 acres to a Rev. Mr. Glen in Torbolton, but says land grants had ceased before any settlers came to the place. Also he says Mr. Buckham met Mr. Glen in Richmond as they were about their claims. Mr. Buckham invited or took him to Torbolton, but as he lived only two years after, we have not heard that he located in Torbolton or secured the title to his lands. We have seen Mr. Buckham and were well acquainted with his son, the late John Buckham, a man of good repute, well known as a public man, and very much respected. Captain Baird came into the township two or three days before Mr. J. Buckham. The first came on Saturday and the other the Monday following in the beginning of May 1824. These have claimed to be the first settlers who took their lands. Mr. Buckham bought 200 acres for \$40 or £10 (H.C.) This was the first purchase. The Captain and two naval officers, the brothers Grierson, had the right to draw their lands for service in the navy. David McLaren came from Richmond to Torbolton, we suppose to his brother's place or near it. He had been a merchant in the hardware in Glasgow, a man of refinement and some education. He managed his farm and taught school. Then, he was a man of thought and became very useful to his township in municipal affairs. He loved truth and uprightness. He was an eminent christian whose good opinion we esteemed more highly than that of most men, and he had the honesty to express it without hesitation when necessity called for it. He had read the Scriptures to purpose. His views were clear on salvation by grace, and the impossibility of salvation by the works of fallen man, the redemption of the soul by the sacrifice of the Saviour and the renovation of the heart by the power of the Holy Spirit employing the Word of Truth as the instrumental cause, and the continual perseverance of the renewed man in the ways of righteousness, in the language of Sacred Scripture: "Grace reigning" royally, sovereignly "through righteousness to eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord." We conversed with him frequently, enjoyed his friendship which we valued, and were persuaded that he was a man of the soundest mind in the whole community. It is a favor to be in a position to bear our testimony to his eminent parts, polished manners and his many good qualities. He did not die so wealthy as some of his sons after him, but none were more respected than he.

John McLaren, his eldest son, brought home gold, after a short but successful career in Australia. After his return he married a wife of great merit, a daughter of Captain Baird. He was very enterprising. He told us in some friendly visits, of his exploration in the forest between Kingston and Pembroke, climbing trees, on some of the highest hilltops to get a view of the surroundings. He was hoping to find a mill site but nothing eligible appeared. He would have made the way out to market if a suitable site had existed with lumber to cut. His early demise was a great loss to his family and country. We shall have occasion to speak of James in another connection. David is a merchant at Fitzroy Harbor doing very well for the place and the surroundings.

William was our school and college friend, a careful student, an able and sound divine, now Dr. McLaren, Professor of Systematic Theology, in Knox College, Toronto. His wife is a sister of Dr. John Laing, a sound and able minister of the Gospel. One of their sons is a preacher in Eastern Ontario. One daughter is Mrs. Mowat, daughter-in-law of Sir Oliver Mowat, Premier, long honored in Ontario. Rev. Alexander McLaren is another son residing now in Hamilton, a genial, generous-hearted, and also a sound divine. Professor McLaren is at times original in the treatment of his subjects, but there is nothing shadowy in his ideas, but sound in judgment, an excellent authority, and a trustworthy Christian gentleman, whom we wish God speed, the greatest measure of success in his great work of training young men for the grandest employment under the sun. As we cherished the best wishes for the happiness of the good father and mother, we entertain the same for the offspring with the utmost cordiality.

The settlement of Torbolton was slow. Walton Slack, Robert Glen, John McMurtry and others occupied the east side of the Constance outlet at an early stage. The Slacks were a numerous family spread over the place. Mr. Rolston followed, married a Miss Little in Huntley, got land in Torbolton and raised a numerous family of sons and daughters. Some of these do business now in Osgoode. One daughter married Mr. Robert Pink of Hull. They have done very well in Osgoode. Mr. John Smith, educated for the law, settled in this township at an early date, married Miss Ferguson of Fitzroy. Their eldest daughter married Dr. Henderson. A son is salesman for the Bronsons in the lumber business. We had a great regard for Mr. Smith as a superior man. He took much interest in the township and county councils, but was shortlived. Mrs. Smith and family reside in the city.

Messrs. Headly and Weir settled back from the river which was inconvenient, as they had to carry wheat to the river where they could borrow a canoe, and go to mill at Mr. Pinhey's or LeBreton's at the Deschenes now Britannia; then return and carry the flour home with store goods. Or they could fall on the other alternative of carrying it to Richmond; and afterwards Sheriff's at the Chats, or Landons on the 10th line at Carp. There is a tradition of Mrs. Weir when her husband was from home, taking her two children to go in search of a lost cow, but losing her way in the woods. She was crossing a creek on an old log and putting the children before her they got over whilst the rotten bark gave way under her feet and she slid into the creek striking her head on the log. The water was not deep enough to drown, only sufficient to soak her clothes. She could not tell how long she lay unconscious, but waking up found the little ones amusing themselves on the bank among the leaves. Night coming on she tied some rods together at the top, winding in what sticks she could gather as a place for them to sleep, which they did whilst she watched lest wolves should come on them. She heard, or fancied she heard them, but they did not come, and the next day her husband found her and they reached home, all anxieties greatly relieved. Andrew and William Hawley came in among the early ones and located on the sand hills. William married Miss Buckingham. He was drowned soon after and his widow married Robert Bell, editor, surveyor afterwards, and M. P. for Russell.

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Gibsons, Richards, Munroes, Aldridges, Penneys, Youngs, Floods, Shouldices, Taylors, Ross, Dolans, McDonell's, Capella, Keegans, all settled in between 1824 and 1840. Some attempt to account for the tardy settlement of the township, because some lands were drawn by officers and held at a high price, but the people were not forthcoming, or able to buy lands at almost any price. After the flying visits of Mr. Glen and Dr. Cairns they were some years without any. Then Mr. Henderson, a U. P. from Scotland was the first settled among them, who with Rev. William Atkins of Smith's Falls, formed a U. P. Presbytery. This would be about 1847 or 1848. We had then three Presbyteries on the same ground. The (U. P.) United Presbyterian, the Free Church, Perth; and the "Kirk" Bathurst. The three met in Bytown almost unconscious of one another's existence at the time and place. Rev. Mr. Henderson seems to have had an eye single to the interests of the church but he did not remain long. There was a lengthy interregnum after his departure, during which time Fitzroy and Torbolton were struck with a revival. Mr. James Gabie, a young convert, and Rev. Mr. Vanderburgh, a middle-aged preacher, began the work in that quarter with great enthusiasm. John Baird said you could hear them pray an English mile away. The excitement grew and intensified creating a great noise at the time. Religion is the one thing needful, and the one thing fallen men dislike, nearly as much as they love its antagonist sin. When a stir is got up, many are willing to hope for the best from such Herculean efforts as are sometimes put forth for it. Some fancied themselves possessed with demons, or at least attacked by them. Mr. Watts, an old elder, told me of some cases, but we said, you do not believe in such possession now? 'Oh, yes I do, but it was a lazy devil.'

The pious Presbytery of Ottawa were greatly stirred by the news and sent Rev. John McEwan to assist, investigate and report. He returned and made a fine report which was well received and engrossed in the Presbytery Records. But he could only judge from appearances which were often deceitful and disappear leaving not a vestige behind them. The excitement died out, the fiery billows cooled down and the waters sought and soon found their dead level again. The last state of some was no better than the first. The preachers having left, Mr. Gabie went up the Gatineau, lost his ballast and was found dead, by a pistol shot whether by accident or not we can not tell. Vanderburgh left for the States with a pretty girl, his wife being old and less attractive than the other. We have heard that she is yet alive, but of him or the young lady we know nothing. The United Presbyterian Church and the Free Church in Canada became one in the city of Montreal. The excitement in Fitzroy and Torbolton was about forgotten, when Rev. James Taite became pastor in Mr. Henderson's old field. Mr. Tait was a student of Knox College, Toronto, a talented theologian, a keen metaphysician and a sharp business man. His wife was from Montreal and took a long time to acclimatise at the Chats, at least we thought so from a visit made to our college mate after his marriage. He took well for some time but he was rich, independent, and could retire without burdening the church. He was not a higher critic, but an acute one. We offer a sample. The Presbytery of Perth opened with a sermon generally by the retiring moderator, or someone appointed to take his place. They were often good

discourses. The Presbytery of Ottawa dispenses with all that now, and much else then observed and deemed right. (It is strange that they have not nominated Ian McLaren to one of the vacant chairs in Knox.) At this meeting Mr. Tait came in late, the sermon had made progress, he dropped into a seat we happened to occupy, gave attention for a while, then said in a whisper: "He has developed his voice very well." We nodded assent. "He has developed his stomach," the gentleman was becoming rather corpulent. After another lengthy pause, "If he has developed his understanding as he has his voice and stomach, he is an able man," all of course in low whispers. The last time we saw him he did not seem to observe us. He was armed for duck or deer shooting, evidently, bent on a raid upon the inferior portion of creation. Since his time Torbolton Presbyterians have not been very well supplied with preachers, being vacant for long periods. Some of the young men of Torbolton inform us that there is a degeneracy from the high qualities of the old pioneers.

Have they not bone, muscle and brain enough for development? What they require is steady training, which is so largely in their own hands, that if attended to there can be nothing to fear. We heard a lady of great intelligence say that in the many candidates they heard during a vacancy in her congregation, she thought it impossible that there were so many commonplace preachers in the Presbyterian church. We are sorry if such is the case. It is a well known fact that the Presbyterian church is very careful in the education of her ministry. Professors in colleges generally do their duty faithfully. But they can only cultivate or rather aid the youths in the cultivation of the powers they bring with them. A high notion of self and a disposition to go easy may account for these failures to interest the people or succeed in your calling. Our young men might dispense with both, might work with head, hands and heart, and avoid degeneracy and the severest criticism, and be eminently useful everywhere.

Mr. John Smith took us to see the old mast road, down which to the river, were drawn the stately pines, hewn on Torbolton hills, to mast the fleets that rule the waves, that wash the shores of the world. The pines left behind, that have escaped the axe and the fires of 1870, are few in number and easily reckoned. But the lands are good over the most of the township. Even the lowest lands, on account of the large clearings and some draining, are beginning to be considered valuable. Mr. McKenzie, a young Bible agent, coming through to March reported to us that he had waded through a continent of mud, battled with millions of mosquitoes, and was only half way through Purgatory when he came to old age (George Edge), and was not in raptures with the aspects of the landscape. But this was nearly half a century ago. He could not see a finer country or a better common road than now connects Crown Point with March Corners. The term Purgatory is never now applied to the long swamp road, showing what ditching and bridging can do to a road that was seldom dry all the summer through. For a long time Mr. John Buckham was the most eastern of the settlers and except Mr. Drummond beside him on the west side of the side line there were none near him. Mr. Gordon, married to a daughter of Mr. William Gourlay of Fitzroy, resides south of these. Mrs. John Buckham is

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still alive but not long expected to remain. She lives in the log house once regarded as a fine one. Mrs. Young (Betsey) Buckham and Miss Jessie Buckham, her youngest daughter, wait on her at present. Mr. George Buckham has built a fine stone house beside the old house. He is a widower. His wife was Miss Young from Ramsay, sister of Rev. Stephen Young, brought up in Ramsay.

West of this is the great stone quarry where lies a field of cut stones for the would be ship canal. They are too large to be of use to the farmers that build around. Every thousand wasted on them would, at six per cent. increase, be eight thousand to day. They lie there, not as a standing monument of the statemanship of the idol Sir John, worshipped by so many of our wise and sober-minded British Canadians. Is it any use to pray for the conversion of the scores of dishonest incapables that infest the arena of our politics, whilst deluded people still take the bribes, and elect and re-elect such men? One hundred and twenty-nine hours of a session without adjournment to coerce Manitoba; with promises of office to their supporters, who never could come back, these promises denied, whilst some of them are fulfilled, and the Cabinet ceasing to defend their acts, what a condition of things, and the Governor General has not dismissed them. A Lieut.-Governor and one or two cabinets were dismissed in Quebec because they were not of the blues, but ostensibly for some faults, but these faults multiplied by ten thousand could not disturb a feather on the back of the swans that swim so gracefully on the ponds of the public squares of our great Dominion. They have built a very pretty stone church in Torbolton and one at the Chats. They used students in years gone by to teach their schools the six months in summer and considered it more profitable than other teachers the ten months or school year, as these young men were very conscientious and generally very efficient teachers. Education has been well attended to and cared for with ample provision in houses.

The society early formed was Presbyterian. Scotchmen were the most numerous, with some Irish, and the same holds still there, as other denominations have had little or no footing. The lands are in the possession of the descendants of the first settlers. Some have married and acquired property there like Mr. Nesbitt, Mr. Blewitt, Mr. Pearson and a few more. Mr. Mills, as some others, came from Richmond and settled down to be a useful man like men of the McLaren, Buckham and Smith order. The well fenced farms highly cultivated fields, beautiful and well kept gardens, stock of all kinds well selected and fed, out-houses, barns and stables, and feeding houses, well planned and substantially built; with tasty, comfortable, well constructed dwellings (a great improvement on bygone days), ornamental and fruit trees planted, roads well ditched and in fairly good passable order; altogether, prove to the observer a race of intelligent people, a condition of society far above mediocrity, showing evidences of thrift, vigor, industry and determination, other things being equal to attain in the future to a large measure of prosperity.

Fitzroy was settled from the north corner as its beginning at the Chats rapids. The simultaneous settlement of so many townships and the close analogy between them makes it difficult to decide which to treat of before another, and it is anything but an easy task to follow up

the current of events in a district for half a century. Mr. Charles Sheriff of whose family we have made some mention already, purchased land at first in the region of Port Hope from one Stevens, known as King Stevens. Governor Simcoe had sent a gun boat with the Stevens family and others from Fort Niagara, where they had to take refuge, and the King, as he was called, was born under a maple tree the night they landed. Mr. Sheriff used to tell how the maple tree was reserved in the deed of sale. But Stevens had to die when his time came and the poor mortal tree succumbed to the squall at its time too. Port Hope region seems to have been settled amongst the earliest portions of Upper Canada.

Fort Niagara and Fort York were Indian Forts originally and the little harbor at the outlet of Smith's Creek seems to have had some attractions for boatmen, and a settlement was begun on the banks of the creek, along which the Midland railway runs, and on the slopes of which Port Hope was built. A thin line of the U. E. Loyalists was dotted along the north bank of the St. Lawrence and spots on the shore of Lake Ontario at first. Mr. Sheriff was from Leith, his native town, near Edinburgh, Scotland, where his family was connected with the notables of the city. Whether he did not relish the society at Smith's Creek or whether the tempting offer of the Crown of 3,000 acres led him to decide and settle at the Chats, we know not. The atlas tells us the refugees drove their cattle from Niagara round the lake shore to Port Hope, but gives no intimation of how they crossed so many unbridged rivers and streams that empty into the lake in a range of nearly half its circumference. The hope of seeing a Georgian Bay canal was held out to Mr. Shirriff. How many sheer delusions have the leading politicians of the last twenty years held out to men. The Duke of Wellington was a warrior rather than a statesman, or a civil engineer. Mr. Shirriff was wealthy and 3,000 acres added might make him feel like a Duke. But like Crusoe's canoe, it was in the woods, and no tenants to raise from it a revenue. The unchecked growth of years stood in these forests ready to be converted into wealth, and being four or five years in advance of all others, Mr. Shirriff with his friends and retainers began the lumbering. The ship canal was in the thoughts of the few settlers on the Ottawa, as much the safest from Yankee guns. But the push was too big for the debt of Great Britain at that time.

We have no recollection of Mr. Charles Shirriff, but we have clear remembrance of Mr. Alexander, Robert and Miss Shirriff in our school days. The latter we often met at prayer meetings in Donald Kennedy's and William Lough's. She was a superior woman commanding much respect from all classes; so lady-like and so kind-hearted. Many of the early settlers had to work in the shanty some time in winter and on the farms part of the summer, to procure provisions and clothing for their families. Mr. Shirriff, like Mr. Wright gave them employment which was at once beneficial to all. He cleared land, made timber, built houses and mills. Labor and capital were on friendly terms. We were often at the Chats and made many a tour through the surrounding townships on a halfblood from the Irish colt, Sleepy Tom or Blucher, sometimes by the swamp hotel and what is now Kinburn, sometimes by the 9th line past McMillan's, at others on the 10th by Landen's mill. Mr.

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Alexander Shirriff explored the Ottawa to the Georgian Bay, gave Rice Lake its name and made report to the British Government, bearing the whole expense himself. One of their descendants, a highly respectable gentleman, said to us recently: "If I had now what he expended then, it would be of some value." Where can they construct a railway or canal to be out of the range of American guns, in a country of settlements one hundred miles deep and four thousand miles long? Let us have peace. They must have felt great disappointment at the failure of their wishes and expectations after such a labor and outlay of cash. They got charge of the Crown timber depot at the Chaudiere Falls, but that was small compensation. One of the brothers assisted Dr. Christie in starting and conducting the *Bytown Gazette*. Alexander was a bachelor. In 1825, Messrs. McMillan and Dingwell built the first mill in Fitzroy to cut lumber, and kept a little store in connection with it. This supplied the men employed and the surrounding neighbors. Mr. Herman Landen built a grist mill on the Carp, where it crosses the 10th line, the only place between Hartins and the mouth, where Mr. Shirriff erected one, that there was fall enough and current to turn a millwheel. Landen had fought at Ogdensburg and Chrysler's farm, and was a man of influence, a Justice of the Peace. He married several people, the first being John Wilson and Eliza Riddell.

Mr. William and John Forbes came from Perth in 1820. John died soon after, the first death in Fitzroy on record. About the same time came Mr. Andrew D. son, afterwards sheriff. He was a man of great intelligence and much enterprise. Mr. Mohr came about the same year, took great interest in the progress of the township. Mr. George Larmonth conducted a store on the Chats bank, assisted by his gifted sister. He built a saw mill on the Mississippi that empties in above the harbor. In 1825 the McCormicks, Owens, Grants, Thomas and Henry Fraser, Gleeson, Haliday, Willis, Marshall and Keeting all settled on the banks of the Carp or near them. The McVicar, Russels, Ritchies were nearer Pakenham. The Rodisons, Loweries, Moorheads, Moorhouses, Armstrongs, and some others took up all the lands eastward to the town line and into Huntley, south of the Carp. On its north side were Frasers, Gourlays, Laughlans, Stevensons, McMillans, Bairds, Greens, Fergusons, Gabies, Hodgins, Bradleys, Featherstons. Some came with some money, some with little, some empty handed. But rich or poor, the condition of the country and the roads made it necessary to walk on foot to Brockville, Perth or Prescott, and carry home on their backs or shoulders, what they purchased. Women carried wheat to the mill. In winter several small grists would be taken on one ox sleigh. Their attachment to one another was close for when Mrs. Dickson lost her darning needle, the settlement turned out in force and found it. They had not another among them. This brings up the story of the New Englander who went to "dicker" an egg for a "darnin' needle," then asked the merchant to stand treat. He said it was not his custom, but he would. So they went, and when the drink was prepared, he could not take it without an egg; so the merchant brought his egg, and when he broke it into the drink he exclaimed: "Geehosaphat, it has two yolks. Guess you must give me another 'darnin' needle.'"

Tea sold very high in those times. They tell of a woman whose

two daughters were from home working, who brought her a nice present when they came home on a visit. But she was so much afraid of reviving the old fondness for it, which she had about subdued, that she would not touch it. The pioneers mostly came to better their condition. They early learned to square timber. For ten miles back, they drew it to the Chats' bank and sold to the merchants that took it to market. Mr. Tufts is said to have been the first to run pine down the Chats rapids. John Gillon in after times, did great business in purchasing the farmers lots that were drawn there. He also made a market for all that the people raised, and carried on his operations with vigor for several years. His credit was good, men had great confidence in him, and he got in their debt, and the fall in the price of pine left him unable to pay. My father proposed that they should release him from all obligations, and let him go on as before.

John Smith, John Buckham and John Baird would agree to that, but it hung fire, as they said of the old musket, Gillon left and no one took his place, and the village stood still, never recovered to this day. They lost the active man, the market and their money. Whether Sir John is looking down at it, or looking up, at it there is no ship canal at the Chats to this day nor likely soon to be. Whilst Mr. Charles Shirriff lived at Fitzroy Harbor he turned his attention to build a church and schoolhouse in one and the same building. Mr. Ramsay is said to have been their first teacher and a Miss Clarke taught first at Mohr's Corners, afterwards (Hubbell's Falls) Galetta. The Methodists are said to have been the first to preach in this new place. Preachers were easily made ready for the work in early times, and to the honor of the Methodists they were the first in the field here. Like the potato bug for the leaves of the rising plant, they watched for the planting of the little colonies, and in they went. Rev. Mr. Playfair is the name of the first. Mr. Adams of Pakenham followed. Rev. Mr. Alexander Mann, afterwards, Dr. Mann of Pakenham, favorably known all round, was their first Presbyterian visitor. The first Episcopal minister was Rev. Hannibal Mulkins, afterwards chaplain to the Kingston penitentiary, who returned to England and is a long time dead. William Owens was the first boy born in the township and the first girl was Jessie Dickson, afterwards Mrs. Lees of this city. Mr. Shirriff had the post office, for a long time the only one. Moses Holt brought the mail from Hull once a week in a canoe in summer and sleigh in winter. Mr. James Steene built a mill at Hubbell's Falls, but there are several now at Galetta, and churches and schools with considerable business carried on in the place.

Kinburn is on the line of road to Pakenham and Arnprior and on the Parry Sound railway. Grants, Frasers, Croskerrys, Smiths, Andersons and Donaldsons are the principal villagers. Messrs. Neil, Steene, Fraser and Mohr have been the principal reeves. The brothers Elliott have long been clerk. Mr. Taylor followed them in the same office. Surprising things were said of the toils of these early settlers. They carried store goods from Prescott and Brockville. Fancy, people now, going alone 50 miles, following a road brushed out and blazed and carrying through these solitary forests these necessities of their lives. How it would try the nerves to go alone in such circumstances, or even in pairs or more. Or contemplate a solitary traveller getting off the way

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and lost, having to spend the night on a beech tree, whose limbs growing out lower down its stem than other trees afforded the needed protection, and holding by these limbs for very life whilst a pack of hungry wolves danced round to the sound of their own music. Such lodging and entertainment could hardly be regarded as either safe or enjoyable, yet no injuries were received. One young lady is reported as having on two occasions spent the night on a tree. She was called by the boys the angel of the swamp.

We visited a young man in this township on the bank of the Carr, who was going to chop at a little distance, and seeing a young bear on a tree of the beech family, with branches down towards the ground, and standing and wishing he had a gun, was surprised by the old mother bear and in his confusion ran and climbed the tree the cub was on, taking his axe stuck in his clothes. The bear followed and he could not use his axe, but held by the branches. She, with her terrible claws, inflicted seventeen cuts in one leg and thigh, and some in the other; the blood flowed down on the bear and he fell at last faint with the loss of blood. His brother followed him soon after, and coming toward the scene discovered blood on his pants. This had been rubbed off the glossy hide of the animal passing through the brush on the path. He came on his brother lying on the ground, picked him up, and carried him back home. His wounds were dressed and he recovered. We saw and counted the wounds while they were still great unhealed gashes. He had when he could move about, a strap under one foot that with his hand he helped to lift forward the foot till it recovered somewhat from its stiffness.

Some of our readers can furnish the name that has escaped our memory. A young girl got lost with her faithful dog and was eight days away living on berries. She slept three nights under the same fallen tree. At last she thought the dog might take her out, and she scolded him ordering him home. He went reluctantly, every few minutes turning to look at her, but at length brought her out. A Mrs. McCaughan was lost a week and was found on the bank of a creek lifeless, in March township. We have had, as a boy, to search the woods for the cows daily but never got lost. Taught by our good mother to watch the incline of the trees and the side on which the moss grew, and we could know our latitude in the darkest day. We have been several times close to bears and wolves, but never came to an encounter. We once saw in the twilight the white shining teeth of a wolf, but he did not press for a closer acquaintance and we mutually retired as from a drawn battle, without any blood letting on either side.

Fitzroy has very much good land for meadow, pasture, grain and root crops, perhaps not excelled on this continent. It cannot equal the western states in the production of corn, melons and peaches, and pork raising as corn is plentiful there, and easily fed; but it can far surpass them in beef and mutton. Horses produced here are twenty-five per cent. better than those grown where lands are soft and spongy in winter, where their lower joints are soft and enlarged; but here they are clean and firm on summer dry pasture and winter clean snows. Chills, fevers, miasma are all unknown here, that are so fatal in the United States.

But their physicians kindly console their patients by telling them of the fearful rheumatisms of Canada, etc., etc.

The higher criticism of our day did not trouble the pioneers. They might express their regrets, that differences of opinion existed about Apostolic succession, adult baptism, that the Armenians held so many rich livings in the Church of England, that moderatism prevented the extension of the church in colored fields white to the harvest. But the profound erudition of the Robertsons, Smiths, Briggs, etc., had not thrown its searchlight on the mistakes, blunders and prejudices, of Hebrews and Christians; no, the genius of these profound thinkers has set the modern world on fire. What young talented preachers in all Anglo-Saxondom, would not blush to admit that creation was the work of six days, or that Moses wrote the Pentateuch? They will admit, with difficulty, that Moses may have been the redactor (editor) of the scraps and fragments, out of which that wonderful book is composed. He did give the sap of his vigorous mind to learn all the wisdom of the Egyptians for nearly forty years, and was mighty in word and deed. He had also forty years, of learned leisure, in the employ of Jethro, with his flocks croving the herbage on the very slopes of Horeb or Sinai. Now it would be pedantic indeed, to sit in judgment on the style of that "primus inter pares," that first, and most sublime of all writers since the world began. The Reformed church of France produced some of the greatest preachers, orators, and writers, and one, not by any means the least of them, Saurin at the Hague, asks: "Did such a narrative as that of Joseph and his brethren ever flow from other pen in all the ages?" Saurin could measure weapons with the great Fenelon or Bourdaloo or Massillon or Bosuet.

True indeed, the Hebrew language has not been a vernacular for thousands of years, which renders it the more difficult to criticise and interpret as you must depend so much on Lexicons and scholars such as the Greens, Lightfoots, Buxtorfs, Gesseniuses, not to say the Owen's, Howes, and Melvilles. Yet, if it were a spoken living language to-day, it might not exhibit any more variance from the ancient forms, than the modern Greek Bible does from the translation of the seventy in Alexandria or the Helenistic of the New Testament. In this year of grace one thousand and eight hundred and ninety six we read with great care the Books of Moses and Joshua and we are the more confirmed in the belief that the whole is a glorious Revelation of Divine truth, respecting creation, the early history of our race, the fall into sin and the begun recovery. It, as a whole, spans more than two thirds of the history of human existence here below. Without it we had been left to conjecture, if indeed, our wretched existence as a race had been prolonged. Now as to the fragmentary supposition. It is even too childish to be thought of for a moment. They deign not to tell us who wrote these fragments. Adam, Enoch, Noah, Shem, Abraham, Melchisedeck, and Joseph, were pre-eminently, excellent men of renown on the best side of the humanity; the ancient Kings of Egypt, Philistia and Tyre were far from being irreligious, but not one of them mentions a fragment, though they were many of them writers. Suppose those had left memoirs who was capable of composing Genesis from such scraps or volumes? Could any of these

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give us the important scrap about creation? not even Adam till he opened his eyes upon it and it was all over then.

John Milton presents him questioning all creation to tell him of his own origin. Thou Sun said I, fair light, and thou enlighten earth so fresh and gay, ye hills and dales, ye rivers, woods and plains, and ye that live and move, fair creatures tell: "Tell if you saw how came I thus how here?" Now if Adam, the nearest to the creation, and of it, made in his Maker's image in knowledge, uprightness and purity could tell nothing—what antediluvian or post diluvian can do any better? Job asks scientists questions, they will not easily answer. *The Rosh—Arke—principia—Caput*—head, first, or the *Kephala—Bibliou*—all refer to the beginning. Can any one tell of the beginning but the Creator who then commenced his work? What of the light, the work of the first day? How long was the day? How long did it take to create the light? What is it? Something separate from the sun as affected by it so that the shadow is darkness? Does it flow in straight lines or in waves? Does it travel or stand still? We have heard all the theories about it. Do the theorists know any more than others? By the word of the Lord were the heavens made and all the host of them by the spirit or breath of his mouth. Through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God, so that visible things were not made of visible things. It is not evolution development, but creation. What do we know about creation? Is it first forming or producing simple elements then combining them into the complex? Time is a great thing in our operations, because of our impotence. Is it so with our Creator who is omnipotent and infinitely wise? If a certain power is necessary to produce a thing, an object, must it of necessity, be extended to millions of years? Could it not be exercised at once? But this is miracle, so it is, but you must admit that or die in ignorance. 'Tis a beautiful, fancy of Hugh Millar that Moses had a vision each day, and that day represented a great period in creation. That kills the sabbatical rest. There were plenty of ages in the eternity of the past to cover all their speculations but that is not the order of Genises and so oft repeated in the commandments of the law and the scores of repetitions with which the sublime record abounds. Calculating by astronomy you obliterate a beginning, going backward, and you never reach an end reckoning forward. If you offered a prize of ten thousand dollars for an essay that would prove the exact age of the earth, no sensible geologist, if there be such, could compete for it. Paul tells the Greeks, the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen being understood by the things that are made, His eternal power and Godhead. But they did not know Him without revelation. Take away revelation and in a little time no one could prove a creation. All the mighty thinkers have a great debt to pay—they have borrowed from revelation without acknowledging it.

In that revelation we get whatever truth we know of or about creation and not in chemistry, geology, or astronomy. Revelation is the key to these. Without it they are shut up in the fogs of ages and the fancies and splendid imagery of the intellect. The inevitable conclusion is forced on men, that without the revealed scriptures, all theories of creation must be fanciful, baseless, mere conjectures. The scriptures

prove their own inspiration of God, and in the words which the Holy Spirit teacheth. There could be much made out of the tradition of old time. Adam conversed or might have with Noah's father Lamech, for a hundred years, Enoch, before his translation, lived one hundred years after Noah was born, and his father and grandfather nearly six hundred years. Noah lived to the days of Nahor, Abraham's grandfather, and Shem till Isaac was a full grown man, but they may not have met and perhaps never saw each other as Abraham left the country of Shem. There must have been much information conveyed from one to another in this overlapping of so many generations. We lay no stress on that, the scriptures are inspired the things written, Moses is the first who gives written books to be kept, and a copy was put into the Ark of the Covenant and that copy was brought out in the days of King Josiah. There may have been many copies in the hands of Priests and Levites, for they instructed the people but this was the original in the clear hand writing of their greatest scholar, and prophet and was the words of the Lord God of hosts the king of glory.

In Moses he selected the right man, for he testifies to Miriam that Moses was faithful in all God's house. Now we are not afraid to plant ourselves on the ground, that the whole history and legislation, the organization of church and state, the planting the heavens of the church and laying the foundations of the earth as a state, and saying to Zion, thou art my people that all was the work of God whilst the Word was the inspired.—Word written for our learning that we, through patience, and comfort of the Scriptures might have hope. Moses testifies that the agency of God is in all this revelation, legislation, organization and the whole people who saw it all, and in the days of Christ, the indelible impression on the minds of the whole nation was embodied in this: "We know that God spake with Moses." Moses and the prophets hold the same authority; all scripture the same authority. The baseless statement of the great Hebrew scholar Briggs, that no sacrifices were offered in the desert, was quietly upset by a young girl, a Sunday school teacher, that very much cattle were driven out of Egypt, and multiplied in the desert, and again that these cattle suffered from thirst before the rock was smitten to give them a drink. The early settlers of this valley believed the writings of Moses and the prophets and the words of Jesus Christ. The tribes of Reuben and Gad had much cattle forty years after.

A few prominent names may serve to represent the teeming thousands now around us: Wrights, Reids, Pritchards, Blackburns, McClellands, Symmes, Gordons, Kenneys, Curries, Kings, Brysons on the north shore of the river, and the Shirriffs, Forbes, Dicksons, McVickers, Grants, Frasers, Gourlays, Alexanders, Wilsons, Lowrys, Robertsons, Stevensons, Bairds, McBrides, Cauldwells, Bearmans, Davidsons, Grahams, Kennedys, Loughs, Lusks, McLaren, Buckhams, Smiths, Grierons, Mollats, Irvings, Whytes, Browns, Blacks, Fails, Hustons, Stewarts, Simpsons, Crawford, Youngs, Toshacs, Eadies, Hartins, Fentons, Thompsons, Duncans, Logans, Hamiltons, Hodgins, Johnstons, among so many others that represent groups of families, almost clans and tribes, that in scattered settlements held fast their religion till congregations were formed and ministers procured of Wesleyan Methodist, Church of England, Presbyterian who held forth the faithful word and among whom

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scepticism was unknown and unheard of. Yes, they planted the standard of the cross in these valleys, lived for truth and by it, and if need be die for it. The record of many of them is on high, and their followers believe, delight in, and defend the same Scriptures as the rule and the only rule of their faith. We bear our testimony to the faithfulness of these pioneers. Many of their offspring are following their good example. But these men, before ministers could be procured, kept pure their faith. Would their grandchildren with all the advantages from ministers and churches, make as good a confession? No doubt some would but with others; there is room for improvement. In bygone days when roads were impassible, little or no communication with the outside world, no railroad, nor macadamized road, lands to clear and fence, houses of every kind necessary had to be built, no improvement of agriculture but the crudest kind, heavy and unweildy, and human life in danger from attacks of wild animals: (John Gourlay in Fitzroy, carrying the flour and bran of a bushel of wheat from Landen's mill, encountered two wolves sucking the blood and eating the neck of a deer, took up a club and drove off the wolves, then with the bags on his back, seized the deer by the hind foot and drew it after him on the light snow in the fall, and being a very large, strong man, dragged it home bathed in sweat; the wolves did not follow.) We say these people with all these difficulties to breast and overcome, were able to attend to their religion and maintain the truth intelligently; with all the advantages of a century, the most progressive of all the centuries of human history, with a vastly improved general education and every other facility of books, churches and ministers, this third generation ought to be as far ahead of their grandfathers as the ratio of these corresponding advantages, in intelligence and true piety. Are they so? Is there not a multitude given up to ease, idleness, worldliness, and even sensuality? Oh, the happiness, the enjoyment men might attain to, did they give themselves to Godliness!

Some of the old families have disappeared. Some have gone to multiply and cultivate the orange groves in the Sunny South, some have gone into professions, others into business, but many of them are on the old farms of their grandfathers; stalwart sons of the soil. Their wives and sisters, the wives of others, retain at this day much of the vigor, freshness and good looks of former days. We speak of the children of the old generation of pioneers or white aborigines that entered in the early part of this nineteenth century on the subjugation of the unbroken forests. The trees of these forests had grown to an immense size. There was a sad waste of the beautiful sidings in preparing square timber for the British market which was then open to us. Chopping and clearing up the heavy timbered lands was heavy work. Churches were few for years. Farmers' houses were large shanties caulked with moss driven into the chinks between logs and scoops with a thin pointed handspike. The chinks between the logs on the outside were plastered with well-wrought blue clay. Lime had not yet been burned on log piles as afterwards it was, and kilns were not thought of. Chimneys were very wide and low, causing free circulation of air, pure and wholesome, they had such a fine draught. If a stone could be found large enough to stand on the ground against the wall, it was set up; if not a piece of thin wall was built with stones and blue clay mortar to keep the fire from the logs

or wall of the building. Then, two crooked cedars were got and the ends pointed or thinned to drive into the chinks between the logs on each side of the stone work. The other ends pinned to the beam across the house about four feet in from the end wall. Cedars were cut the length for these laths from one side to the other. The first lath was laid in a good bed of clay mortar on the stone work on the back. Then the cedars flatted a little on their upper side, had a bed of mortar laid on and laths cut laid on them across the lath on the back; some of them nailed in the end to the crooked cedars, laid in plenty of mortar. When they reached to the level of the highest ends of these crooked cedars with the three sides or back and two sides they laid a lath in mortar on the beam and formed the fourth side. So they built the chimney which they called a fireplace till they got above the scoops. The substitute they made for hair in the mortar was cut straw or beaver meadow hay, cut with the axe on a block, sometimes pounded to make it the more pliable. The back was kept straight with the house wall but the other three sides were drawn in so that from five or six feet wide at the bottom it would end in three by two feet at the top. The mortar was laid to give three quarters of an inch on the inside of the laths, and made smooth to be safe. They often caught fire but a cup of water thrown against it generally extinguished it.

We have often so extinguished it. Mrs. Morin was entertaining Mrs. Milford at tea one evening when the shanty chimney took fire. Mrs. Milford understood the business and was soon on the house-top removing the scoops and then pouring on the water as it was handed up to her, soon quenching the fire. Tailor houses, lime-burning and stone chimneys became popular, and Jimmie O'Meara and Luke Hogan, stone-masons, built for everybody. In a short time sided log houses and sided log churches became something to speak of and glory in. Sided log schoolhouses became fine preaching places for a few years. Our pride and vanity have carried us to the other extremity. In the city we expend far above our wants, whilst the poverty stricken appearance of the country church would indicate that it did not belong to the same denomination. Sometimes city ministers, with reverence be it spoken, of course, rarely, are suspected of lording it just a very little over their less fortunate country brethren; or the brethren are afraid to oppose anything these wish lest their popularity should be blanchd. A baseless fabric of a vision! But the appearance of smoke is pretty sure indication of fire. Is justice always kept in view in the proceedings of church courts? Enter not into judgment with thy servants! Church loans are popular, as if it were a virtue to lend at low interest to encourage such architectural display. It looks like laying up treasure above.

A Scotchman dying, is said to have asked a Free Church minister, "If I leave twenty thousand pounds to the Free Church, would it benefit me anything in the other world?" The cautious minister would not commit himself, but said; "It would be worth trying the experiment." If one cannot help being rich, would it not be a fine experiment long before he dies to help feeble congregations yearly? Henry J. Tilden left six millions to found libraries. Had he given the interest every year of that sum to assist feeble congregations in the denomination he preferred, he might not only have got to occupy the White House, but he would

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have been embalmed in the hearts and remembered in the prayers of millions, as the man that loved their nation and had built them a synagogue. A writer in the *Canadian Churchman* makes out that wealth will enable you to become Knight, Baronet or Lord, or procure you any degrees the universities can confer; provided always that you support the party enjoying the power. The early comers were contented with plain things in houses and churches, not because they were destitute of taste, or blind to elegance. They were thinkers and workers who made the country what it is but what the actors of to-day are undoing. Fifty years ago the little Presbytery of Perth was formed chiefly of young ministers and elders who set themselves to build up their cause in the Ottawa Valley, which thing they did at an outlay of labor, perhaps without a parallel in the history of the church for some centuries. As a Presbytery they visited almost every congregation and mission station from the Long Sault to Fort William, and from Dalhousie to the Desert. What grand rides and drives they had.

Once when waiting for refreshments at the well-conducted hotel of Mrs. McFarland, Pakenham, Sheriff Dickson, her brother, a man of great conversational powers, laid himself out to entertain us. The horse, that in saddle or harness held a conspicuous place in our work, was referred to, and the Sheriff recommended us never to buy or keep a horse that in trotting described a semicircle with his front foot, as he would be slower or sooner exhausted than one that lifted his foot and reached it forward in a straight or direct line; a useful hint in many a selection afterwards. On one occasion at Dalhousie, a gentleman tried to borrow his friend's horse to drive in advance to his place to be ready to receive the others when they arrived, but was refused. He then offered to bet that he could drive him as fast as the owner. Another brought out a tall rangy raw colt in long shafts, to save the hind foot from striking the cross bar, and asked him to get in which he did asking if the shaft was all one stick? He was driven home half an hour in advance in time to prepare for their reception.

The settlers were far apart and had to travel often a great way but they did it gladly and the ministers rode in pairs greatly enjoying each others society and the meetings, entertainments and especially the picturesque scenery of which the Ottawa country possesses a great and envious monopoly. The Ottawa river so broken with rapids before slides were formed had its sad monopoly of swallowing multitudes of poor raftsmen, and, sorry to say, some excellent men, particular friends, were engulfed in its waters. The Carp that runs through so many of these townships has its legends though scarcely any cases of drowning. It was difficult to bridge this flat river as it overflowed its banks in spring and at high floods in the summer or fall, so there was a long way to cross and few could give the time or money necessary for the outlay, but it had to be passed over as it cut so many farms in two. Where a beaver meadow left no trees on the bank, it had to be crossed with canoe or float. Where tall elms grew near the bank and were long enough to cross it; one was cut and the stump cut so that the tree remained on it; other trees were cut to connect it on each side with the higher ground a little from the water's edge, so they could walk along these and get over. Some could perform the feat easily and safely, and

others did it with fear and caution. If one slid off by a mishap or rather a misstep and got wet, he had to run home and change his clothes, or hasten with his teeth chattering to his journey's end, unable to tell what happened except, ah ! the Carp, the Carp, but it was soon known to the enquirer.

Some had to go on their hands and knees over the logs. Mick Durham, a tailor, had to cross to do some work for a farmer, and as his "goose" could not swim he made it fast but forgot that his scissors and spectacles were in his breast pocket, and in the kind of frog leaps he made on all fours they dropped into the flood. He seemed in an awkward mood, and meeting an old gentleman full of humor who questioned him how he got over, he said allright, but the scissors had fallen out of his pocket. "What I did you lose your scissors?" No, I left the spectacles to watch them. William Gourlay, some years ago, explored the river through mud, marsh and creek, through ferns, beaver grass and willows to Landen's mill and got the councils of Fitzroy, Huntley and March to contribute and they blasted some stone and took it down a little which was perceptible several miles back. But it must be dredged and it ought to be with public money, as it is too much for the land owners on the banks to bear all the cost. Because farmers, are not lumbermen or railroaders, have they no claim? Some politicians have a deathless dislike to the farmers. This should be gotten over. They cannot do without the farmers, especially at voting time.

Nepean seems to have had a line surveyed on its eastern side from Crosby to the Ottawa river. It got a local habitation and a name, as the philosophers say. In its defined form it contains over 60,000 acres, but when its name was first given, it included all on the west side; Carleton, Lanark, and Renfrew, or for that matter, might extend to the Georgian Bay. Like it, the county of Ottawa is bounded on the north by the polar seas. It has a janus face, one front on the Ottawa, the other on the Rideau. The Ottawa front is called twelve, the Rideau fifteen miles long. The poor surveyor disappeared and was never heard from. The last post he was said to have planted was at Dow's Swamp. John McNaughton finished the survey. Some surveyors started the idea about forty years ago that the lines were not correct, that the iron ore in Hull had affected the compass, so they ran a few lines but found that the defect on the first was made up on the last, and the thing was abandoned, the old lines being as correct as the new ones. In 1798, there is a reference to the first survey. That was the third session of the second Parliament of George III. Afterwards Upper Canada was formed into a province. The United Empire or English Loyalists were numerous, and some had fought on the side of King George, and these with those who sympathized with them flocked into Upper Canada. The Government gave them claims they called tickets, to land, but the people not paying much attention to the U. E. L., pronounced them all in a word "Ueright tickets". These people, male and female, drew lands freely and in extensive lots, as they were favorites, and they were anxious to people the land with such loyalists. These coming from the other side, where their opponents were called rebels, came to associate loyalty with their tory notions; and to oppose them, was, in their crude notions, to be a rebel,

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Rice Honeywell had fought on the American side, but after the war he was attracted by a young lady, daughter of a U. E. L. Tory at Prescott, whom he married and took to the Mohawk Valley where Ira was born. The new country and land easily procured, and the prospects every new country opens up, together with the wish of his wife to be near her people, led him to come to Prescott, where they both drew land. If a person disliked the place of his location ticket he could sell it, take the money and go where he chose. When Ira Honeywell was grown up his father offered him tickets for 1,000 acres in Nepean, if he would go and make good his claims, which he did, and exchanged the Mohawk and the St. Lawrence for the Ottawa Valley. He was the first white settler on the Ottawa in Nepean. He selected his place and built a shanty, and chopped four acres in 1810. He came down the Rideau and must have borrowed help from Hull to build his shanty. Hull was ten years old as a settlement then. Mrs. Stewart of Beckwith told us that she and her husband cut and carried the poles, and built their first shanty, not a pretentious one. Mr. Honeywell became hungry and weary and homesick, and returned to Prescott. He found a Miss Andrews of Welsh descent, whose bright eyes and pleasant smiles, and intelligent conversation, he concluded would be worth more to him than half a county. He proposed; she accepted. So the young married pair started for their new home in the woods to burn their choppings, plant their first corn and potatoes, with some onions, mellons and cucumbers. It must have been hard labor for a pair so young to log, as the small would scarcely burn all the large logs, and they must have planted some rows among the logs.

We record it to their honor that women did give so much aid in the hard labor of those trying times. In the February of 1811 the young pair came on a jumper, drawn by a yoke of steers, bringing their household goods. Such animals were then the camels of the Canadian desert. They travelled through the new settlements to Merrickville. They spent a night in the last house between his father's and his new home. This was the house of Mr. Dow, the father-in-law afterwards of Mr. Billings. He was of Scotch extraction because he called his place Kilmarneock. The custom of those times was a friendly greeting, a welcome to stay, and the best entertainment they could give you, free of all cost. This set the wanderer at his ease for the evening, making the hospitality doubly precious. The only open way was down the ice of the Rideau to the Hog's Back Rapids. It was a trying business for them to get their steers through the snow in mid-winter and such a distance without a halting place or roof to cover them, or fire to warm them, except the burning of a dry tree in the winter wind; or a human voice to cheer them or break the monotony.

The road he must have brushed out before going home, and we hope he had the forethought to leave some wood cut to dry so as to give her a warm reception, when they kindled their first fire in their wedded life, at their new home. Otherwise, though they had arrived in safety, it would have been a cool reception. They heroically addressed themselves to carve out a living and succeeded. The steers had to be

fed on tree tops till the leaves and grass appeared, then they enjoyed a paradise around that little clearing. His nearest neighbor was Mr. Brad-dish Billings, across the Rideau, who built a shanty, and lumbered in 1810 with some men, but had not yet married. The first white man that settled near the Honeywells, was a Mr. Draper, but he did not remain long. Abram Dow selected and took possession of his farm on the Rideau front in 1813. The same year Roger Moore, uncle of David and Job Moore, long known as the richest of our lumbermen, settled in Nepean near by, and Martin Moore a brother of Roger, settled close to Honeywell. The pioneers delighted to call the Ottawa the "Grand River." Samuel Dow took up land in 1816 on Rideau front. After him came Johnathan Marble Dow with a family of five daughters and two sons. The same year Lewis Williams with five daughters and three sons located near the Dows, and in the same row boat with him William Thompson with three sons and six daughters, settled on the farm on the Richmond Road.

His sons William and John Thompson went extensively into the lumber trade, creating a market for produce among the farmers, and were for many years the best stock-raisers and model farmers in the district. Andrew was a local preacher, but the family were all Presbyterians. One daughter was Mrs. Peter Whyte, whose husband was an extensive lumberer, who made his domicile in Pembroke. His son, Peter White, is the Honorable Speaker of the House of Commons. Another Miss Thompson became Mrs. Hickey, raised a large family of sons and daughters, well known and occupying respectable positions in the city. One sister was Mrs. Aylen, who after the loss of her husband, kept house for her brother John. Her son, William Aylen, was a very promising young man, very much liked, became heir to most of the wealth of his uncle, John Thompson, who died a bachelor. Mr. Aylen, after his uncle's death, married his cousin, the widow of Dr. Newton, whose mother was a Miss Thompson, that was killed by a fall from a stage coach at Grenville. W. Aylen died young having no issue. Miss Haworth of Hull was another Miss Thompson whose family were in Hull. The sixth in our numeration was Mrs. Radmer, also of Hull, with a large family of boys and girls. Mr. William Thompson, Jr., married a Miss Doran of the village of Bytown. Some of his sons lumbered, some were in the employ of the Government. One daughter was a pretty school girl in our school visits. She is the wife of Hon. Speaker Whyte. William Thompson, the pioneer, died in December, 1833. John Thompson, another son, died in 1855, the other son William died in 1867. His wife survived him some years. All the sons-in-law of William Thompson, Sr., were sailors, who ran away from the fleet or the merchantmen, that sailed into Quebec at the close of the long wars with France; wars that were almost interminable and nearly the destruction of both the nations.

Peter Whyte, the shiner, was a familiar expression among the thousands in the lumber employ, but it must have been got up by some way for he was the reverse, took no stock in the party. Peter Aylen, another runaway sailor, was generally known as King of the shiners, as of necessity, he had so many of them in his employ, having lumbered so extensively on the Ottawa and taken so many rafts to Quebec. He built

great frames on the far side of the stone in the river. It was that time when they took their punishment and were too far from the shore.

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great frame house and a still greater stone barn, east of the Thompsons, on the farm now in the possession of Mr. John Heney. He had a large stone in the wall of the barn with P. A. V. cut upon it. The surmise was that the V. represented the surname, for it was thought the sailors took their mothers' names to avoid detection and being captured or punished for desertion; but we give it no consideration. Most of them were too fearless and too enterprising to adopt any such subterfuge.

In 1815, the year of Waterloo, Mr. Chapman settled on the Jock. Isolated and alone his highway was the ice in winter, and in summer he plied the paddle, and sailed his canoe to Merrickville and the Hog's Back. W. B. Byers, who got rich by lumbering, gave his name to a creek in his limits, purchased, built on, and greatly improved this farm. He raised blood stock, his Rescue, Black Jack, Maid of the Mist, etc., among the horses, and his Ayrshire cattle for a while famous in the county. This fine property was secured by the wealthy, retired lumberer, the late David Hartin, whose family reside there. Captain Collins planted himself at the junction of the Jock and Rideau, built fine houses and died in a good old age, much respected. His son Samuel, married Miss Pollock, a very amiable lady who survived him some years. Moses Holt came to Nepean in 1814, and George McConnel the year after. Jehiel Collins kept the first store on the south shore of the river, Collin's landing, but the boats were rowed to strike the beach. But he sold to Bellows who had assisted him in the store. Bellows made a little dock, and hence Bellow's Landing. This was at the foot of the Chaudiere Falls on the Flats. His sister kept house for him, but the coming man, an American, persuaded her to marry him, and they kept an hotel on the hill overlooking the Flats, where Chitty kept after him. The whole flat here has been long used as a great field for drying lumber piles.

The two brothers Burrows drew the lands on which Bytown afterwards stood. They had come in the same boat with William Thompson. Mr. Nicholas Sparks bought it for less than four hundred dollars. We have said Moses Holt located in Nepean, but was so short a time there as hardly to merit the notice. He went to Hull in a little time, then to Aylmer, then Des Joachim. He left Honeywell nearest the Flats. Roger Moore was west of him, and between him and William Thompson, George McConnell. Bill and John McConnell settled in Hull, to which George soon followed. Richard and Renaldo were the sons of John. Mrs. Robert Conroy was the daughter of Bill McConnell. Benjamin, a brother of Roger Moore, was drowned. Moses Holt was the first to keep and drive a stage, and carry the mails by canoe or cutter. The Holts cut a figure as mail carriers in the United States. We were well acquainted with the Aylmer Holts. Our acquaintance with the Chapmans was not so extensive.

One daughter, in our boyhood we remember, was fond of field sports. She plowed and harrowed the fields, a work unavoidable, and she drove a fine pair of Greys. She afterwards became the third wife of Hugh Fails the surveyor. She and her husband very often visited at my father's. During the war of 1812-1815, everything was high-priced. Flour rose very high, and was hard to procure. Wright would not spare any and Honeywell had to go to the front, and having procured three barrels, returned well satisfied that his difficulties were over. But in a

day or two after he had got it home with his steers and jumper, in summer, having brought it down the Rideau on a cedar float, he received a friendly visit from A. Dow of Rideau front, and his brother-in-law, Brad-dish Billings. They soon told him their message. He remonstrated that the flour had cost him so much time and trouble as well as money to bring it for his own use too. They laid him down fifty dollars, stating that each needed a barrel as much as he did, and they would take it and not starve. Viewing all the circumstances Honeywell agreed. We have seen flour sixteen dollars, but not so high as that price.

Capt. Le Breton was said to have built a mill at the Chaudiere but we do not remember it. We have been at his fine mill at the Deschene Rapids. He was an Englishman, and all in his employ were the same. He sold afterwards to Mr. Robertson, also an Englishman, with whose boys we went to school, and who took much interest in municipal affairs. South of the sandy hills William Bell settled on good land, had a family of boys and girls. We remember the first impression made on our young mind by his empty sleeve in the pocket of his jacket; the short jacket being much worn then. South of him Sergt. Vincent; J. Shouldice kept a tavern towards Bearmans, Rob Boyd made carts where Strinson lived, carts for oxen with great hubs, flat iron bands put in to take a great axle-tree that could not be broken. They were beauties in their way.

These were probably all here before 1820. About this time the complaint was, that so many location tickets were given for land in Nepean, that these were held and sold from one to another, that people went for free grants to other townships, and from twenty or twenty-two for four or five years no one came to locate. In consequence, tickets did not rise in value to any great extent, and people bought and began to settle down. The O'Grady's, Hugh Bell, Geo. Sparks, John Davidson, Thomas Teirney, all came and settled in various places in the township, say from 1820 to 1822, Hugh Bell got his farm beside Bearman, east of the line, Rideau front, and gave his name to the corners.

The early settlers had to canoe it to Montreal for their goods. Honeywell is said to have gone and returned alone more than once. This must have taxed all a man's ability to get a canoe up the Rapids with the lightest load, while he waded in the edge of the stream, and kept his frail bark from being broken on the rocks. We can fancy the Moores, Honeywells, McConnells, etc., going in pairs or companies with ease and success, but we pity the man who would do the thing now. The times of these fathers of the country cannot be well compared with our times. We well remember in 1833 starting in a company of seventeen to reach the settlement in Huntley. We started from Bytown on the morning of the 12th of July. The Richmond Road was opened by the cutting of trees and brush, but the stumps were not extracted, but stood as obstacles to teams that got round as best they could. There were no waggons, a kind of ox carts only. The stumps in many cases were decorated with berry bushes that were loaded with their fruits, red and black, a great attraction to the young travellers. Some of the mothers carried their youngest in their arms. One man was ninety and his wife eighty. The man's hair was still black, (eyes had not come into use then,) his wife's was gray. They had five sons and two daughters. The youngest was a beautiful girl, then perhaps in her teens.

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The road was unditched in all its extent. There were patches of clearings on its sides. My mother was purse-bearer for most of the party. My father had to remain with some others to try and get home the plunder, as the Hoosiers term it, no easy thing; but a man with a yoke of oxen and cart brought potash for Mr. Robert Grant, and brought it on the cart, secured with all the ropes they had. But Mr. Culbert had to cut withes when they got to the bush, which was very near, to bind it the more securely. The men who had not seen a withe twisted or used, wondered at his ingenuity and handiness. Some rotten trees had fallen and he cut them so easily to get them out of the way, and restored the axe to its place, a hole in the tongue of the cart. Our company reached Mr. William Bell's at high noon. He was at his dinner. The end of his empty sleeve was in the pocket of his short jacket. He had lost an arm, and it being the first such case I had seen, made an indelible impression on my young memory.

He sprang up, asked my mother if we would have dinner. She replied she thought most of the company, especially the younger ones would enjoy it. So we had a fine dinner. Mr. Bell pulled some young onions to please the children, more than half the party. Mother remarked after we left that his charges were very moderate. We travelled on as directed to Malcomsons from that, past the Potash works. Some of our company went to see if it was not a distillery. Irish men were then fond of poteen, of course they have reformed all that now. They reported that there was no means of smelling the cork, so, on we went. Many came to the roadside from their work to see us and hear from Ireland. Some of the grown up ones stood to talk, the others walked on. I encouraged a little brother from one berry bush to another, sometimes holding his hand, and others, groaning under the weight of him on my back. We reached a little log tavern, "Billy Bradley's", at what is now Hazledean, where we spent the night, on beds on the floor as usual. A grand procession of about sixteen miles, for the clearings were too small to let the sun shrivel up the road into short dimensions as it may now, and we had neither a flag nor whiskey bottle.

We were (of course,) pretty girls and boys, with handsome married women and tall, sturdy men, all well dressed, so that we made a good impression as we passed along the highway. Farmers and their wives who were near the side of the way, came to see us if we would drink milk or water, or eat anything, enquire where we were from and whither we went. Looking back on it from to-day we say these people had souls. The Jew was not to forget that he was a stranger in the land of Egypt. We held on our journey to Stittsville, then turned to the west along the third line of Huntley. Samuel Johnston had heard we were coming, or dreamed it, for he met us two miles from his house and took us all there to dinner. After dinner, which was a very enjoyable one, all that had relatives, left to find them, some of whom came to meet them as they departed. Some of us stayed that night with Mr. and Mrs. Johnston. She was a Barton. All that were then married are called and gathered to their people. William Holmes, the youngest of these, died a few weeks ago. All the unmarried of the party are dead except my two brothers and myself. These details may have not a particle of interest for my readers, but it being my first journey on foot in

this Dominion, and the peculiarities and the incidents made such an indelible impression on my mind as to make it impossible to suppress it in this quiet narrative.

Roderick Stewart, Robert Reid and George Bayne had the best of farms. The Richmond Road ran through Mr. Stewart's. The city has grown out on the Reed property as Rochesterville. The Experimental Farm has absorbed the Lewis and Kennedy lands, those owned by Donald and Alexander Kennedy, or a portion of all these. Sensible men ask what the Dominion Government have to do with agriculture, more than with education or the sale of liquor? Let the provincial governments deal with it as with the others. It is one of the usurpations submitted to so cheerfully, by the large following of Sir John A., elected on the occasion, when the people were smitten with political blindness, and seemed to follow wherever he pointed his wand. That Government did usurp the right to sell licenses, till snubbed by the Privy Council. Its successors, now in the agonies of conflict, to coerce in education, Manitoba would stick at nothing in that line. We have carefully consulted the farmers on every side; they are unanimous in their opinion, that it is an experiment ten times more costly than profitable, that it serves neither for ornament nor use, but only to assist in beggaring the people. No practical farmer can adopt its plans, unless he has an income behind it to carry out the projects, and then he would be the loser every year. A gentleman from Quebec said he need not take home his horses after they stood some hours in the equi-palatial stables of the Experimental as he would not be able to get them to enter their own poor establishment under the whip. Sell the farm, and pension the experimenters, who would never earn their salt on that place.

John Bower Lewis could not make his farm pay, under the careful management of Thomas Clarke, and several good hands employed with him, and gave it up after making some loss, by his finest of shorthorns and sheep and other stock. To get the plainest living off a farm now, you must work it yourself, at the rate of fourteen hours a day. The day may come when tampering with agriculture by the Dominion government to make place, office and salary will be cheerfully abandoned. Mr. Stevensons' place lies next the Experimental Farm. It is now the property of Mr. and Mrs. McTierney, daughter and son-in-law of Mr. Stevenson. Mrs. Stevenson is still alive, residing with her youngest daughter and husband, Mr. Stewart. Rev. Mr. Whillins lives opposite Mr. McTierney, on the upper end of the Stewart farm. Mr. Shillington has Johnston Brown's old farm and orchard. Messrs. Whyte, Taylor, Caldwell, Scotts, Booth, Baynes, Nelsons, Olmsteads, Nesbitts, Clarke's, Hoppers, Moffats, McFarlands, all good farmers, are largely in the milk business. John Dawson, nephew of the old bachelor pioneer, has taken great interest in municipal affairs, and with his sons, has recently bought out the store of the late George Arnold, of pleasant memory, who had kept it for, say fifty years. John Robertson began a store there, and one of his daughters kept it for some time. Kenneth McKaskill held it a time, and went from it to Stittsville, to the store built by Howard & Thompson, in which he was succeeded by Mr. Sproule.

Mr. Arnold rebuilt after the calamitous fire of 1870, facing the west instead of the north as formerly. His sons have sold to the Dawsons

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and live in the city. The old stone church (Presbyterian) seems to have been all that escaped the fire. The people took refuge in it, and held it some days till they made provision for building again. The first session was composed of Geo. Arnold, Thomas McKay Robertson and Hugh Gourlay. The latter went to the Carp session, Robert Moody was chosen after Mr. Arnold. The church was a union of Presbyterians, Episcopalians, and Methodists. The subscription showed what each gave, so that if necessary, each could claim the principal without interest. Subscribers have lots in the yard ten by twenty feet, non-subscribers could purchase such at ten dollars. It was not a mine of wealth like Beechwood. The union worked a long time, but broke up at length, without quarrelling at least openly. The worst elements prevent the union in the church. Good Christians should not suffer this. Are the evil elements necessary? Is division a necessity? Should the love of truth and honesty not pervade all men? Election to office should give a deeper sense of responsibility. Virtue is more honorable than vice, self-denial than indulgence, benevolence than selfishness.

Election to office fills some with pride, self-conceit, arrogance, to enable them the better to oppress, plunder, tyrannise and ruin, and haughtily, live on the earnings of their down-trodden fellowmen. Are the clergy and legislators to be the leeches of society, casting aside the fear of God, and making void the offices he has appointed for the well-being of his intelligent creatures, and which such appointees ought honestly and truthfully to fill? Are the most untruthful, the most dishonest to fill our parliaments and our pulpits? What is to become of the nation if its leaders, are lovers of lies, wealth, strangers, brandy and wine; covetous, addicted, to every kind of immorality? They teach lies, legislate the public money into the pockets of those who have not earned it, and act generally as if they had a license to violate all laws of God and man. "The curse of the Lord is in the house of the thief." Must our earthly gods so demean themselves, that the wicked curse them, and the good dare not defend them, without making themselves an abomination to the Lord. When they make themselves despicable? What are men to do? Copy their example we dare not on pain of perdition. Men who have "no fear of God before their eyes," are not exemplary before their nation. These men and their admirers and supporters generally, realise that their destruction comes from themselves, that fire comes out of the bramble and devours the cedars. David expresses himself thus, in dealing with his valient, fearless, but unscrupulous commander of the forces: "Let there not fail from the house of Joab, him that hath an issue, or that is a leper, or that leaneth on a staff, or that falleth by the sword, or that lacketh bread."

How they denounce the minister that touches these offenders. He is no Christian. He is ignorant of the Scriptures. Vile slanderer. Is it slander to speak the truth? Is it just to suppress the truth by keeping silent? Must true men by lying, cover the wickedness of bad men? This would be charity with a vengeance. When an M. P. tells you, regarding the proposal of one on the side of his opponents to improve any thing, he is not sincere, he does not mean it, do you not conclude that the man is showing himself, speaking what he has learned from his own party. Suppose the whole is acting, and only to get money, if the man

and his dishonest gains perish together, where is the profit? You say, it serves such people right that choose such a "Ben Bakar" to represent them in church or state. True perhaps. But the deterioration goes on for an age, morals are obliterated, poverty reigns, ignorance and vice are enthroned, falsehood and injustice triumph. For a remedy, let the dolt of a do little clergyman study. Let the thieving politician restore just what he took, not even two fold. Let both be truthful and honest and society will soon begin to prosper. The bad example of these is the plague of leprosy, that contaminates the multitude, that brings loathsome death to the unthinking and the unwary. The bribers and the bribed, should be marked out and not permitted either to get or give a vote for have a life time. The minister who employs his congregation four or five nights in the week in formal routine meetings, instead of pursuing their industry, and reading and collecting information, whilst he leisurely writes and reads them, the popular themes on Sunday, should be sent to Georgia to hoe corn and raise melons. These are the jurors that pronounce a case "guilty but not proven." These are the men that extract the sting from religion to make it so pleasant that all men speak well of them.

Our politicians have contrived to multiply departments, that are of no advantage to the governed, model farms, that waste our means without returning an equivalent, models that could not be copied, except as fancy farms, by gentlemen of great wealth, who are not to the fore, or exceedingly rare, and who benefit only a few employees. The people are led by the nose for years then cursed for sending such representatives to the legislatures of their country. The pressure of these times will cause men to think and act. Reformation not revolution is now an absolute necessity. The observance of the one may save us from the other. The multiplication of departments is the extension of patronage and the increase of supporting voters. The salaries of Government members and employees are out of all proportion with the salaries or earnings of the people who are taxed to make up these high salaries. The salaries of the legislative and the executive, the employees and fees of the professions must be lowered, their numbers diminished and economy pursued or the country grown so large headed and top heavy will topple over and become a ruin. The early U. E. L. settlers were largely soldiers or sympathisers with them, the disbanded soldiers were the other large element in the population. Out of these arose the family compact. That has degenerated into despots and slaves, millionaires and paupers. Can these glaring facts be denied or explained away?

Could any one believe, that in a half century, such political and religious degeneracy could take place, had his own eyes not witnessed it? The high-handed thefts are no longer concealed, cabinet ministers defend them, and declare they would repeat them. This is a lamentable piece of our history. Let it be hoped it will never repeat itself here again. Many of the liberty-loving pioneers never anticipated this degeneracy. They came in one by one, or sometimes in small companies, and took lot after lot, resolved on making a living, by good, honest industry, voluntarily supporting their little schools, improving their roads and crossing log bridges as they could, urging and labouring to keep taxation within reasonable bounds. In this they succeeded; but to a

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limited extent, for very much to their dislike, they saw a "*Ben Bakar*" rise and steal power and influence, involving their young country in fatal consequences. We can name several gentlemen, whose protests were heard, and helped to modify materially the condition of things, though these men have been in the minority in the Ottawa Valley. The present tone of the community is rising into an indication that these methods of plunder must be abandoned that honest men must be selected to be our standard-bearers, that tamely submitting to be insulted and plundered is not a virtue.

South of Bell's Corners dwelt a man of immense brain power, and the most prominent man as merchant, lumberer, and farmer successful in all, and whose heart was as kind as his head was clear. His ashes have slept for years, but it does us good at this date to bear a true testimony to his undoubted talents and real genuine worth. John Robertson was born in Perthshire, Scotland, and came to this country in 1827, and took up the land now occupied by his son, Thomas McKay Robertson. Some of his sons are deceased many years. One of these, Ebenezer, gave early signs of the greatest promise as an enterprising business man, raised great expectations in his parent's minds, which, had he been spared, we believe he would have fully met or exceeded. It seems the loss of him to his father was irreparable. It seemed nearly killed that man of great mind. We do not mean in speaking thus to say that John Robertson had no defects or faults (all men have). But to a thinking mind the excellencies hid the defects. It would never occur to such to hunt them up. Some have dwelt on them, made much of them. But they had their own defects and blemishes, whilst they could not lay claim to one tithe of his towering genius. His wife was not like him, though a distant connection of his own. She was cool, intelligent, kind-hearted, well informed and good, a woman among a thousand. John Robertson died about 1880.

Thomas, one of the surviving sons, is on the fine old homestead. He is not young enough to become vain by any statement of mine. But in my estimate he is a well balanced, steady man, not perhaps so ingenious or tentative as his father, but a good farmer. He is kind-hearted, liberal minded, and sincerely upright. He has been long a widower, wish some children, modest like himself; the only daughter, an admirable housekeeper, and the boys excellent workers on the farm. George, one son, died ere he reached his manhood. George, the youngest brother, kept store for some time at Bell's Corners, and then went to Oregon, U. S. Mr. Robertson had two daughters. One was very fair. She married Wm. Goodfellow. I was not so well acquainted with her as with her sister Mary. She was considered at 16 or 17, the most beautiful girl in the Ottawa country. She married Mr. James Brown, a lumberer, and a widower, with a family of sons and a daughter, all of whom did well.

Mr. Brown lived but a short time, leaving his beautiful young widow with one bright boy, an infant then; but who developed into the enterprising Eb. Brown, grocer, of Sparks street. Mr. Brown had two brothers, David and John. The latter married the second daughter of Rev. D. Evans, of Richmond; they lived in the region of White Lake, lumberers. Mrs. Brown, after a number of years, married the widower,

Wm. Pollock, and has a large family of sons. Mr. Pollock died in 1892. We have regarded Mrs. Pollock as a woman of rare excellence, highly gifted, full of good sense, and good works. John Robertson, of whose family we have spoken nothing but truth, of whose good qualities we had the most intimate knowledge, began his life in Canada, after making a little home for his family in Nepean, as an overseer of the works of the Rideau canal. Thomas McKay and John Redpath, of Montreal, had the contract, and from their knowledge of Mr. Robertson's engineering skill, employed him.

The Perth silk-weaver soon showed his acquaintance with mason work, and brought the canal eventually to a grand success. Redpath and McKay had to cart home, in Mexican silver half dollars, etc., their part of the profits of the contract. Robertson had only good wages and a name worth much, and some experience. After the canal was finished, Mr. Robertson began storekeeping and lumbering. His acquaintance with the Gilmours was of service to him. He often spoke of them with a warmth of affection you would hardly credit to a cool Scotchman. The field of his operation was on the Bonechere, west of the Round Lake. He has told us of losing himself in hunting groves and repeating aloud the Psalms, his heart beating to the sentiments they contained, and believing that his voice was more likely to chase the wild animals than attract them. This would occupy his attention till he came on some road or trace that led him to the shanty. He never was out over night. His accounts of the Gilmours gave me a fine impression of them before our acquaintance was made. But whatever Mr. Robertson did in other lines, he was intensely interested in farming. He had great potash works, turned the leached ashes on the land, then dry ashes, buying from everybody around.

One poor fellow lost his life walking into the hot lye. He was rescued, but lived only a few hours. Agricultural chemistry (Johnston's) he had almost in his memory. He bought up almost everything printed in English or French on agriculture. He sent to London, England, for a ton of sulphate of ammonia for plant food on the farm or as a fertilizer. He under drained so much that some American, visiting the place, predicted that when large clearings would be made, his land would be useless in drought. He concluded the fulfilment of such predictions must be far, far away. Three large hemlock poles made the piping for his first drains, and he discovered 23 years after, that when he cut through one, the poles were fresh and peeled like as if they had been cut in June. Then he sawed plank to make boxes, two on edge, 3 inches by $1\frac{1}{2}$ and the cover 6 by $1\frac{1}{2}$ nailed on. Others hollowed out the drain bottom and laid pieces, split like shingles, and a foot long, across; the ends resting on the bank, then covered all in. At length tiles came. My brothers have many drains with pieces across the earth hollowed out below for the water to run. Cheese making claimed his attention later, at which with 60 or 70 cows he was a success. He followed it up scientifically, found that ten pounds of milk made one pound of cheese, twenty-five pounds of milk, one pound of butter. We have had no end of advice from the cabinet ministers to go into mixed farming as if they knew anything about it or as if it were something they had just dis-

covered. Such insincerity seems to pass current and serve their purpose and keep the shams in perpetual power.

John Robertson had anticipated all this and fifty years ago declared it openly as nothing new. The hired girls milked 60 cows and Mr. and Mrs. Robertson made the cheese. A visit to his farm forty-five years since would have shown these lawyer-farmers the practical working of what they have only read in periodicals. He kept so carefully accounts of all his outlay on the whole crops of the farm, that he could by a look at his books, give you at once a statement of what every hundred pounds cost that grew or was raised on the whole farm. He was very successful in the application of liquid manures, dropped or run from a barrel on his root crops. Ensilage and mixed grasses were the only things of our day that he had not tested. A description of the flora and fauna is not to be neglected in the history of any land, but the success of its hard working and close continuous thinking, and maturing plans for the performance by its people ought to be recorded for the benefit of posterity. We owe so much to the thinking men and women, as binds us to cherish their memory, and note their modes of successful action and operation. His land was swamp and had to be raised by drains that doubled its value.

On returning home we discovered a whole cheese under the seat of our buggy. When speaking of it to his wife she said: "If ye hadn't been a favorite you would not have got it." Scotchmen are proverbial for the control of their emotions but he was a man of deep feelings. We have witnessed this on many occasions. But he disclaimed any sympathy when the terrible fire swept all his buildings and crops away. He said he had plenty in the bank. He never rebuilt the ruins. His religious views were clear and well defined, that in believing and giving credit to the truth that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, our sins are forgiven in his substitutionary sufferings, and that we begin our life of righteousness from our forgiveness—that the invisible spirit leads us in that life of obedience—that the uncreated One is infinite in love, power, goodness, etc., carrying out his plans, in his works of creation and providence and redemption; extending to every thing even the minutest in creation. But with this strong stand on the divine side, he was equally clear on the human side, holding that our responsibilities, to care, labor, and exertion, can never be shaken off; that every thing of duty within the bounds of human possibility should be performed. This is the creed of millions and should be that of the race.

The Thompsons had to remove boulders for fences and drains, and level down hills and fill hollows, to make their lands the beautiful level fields that almost smile in your eyes as you pass them. The Davidsons, Nesbitts, Grahams, Gourlays, Richardson, Morgans, Grants, Hartins, Bradleys, and a thousand others, had soils ready to the plow, more easily cultivated, in some cases richer in quality; but John Robertson, with his low-level, stiff, clay soil, was at once the most scientific, and the most successful agriculturist in the Ottawa Valley. The disastrous fire of 1870, that ran over fourteen townships, swept away from him the labors of a lifetime. His splendid dwelling house, with barns, stables, feeding houses of every kind, were consumed; all save his live stock that roamed over unfenced fields, green turnips, crop plots, potato

fields, in that August drought, maddened with the pain of being un-milked for days as we saw them, and heard their bellowing groans that moved our pity to beg the hired girls, whom we met as we drove past, to milk them, for once on the ground, promising them pay for their trouble. We are always sorry to see these ruins as we pass, they wake up so many old associations and reflections. Between Honeywells and Bell's Corners, for several years the only settlers were, Capt. Le Breton, William Bell, Sergeant Vincent, Mr. Bearman, grandfather of the present generation, with his good old lady, both a little inclined to Quakerism, and Robert Boyd, carpenter, a thin line drawn out scarcely within hearing distance of each other by the sound of a long tin horn.

Nepean township covered the site of the city before there was a city, town or village. The first Mrs. Honeywell taught school for the very few families then in the place. Burrows seems to have taught a kind of military school for the children of the people under Col. By, who was a kind of governor, in his little coterie. But the first school-house was raised near Robertson's as he boarded the teacher or teachers free of cost for years. We remember he proposed to spend what he would have to pay in board, for his two grandsons, W. Goodfellow, and Ebenezer B. Brown at Ottawa, if we could procure him a fit teacher, and add this to his salary in the section. We sent him the man and he was there over twenty years. Stories were told of a wooden church built and supplied at his own expense by a Mr. Burroughs, who was pious and preached free, a plan that highly recommends itself at this day could it be carried out. There was a lull in the canal works and Redpath and McKay built, with the idle men, the first stone church where St. Andrew's now stands. The locks and bridge were finished before we saw the country in 1833, and a little graveyard lay about where the church stands with a road lying south around it. But Hull was the graveyard for years, at the first for both sides. McKay was an elder respected highly in the church, and we often met John Redpath in synod; a very strong man. He afterwards went into the refining of sugar and left great riches. Thomas McKay was afterwards an Honorable in the legislature of the provinces.

Rev. McKenzie, of Williamstown, seems to have been the first Protestant or Presbyterian minister that preached in Bytown. He also baptised Thomas Robinson, the first boy born and baptised in the little village. Mrs. Friel, daughter of Daniel O'Connor, afterwards county treasurer, was the first girl born in Bytown. Lyman Perkins built his first blacksmith shop beside the little graveyard, and Donald McLeod built his in the country, beside Francis Davidson's, east of the stoney swamp. The Catholics working on the canal, formed a settlement and built a church farther east, near the present Methodist and Presbyterian church. South of Mr. Robertson's were two very unassuming farmers, James McIntosh and Francis Abbott, The former left early, the latter raised a large family of sons and daughters. The sons located in various places and followed various occupations. One daughter married Mr. John Nelson, a very strong farmer in Nepean on the Rideau. Their eldest son is Presbyterian minister in Bristol, Quebec province. The family, so numerous, were very musical in youthful days. Mr. Marsden an old salt that escaped from his ship and went round teaching vocal

music, was in m agreeable

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music, was wont to declare when the "Habbotts took hall the parts Hi was in my helement and the ole thing was 'evenly.'" They were a very agreeable pleasant family, the best of neighbors.

"Frank" was till lately in office on the Rideau canal. Frank—we like to use the term of boyhood, and he will not object—well, we have been friends for many years, and never anything else, and we wish thee a long and happy career of many years yet, and then a happy exit and everlasting glory; and have we any old friends of those days that we would not associate with thee in the wish? Not one. We are finding this Nepean a large place and much of it yet to survey. We go back to the Flats. Capt. LeBreton got these Flats. Some say he built a mill here. We have no recollection of it, but we often visited his mill, at what is now Britannia, which had a great run of customers for many years. The Captain was English and patronized mostly his countrymen in his employ, so that you could with your young ear distinguish several English dialects in the conversations among the hands. Britannia of to-day is a small riverside retreat where distinguished citizens resort to for fresh air and bathing. Houses with three or more rooms can be had for the season at moderate amounts, and people who live in good large houses in the city can get much closer together there and enjoy in wooden walls on the beautiful currents of the Deschenes rapids. We have several of these watering places within easy range of the city. Could some of our early pioneers rise from their dusty beds and shake off the daisies, and look at the luxuries enjoyed by their great grandchildren, they would be wonderfully charmed and delighted.

Near the southwest corner of Nepean lived Henry Warran, a Presbyterian. He lumbered, and soon became so acquainted with the river that he was a safe pilot for years. Some of his family live in the Gatineau country, but most of them went west. Samuel Courtney, whose sister-in-law was Mrs. Thompson of the wealthy family in the shoe store business in Montreal, lived east of Warren, and Henry Bishop, father of Mr. Bishop, of Wellington street, had a fine place and sandstone quarries, out of which very much of the decoration of the parliament and other buildings of the city was produced, which lay between Courtney's and Pollock's. The Tierneys settled west of the Davidsons. Their descendants are there, fond of fine horses and cultivating very beautiful farms on that pleasant southern slope of the township. Coming from Bell's Corners to the Scott settlement, you pass behind Hare's and Watson's on the sandy hills, to Dan Hobbs, a well developed Irishman, whose sons, with their brother-in-law, James Hogg, a Scot, gave and took some hard and heavy blows in the days of the Shiners. One of the Watson girls married a young teacher, who was decidedly the best in methods and qualifications we ever met in a common school in our days of superintendent.

He developed the young Hares, (whose mother was a Shillington,) the Grahams and others, into bright scholars, who afterwards became doctors, clergymen and professors, and their sisters, clergymen's wives of a superior order of intellect and refinement. Close by Hobbs, is the residence of Isaac Plunkett, an old Irish name of French-Huguenot extraction. Orators of the name have figured at the Irish bar, and on the bench for generations. The Plunketts, father, sons and grandsons, have

developed well their farm, built good structures on it, and now furnish milk for city use, whilst John, one grandson, is making himself a name and a place in the grocery business on Wellington street. Close by him lived a Frenchman, Antoine Lemoine, an honest enterprising fellow, who married Miss Mary, eldest daughter of Thomas Lang. He became a Presbyterian with his wife, and raised a family of fourteen prosperous sons and daughters, two of whom are wives of two cousins, Nesbitts. The Lemoine boys, of say a dozen, all except one or two, stayed in the country, and have done much for its prosperity. Some of them are now in the United States. Several brothers of the Nesbitts, who all raised large families, occupy a great space of the country in their descendants, who have built fine durable stone houses and raised fine animals. John Nesbitt, who lived to be very aged, was long an elder in the church.

John Clarke, some of whose sons are there and a multitude of grandsons, was long an elder. One son, John, was a great lover of horseflesh in Clydesdale and American blood; enriched the people and himself by the great improvement in stock. The late Mr. Reilly of Richmond and the father of the writer, did also contribute largely to the improvement of horses in the Ottawa valley from the days of Farmer and Huron man of Hull. Stewart is now Hull's greatest horseman. John Thompson, James Davidson, John Clarke, Wm Gourlay, Richard Kidd, Thomas Graham, Hugh Gourlay, John B. Lewis and Thomas Clarke, have during 40 years contributed the most to increase the value of shorthorns and to develop and popularize the Durhams as a valuable, profitable race of cattle. Didsberry, an Englishman, first introduced the stock on the Ottawa. Hon. Thomas McKay, Wm. Byers, John Gourlay and after him Hugh Gourlay and Allen Grant have done most to popularize the valuable milking race, the Ayrshires.

Plantagenet and Ramsay yearly present fine specimens of Ayrshire stock, whilst the M. P. for Russell, Mr. Edwards, has perhaps the best lot of Durhams now in the whole Ottawa Valley. Twenty-five or thirty years ago Robert Kenney of Hull, sustained for years the highest reputation in Durham stock and long woolled sheep. In this latter article John Nesbitt, known as Lord John, was among the first to raise long woolled sheep of good size and quality. John Thompson, Hugh Gourlay, Samuel Sisson, Thomas and Wm. Graham, William Gourlay, Fitzroy, Robert Alexander's sons and a few others have been the leading sheep risers and with Robert Kenny of Hull, and Wm. Kemp of Goulbourn, have all expended time and money and pains to produce the best in Cotswolds, Leicesters, Lincolns, and the families of the downs. Merivale is not a village but a succession of fine farm houses. John Nesbitt is now dead. Robert Baine, who is an elder, is a great milkman, with a great family. One son is a minister in Ashton. One was a medical student and died at college in Montreal, very much regretted as a fine young man. The late Thomas Clarke, son of Ebenezer Clarke, was a very successful stock man, took great interest in the affairs of the township and county, and left a large family. James Caldwell has been a very eminent and successful man as farmer and milkman. His parents were most highly respected for honesty, piety, good citizenship and general excellency. The family have all been pillars in

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Methodist church, and one of the most musical families in the land; they succeeded the Campbells now of Campbell's Bay, on their lands in Huntley.

The late John Boyce was long a teacher of the first order in the Merivale schoolhouse, leaves a large family of enterprising people behind him. He also took a great interest in municipal affairs. About fifty years ago a Presbyterian church of sided logs was built in the centre of that rich settlement, and after occasional supplies for some time, the first minister ordained at Ashton, April, 1851, was installed there and for 17 years ministered to the people with some degree of acceptance and success. Many were added to the church, and five young men, who are talented and acceptable preachers in the church, were from that field. Many of the young men of those families in that field are good farmers, mechanics, merchants, and professional men. Their present pastor is the second they have had in forty years. Bell's Corners, a part of the charge, has some faithful people, long ruled by Elder George Arnold, who is no more among them. T. Robertson and Mr. Moody are now their elders. The whole congregation is most flourishing with a fine new church in Merivale, and the old stone church at the corners is still true to the old Presbyterian cause.

Mr. Whillans has another station with a little church on the Richmond Road, about three miles out of town, a little west of the John Heney farm, formerly that of Peter Aylen, whose P. A. V. still shows his mark on the stone barn. This is a fine plain between the two lines of railway, the C. P. R. and the Parry Sound. Peter Aylen was a great lumberer and long known asking of the shiners. Peter, went afterwards to Hull, and was a specialty as a gardener, farmer, architect, and great engrafter and budder in the orchard line. This family consisted of three sons and a daughter. Two of them were lawyers, one a doctor. Peter married the eldest daughter of the late C. Symmes, Esq., and their family of sons are in prominent places, one being like his father very distinguished in the law. The late Peter Aylen was a man of fine parts, of liberal education, a kind-hearted warm friend. His wife, is a sober-minded, well-balanced superior woman of excellent taste and refinement.

Hon. James Skead built a great steam saw mill on the river side, west of Aylen's old place, and carried on business for some time in lumber. Both he and his brother Robert lumbered extensively and were of great service to the country. James was a very honorable man, independent of his title as a member of the legislative council. His only son married Miss Moore, daughter of David Moore of Hull, the wealthiest lumberman on the Ottawa, next to James McLaren. The rest of his family were daughters, all beautiful. The eldest was Mrs. Wright. Their fine residence attracted the attention of all passers on the Aylmer road. One of Mr. Robert Skead's sons married Miss Brough and went to Manitoba. Another married Miss Munroe, the handsome daughter of a Presbyterian clergyman in the eastern provinces, and is now engaged in mica mining on the Gatineau. Another son resides in the city and takes a great interest in the welfare of the church of which he is an esteemed member and elder, also an employ of the Government.

On the road leading to March Messrs. George Oaks, William Purdie, Andrew Graham, lumberer, Thomas and John Graham, farmers. The

former told the boys that he brought fifty pounds worth of fish hooks from Ireland when he came out, of course he could have matched Lord Stanley of Preston. John Nesbitt, farmer, one of the finest horsemen, (called Lord John), was married to a Miss Davidson and had a large family of sons and daughters. One son lives in the old homestead, married to a Miss Humphrey's. One lives in Torbolton, married to a Miss Watts. One resides near Richmond. They are all well-doing, managing farmers. One daughter is Mrs. W. McBride, another is Mrs. David Wilson, and Mrs. Wm. Gourlay of Fitzroy is another. They are all in most respectable circumstances. The youngest son of the last marriage is Mr. Colburn Nesbitt of Aylmer, Que., whose wife is a Miss Pritchard, very prosperous in their affairs.

One of the Shouldice family lives west of Mr. Nesbitt and with Mr. Christian, fills up to the Messrs. Beatty at the town line of March. Between Mr. Hugh Bells, which escaped the fire with the church, and Mr. Chapman's, east of, the stoney swamp, a long thick bush, regarded as little worthless frog ponds, and swales, with stones protruding through whatever soil was not under, and even what was under water, the timbers hump, elm, cedar, balsam, hemlock and small spruce unattractive. Next to this the Davidson settlement, where Mr. Francis Davidson with his large family of sons and daughters had large possessions and lumbered extensively for years. Mr. Samuel Davidson took an active part in the direction of affairs in the township, being Reeve for many years, and of much value in the county council. They were all good farmers, with the best of land and the purest stock in cattle, sheep and hogs. Samuel and Hugh married sisters, daughters of Mr. John Bell, merchant from Clonis, Cavan, Ireland. James married a Miss Alexander and they had a large family of sons and daughters. The eldest daughter is Mrs. Thomas Graham, her husband being the eldest son of Mr. John Graham, P. M., of Huntley.

Some of the others are married in the city, as Mrs. Champhness whose husband is in the customs of Her Majesty in the city; some of the sons are farmers. Mr. Samuel Davidson's sons are druggists and dentists, in good practice here. Mr. Francis Davidson belonged to a very respectable family in the north of Ireland, some of his brothers talented Presbyterian ministers. Beyond this settlement are Mackeys and Eadies. All these with their numerous neighbors contributed to the development of the country and the formation of society in the first half, especially the second quarter of the present century. Mr. Peter Campbell built a large stone house on the 2nd concession, Ottawa front, the best then in the whole range, as the shanties began to be replaced, and was a resident for many years. The house is now in the possession of one of the Honeywells. Mr. John, son of Wm. Bell, married a Miss Campbell. Opposite Mr. Campbell on Rideau front dwelt Mr. Dan Hobbs, with a large family of sons and daughters. One daughter married James Hogg a Scot, who with the brothers-in-law, all powerful young men, got into frequent conflicts with the Shiners dealt and received many a heavy blow in these encounters. The Shiners were raftsmen, chiefly Irish, employed in the lumber, rough and ready for a conflict when mellowed with poteen. They cropped the ears off a horse belonging to Mr. Hobbs, that might be seen many a year after on the highway bearing the marks

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of these Vandals. They had to walk from the foot up to the head of the rapids in running their timber cribs, and were open for a challenge any day.

James Hogg who was fierce as an eagle and fearless as a lion, was living near by and on hand to help to settle scores with the Shiners. These latter were in such bad order that many another daring spirit stepped in to help to give a good account of them when not too numerous. When whiskey was in they were not much in the habit of reckoning numbers on either side. In summer time the river was nearly covered with rafts, that were being taken to Quebec, each having its swarm of hands, in some cases all the crew, Shiners, as they got on better alone than mixed, for they regarded the French, though co-religionists, as a kind of rivals that must be looked after and kept in bounds, as well as the landlubbers round these rapids or in the villages on the river.

Bernard Hughes had a large family peaceably disposed, avoiding the Shiners and mixing themselves up in no quarrels. Mess pork sometimes sold from forty to even fifty dollars a barrel, and the story was told of a farmer who had purchased a large stock of herrings in barrels, which he fed very freely to his men on the farm. The thing, to use the western phrase, became monotonous. Remonstrances were made in vain against using them so often. One of the hands got a newspaper, a rare thing at that time, and folding up a rusty herring, started to show it to Judge Armstrong, highly esteemed as one of our first Judges, an honest pain-taking gentleman. The employer followed the man, begging, entreating, then energetically remonstrating with him to return as they neared the Judge's place; On one condition would he return, provided a weather was killed and the provisions diversified. They went on a little farther and the farmer at length gave in. They returned, the fat sheep was dressed, part of it cooked for the evening meal, and the strike was declared off.

Two brothers, Plunkett, one the grandfather of John, the merchant, on Wellington street, got their lands in Nepean. Near the Plunketts were the Switzers, one of whom is a merchant now in town. The Evans of whom a son is storekeeping in Rochesterville, and a sister has property in quarry lime and stone. The old gentleman is yet living who seemed to be a middle-aged man fifty years ago. He tells me he has a cousin a Bishop. His family were very intelligent and cultivated.

The Leslie family are close by, one of whom was the second wife of Mr. Thomas Clarke, a fine wife and mother. One son, William, lived up the Gatineau, married a Miss Gibson of Masham. They were a nice family. A half sister, Mary Jane Lark, lived in our house for years, an upright girl, and came back with her husband to get married by me at Aylmer, she died in middle life. Mr. John Boyce was one of the early teachers in Merivale, as they now term it was much interested in municipal affairs afterwards. His family occupy good positions as able and independent farmers. Between 1828 and 1833 Hugh Bell, the O'Grady's, George Sparks, John Davidson, Timothy McCarthy, John Tierney, and Malcom McLeod, blacksmith, came to their lands. The writer in the atlas says, there were only five schools in the county in 1833, but he must have been misinformed. There were two in Huntley that year,

two in March, one taught by Mr. Bishop, grandfather of the Lawyer Bishop, and one at Capt. Streets.

In Nepean, there was one at Mr. John Robertsons, and one in the village of Bytown. Besides Mrs. Honeywell taught in her own house. Preacher Jones taught and preached in his first shanty in North Gower, and the Burritts settled at the rapids about three or four years before the end of 1800, and had children born there in the last century, one of whom at fourteen taught school and he was the second teacher they had. Then a Miss Burritt was a tutor in Mr. Braddish Billings and, a very young girl at that time, and the children of the surrounding families were included in the little school. Then Mr. Shirriff had one taught at the Chats which made eleven in 1833, for Mr. Shirriff had removed from there to Bytown to the Crown Timber office before 1833.

It is a poor method of writing history if you have any regard for truth, to sit down in your easy chair and correspond with people at a distance for your material, to construct your work for posterity. McLeods, Mowatts, Hamils, Steinsons, Colwels, Lemoines, and some others filled up to the border along Rideau front. After the canal was finished, many went and settled east of Davidson's settlement, and built the Catholic church close to which, and almost together stand a little Presbyterian and Methodist churches of brick, where one would do well were the people united. Along the Jock or Good Wood you meet Craigs, Monaghans, O'Mearas, Keives, Kilrays, Costalos, Cassidays and Conroys, Moylans, Quenlands and Watters, O'Grady's and Greens, Lieferrnans' Hoolaghans, Kelly's and McLaughlans, with many others who all set themselves to clear lands, build houses and fences, according to the order of the times. Beyond this circle were the Hawleys, Latimers, Henderson, Browns and Nesbitts. T. G. Anderson came to Bell's Corners, then to Hintonburgh; McDonalds, Bradleys, James Smith, the great horsebuyer.

He was going to a fair at Bell's Corners, his man wanted to go and purchase a cow which he would not permit, but set him to plant a new kind of potatoes he had got. The man worked away doggedly, planted a good part, then buried the rest in a pit, got to the fair and brought home his cow. James did not discover the thing till the mass of stalks discovered themselves by showing above ground, almost too late to distribute them. The Lenaghans, Brennans, and Stapletons, moved in later. Mr. William Foster, whose son is a very successful tanner in the pretty village of Pembroke, resides here, whose brother Archibald Foster of the city, was once in the same region. The Gormans, McLeods, were fond of good stock, Durhams and horses.

Michael Long brought the Blacksmith McLeod a nice piece of wood to get made into a pretty sleigh tongue and well ironed. When he saw it finished he thought it was reduced too light and said he wanted it so strong and solid. McLeod cut a thick elm pole and ironed it with the back on, Mike considered it would be fit to draw masts with. These were some of the jolly old stems from which the seedlings grew that cover so large a part of the happy, old, wealthy township of Nepean. How many others, as well deserving of a notice, must we leave out for want of space? The Roman Catholics left the others far in the rear, in the matter and business of church building. At Bell's

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Corners they had a union church, but they are all separate now, and the Presbyterians hold the old stone building which keeps together, but reflects no credit on the builder. It was always connected with a church in the Nesbitt and Hopper settlement log at first, but replaced by a larger and better frame building with a good congregation. They have only had two ministers in forty years, which speaks well for the people.

Outside of the city there are four Presbyterian churches, four Methodist churches, three Episcopal churches and one Catholic church. School houses were increased, as the population demanded, sections were formed, intellectual, culture by good teachers, obtained, and enjoyed to gratification. There may be some danger of the teachers becoming a guild and proposing certain courses that may not be the best for human development. If any peculiarity of our mind should be neglected or not cultivated in the proper time and manner, the individual is not permitted to be what he would be under a better culture. The greatest care should be taken to let the mind unfold whatever may be in its nature rejecting the vicious. The endless school controversies are sapping the life of the community.

We may yet have a government that will rigidly compel five and a half or six hours a day with three hours on Saturday to the branches of study, necessary, to a proper education in the common school. It is not the church; nor is the church the common school. There is no room for the distinction between the civil and sacred, or the sacred and secular, except what the clergy get up for a special purpose. If we live, move and have our existence in the Great I Am which few will doubt or deny, then the boy is in his line of duty during his study of Arithmetic, Geometry, and all mathematical science as far as the due proportion can be given them with a view to his calling for which he is being fitted and equipped as at his morning or evening or daily prayers. Is it not baneful that it is not so considered? Is a religious education only consisting in the studies of the dogmas as they say of a particular sect, then no wonder that our streets are vocal with neglected illbred children on Sundays.

Their minds have not breadth, they are one sided and that often the worst side. Obedience is the first and most essential thing or principle to be taught, nay impressed on the childmind else its days will be few and vicious. Does our strife and quarrel arise from our clinging, closely to the only rule of faith or our divergence from it to our own theories? Please reply. One man tells you there is no eternal punishment, another that there is no eternal happiness, but both are leveled to the centre with the love of money and power. What care they that eternal life and eternal death are revealed in the like terms and would not, otherwise, have ever been discovered. Let them have power to tyrannise over men's right and liberties and trample them under their feet. These men are one sided, their education was neglected or misformed. The parents, the clergy, the educators, are under fearful responsibilities. The caricatures of humanity that we produce in our home schools and colleges, produce all the disorder we groan under, keep mankind in the mud out of which they do not emerge like Wiberforce (Soapy Sam) with clean hands. In England the government is preparing its own overthrow by a sectarian schoolbill as our govern-

ment is meddling to its hurt by the assumption of a Provincial right, and it takes so long to correct blunders and make reflections to no just purpose.

At the end of the wars with the French, they had given Napoleon Bonaparte, the renowned Corsican, and Emperor of the French, a safe retreat and comfortable lodgings at the expense of the English, in the Isle of St. Helena, the large army was to be reduced to a peace footing; so those troops, that had served on this continent, being the last enlisted into the service, were the first to be disbanded. Canada having come into the possession of the English, as a part of the conquest from the French, was to be colonized, and the regiments that had some notion of the country from their short residence in it seemed very willing to remain and settle on the free grants of land then given to induce colonization. The officers and men of the 99th and the 100th willingly accepted the grants as remuneration for the toils of soldiering, and with their pensions hoped to live comfortably and form a new community, a greater Britain under the old flag. So they chose Upper Canada, and were about to sail from Quebec, where they had been on duty for some time, when the Duke of Richmond then appointed Governor General of the new provinces sailed into that port.

We had no Atlantic cable even in our dreams, no ocean greyhounds to waft intelligence as on the wings of the wind, some of us not then born. We can only imagine the excitement caused in the announcement by the Duke of Richmond himself, of his arrival, as the white sails were furled, and the anchor dropped in the roadsteads of the St. Lawrence, under the frowning guns of the great citadel. He was the first and so far only Duke appointed Governor. All was Richmond. Every hamlet even had a Richmond street and the soldiers sailing out were full of Richmond and determined with one consent to call their new prospective city Richmond. The very young port they sailed into below the Chaudiere Falls was called Bellow's Landing, but this, they threw to the wild tempestuous winds, and called it Richmond Landing. Here they moored their little boats and landed their families and household goods (i. e., their knapsacks and carpet bags). The little store kept by Jehiel, son of Capt. Collins, furnished some things they required and they pitched their tents over the plain, known for some time as the Flats. Here was a collection of fine ladies, many of them very fair, and gallant gentlemen.

Among the many beautiful girls, perhaps the most beautiful was the then little Miss Hill, that afterwards was the pleasant wife of Edward Malloch, the M. P. for twenty years for Carleton. These colonists did not seem to see any attraction in the surroundings of the Chaudiere, a settlement where the city now stands. Most of the place was a cedar swamp, of deep, thick mud, so soft and watery that the trees might be said rather to float than grow on it. T. M. Blasdel, Esq., tells us that there was fine duck shooting on the pond, or half lake, where Maria street crosses Lyon and Kent streets. He and a young friend had waited long one afternoon on the home-coming of the ducks, which for reasons unexplained, had prolonged their calls, but home they came at last, were sighted and shot accordingly. But before they had bagged their game, or collected them out of the pond or "blind lake," night,

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with its thick darkness, fell upon them; and not knowing which way to proceed in the dense woods, they concluded they must remain till morning. A great swamp elm stood by, against which they could lay their heads between the roots, and with leaves and moss make it tolerable. They got asleep and were awakened by the united vigorous crowing, in the hen roost of Mr. Nicholas Sparks, and starting with their bags at daylight, following the direction of the sounds, came out all right at last. The Government Hill, and Ashburnham Hill, were then covered with hemlock, beech and maple. The rest of the place was a deep swale, through which years after, when the cows waded along Bank and O'Connor streets, they had to be washed before they could be milked.

We never heard why these distinguished colonists chose the banks of the Jock in preference to those of the Rideau or the Ottawa. They arrived in the middle of August at the Richmond landing, having left Quebec on the 28th of July, 1818, passing and saluting the fine man-of-war vessel at anchor, that had the Duke on board. Under Sergeant Hill, they organized to cut the road from the Flats, the place of their encampment to the Jock, ever since known as the Richmond Road. They kept within hailing distance of the river on their right hand until they reached the sandy hill, when the sight of the great bay directed them to the left, and at what was soon after, Bell's Corners; turned still more to the left till they struck the Jock, up which they kept their course till they reached the little falls, which Captain Lyons soon improved into a mill dam. The leaders of this Richmond colony were: Col. Burke, Mayor Ormsly, Capts. Lyon, Lett, Lewis, Bradley, Maxwell, Surgeon Cullis; Lieuts. Maxwell, Bradley; Sergts. Cunningham, Dempsey, Dunbar, Hill, McElroy, Spearman, Mills, Fitzgerald, Vaughan, with a long list of privates and a few civilians, such as, Joseph Hinton, Edward Malloch, Hugh Falls, Mr. Graham and David McLaren; soldiers, S. W. and T. McFadden, Donald Mathieson, Jonas Berry, M. Donaghue, James Greene, James Bearman, Wm. Lackey, John McGuire, Robert McMullen, Alexander McCasland, James Munce, D. Harrison, Wm. Copeland, Robert Birtch, Wm. Pender, John Withers, Pollock, McKinstry, Walsh Murrays, Withers, Stanleys and Denisons were men of the line. Read and Enough were both teachers.

These were among the founders of the village and its environs. Lots were set apart for churches, graveyards, manses, parsonages, squares or parks, all on a grand scale. Malloch was in the boot and shoe business, Hinton went to storekeeping, Malloch & Lyon, of the younger men the same. William Lyon followed dry goods. The Capt. had built the first mill for flour and provender, and then took to carding, fulling, dying, shearing and pressing cloth, blankets and the like of every variety. He kept the first store. Col. Burke, Capt. Lyon, Capt. Lewis, all were members of Parliament in turn. Some took to their trades as carpenters, tailors, blacksmiths, but the bulk took naturally to farming, and no better agricultural country could be selected than that they had chosen. Capt. Maxwell imported and engaged in the improvement of animals, raising, selling and aiding his neighbors in improvement of their stock. So much were the animals esteemed that to say it was from Maxwell's stock made the sale the easier. Some years elapsed before they had a settled clergyman, and Capt. Maxwell being the most piously

inclined, acted as a kind of chaplain in the new school house and read them the church service. The Captain and Sergeant McElroy were both reliable gentlemen, as in boyhood we often heard Mr. Falls the young surveyor, was in his early prime, and was wont to enliven society with stories of interest, racy and thrilling.

His stock seemed limitless which he retailed out with a liberal hand. We have not been able to collect all the names of the pioneers, but have done our best. Many of the officers and men of the ranks lived in and around Richmond. Some left for other parts as the country was explored, and good land was found with suitable openings, presented themselves. Capt. Bradley obtained lands in March and other townships. He exchanged with Mr. Erskine for a lot with a mill site. Sans Bradley built on it and Mrs. Denison kept house for him for some years. The Capt. himself settled down vigorously to cultivate his farm.

Captain Bradley discouraged lawsuits. But when a plaintiff was very urgent and must have a hearing, if the defendant seemed to be in the wrong grievously, he generally discharged two or three volts of electricity on the criminal, then heard his defence. If there was room, he gave him the benefit of the doubt, and if any opening offered, gave a hearty broadside to the plaintiff. Then as if forgetting that he held his club "in terrorem" over the heads of both, he would in the mildest tones ask the plaintiff what good it would do him to have the man fined and the money laid out on some rough crosslay in a swamp that none of them perhaps would ever travel. Plaintiff by this time was ready to chime in, "Well Captain whatever you think best." The captain would then conclude a general peace, make them shake hands and engage to live in concord, and avoid ever after such unseemly displays of ill feelings in a quiet and peaceable neighborhood and country.

C. Bradley went into farming in Gloucester. The captain and his sons were men of stature, handsome and well formed. The drift of our story has carried us down stream, but we return to state that the building of so many houses in the village for so many families could not be completed in a few days. Shanties could easily be raised and scooped and made tight, but many were not content with shanties. Then boards must be sawed by men and whip saws, or be rafted and sailed down the Rideau from Burritts Rapids or Merrickville in cribs, and sailed up the Jock. Mr. French had built the first mill in Burritts Rapids some time before this, but there was no road nor means of drawing. The river alone was the highway. Think of boards drawn from the mill by oxen on two crotches, then put into cribs in the river, and pushed by poles, or towed by a log canoe or hurriedly constructed boat, and soldiers were not the best of oarsmen; then when brought up the Jock drawn to the site by ox teams on crotches again soaked full of water. Suppose the houses had all been built of round logs, everyone who had a family wanted a house; they had September, October and November in which to do the work and then the winter was on them.

The families were left in their tent between the Richmond Landing and Holts and Honeywells, and the men went to work. But to cut forty logs and draw them to the place and raise one building, would be labor for twenty good strong men, even if the trees stood around the spot where the building was to be raised. The balsam rafters were to

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be cut, peeled, fitted, and the boards to be sawed or got from a distance, shingles to be made, a chimney erected of some kind, stones were not near and bricks were yet in the clay. How they managed to get so many houses fit to be occupied by white people before the thermometer registered at zero, is a mystery unsolved to this day. True, some had to live in tents till the winter, and one soldier's wife, Osburn, was frozen or died, and was found frozen; also Denison, a soldier, was found frozen. Sergt.-Major Hill moved from his tent into his new house the day before Christmas. Some were later in their tents. The Government furnished them a year's provisions, with implements of various kinds; the old cross cut and whip saws, (one to every five men), were often used being lent all round. These old fashioned things formed the subject of much conversation of a pleasant nature in after times.

The Duke of Richmond remained about a year in the country before his death. He was sent by the successors of a cabinet that had lost thirteen colonies, almost all that pertained to England, except Canada, then little esteemed, and the fortress of Gibraltar. He was not highly spoken of nor was his son-in-law that had eloped with his daughter from Paris, at the close of the war; Sir Peregrin Maitland, governor of Upper Canada, whose name we remember reading on some of my father's deeds. The Duke must have had good points, as gratitude, which appeared in the wish to visit the people whose enthusiasm led them to call their youthful city after him. The Duke of Richmond was the only Duke we ever had as a Governor-General, not because of his excellence or celebrity. He is decidedly abused by most writers as "unpopular."—"Dissipated" gambler, governed Ireland badly, ran into great excesses, great at the Derby on the continent—at the same time highly esteemed."

"His son-in-law foisted on the country to give him a salary—the Duke holding the British Government in servitude." These writers might have reserved some of their fine expressions for others as highly deserving them. His visit to his son-in-law and daughter was in the summer of 1819. He determined to travel on foot over the route advised by the Duke of Wellington as the location of the Rideau canal. Two attendants only accompanied him, carrying his camp bed with the etceteras. He reached Perth and rested there on the night of the 17th Aug. 1819. Next morning he started for Richmond as an exercise, a walk of thirty miles on a road only blazed and cleared of brush, one may consider he had an interest in the place and people to undertake the like. He reached Sergeant Vaughan's tavern at dark and put up there whilst his two servant men plunged through the swale and struck Richmond at midnight. The news stirred the colonists as a stroke would a bee hive. They were in a fermentation. Every piece of board, plank or flat stick to be found was carried by scores of willing hands to enable the Duke by temporary bridge to cross the gullies, taking them up and hastening forward for his comfort and safety. Had he let them they would have carried him the three miles through that slough. They got him down, in the forenoon he lunched and entertained in friendly converse, ordering a fine dinner in Col.-Sergeant Hill's to the leading people; he was social among them, which they much enjoyed. But at the sight of water he showed much nervousness.

He paced his room all night sleepless, having refused to take the prescriptions of Dr. Collis, but he was more calm in the morning and took some refreshment. He had arranged to reach Hull on the 20th August, and he walked down past Col. Burk's to take the boat down the Jock or Good Wood to Chapman's farm, where a waggon and two yoke of oxen sent by Mr. Wright, were to take him through. He became more troubled at seeing the water and soon leaped out of the boat rushed wildly through the woods, and they overtook him lying on the hay in Chapman's barn in a violent fit. Dr. Collis was brought, and he bled him. A swift messenger was sent to Perth for another, but he died before anything could be done. Chapman drove his remains to Hull on the waggon sent for him, and the boat sent to meet him took the body to Quebec, where he was buried with the honors becoming his rank. Chapman was rewarded with four hundred acres of land.

The hydrophobia was induced by the bite of his pet fox on his heel. His faults and defects were forgotten in the kindness of his visit and entertainment, and the sadness and suddenness of his death, which threw a cloud over the villagers for some time after. He had given the name of his nephew, the Earl of March, to the unsurveyed township on the river at the dinner at Sergeant Hill's, the whole term of office in the country being only one year. Lumbermen like Mr. Wilson and others had lands round the village. Robinson Lyon, brother of the Captain kept hotel, was a fine horseman, but excelled all others at the violin. He lived long in Richmond, then in Bytown, and finished a popular career in Arnprior.

The Government built a school in Richmond and paid one or two school masters for a year or two, fifty pounds a year, but soon withdrew the grant. The schoolhouse was used for a preaching station for Catholics and Protestants alike. The first to officiate in it was a priest, McDonnell, who was Bishop of Kingston before his end came. Mr. Healy a Methodist, was second. Mr. Glen, a Presbyterian, was third. Judging from the names, the Episcopalians must have been the most numerous as they built an Episcopalian church before all others. Mr. Glen lived but a short time among them and seemed to wear out in wading swamps, travelling to Torbolton, Kemptville, Prescott, and other places. Mr. Burns was the first Episcopal minister for some years. Their church and Mr. Pinhey's house were built about the same time, and St. Andrew's Presbyterian church in Bytown.

The Presbyterian church in Richmond was not built till after the decease of Mr. Glen. It was a neat little frame building on the line of street coming from North Gower, crossing the Jock and terminating on the Richmond and Perth Roads. Rev. David Evans was its first settled pastor. Mr. Philips was then its prominent ruling elder from about 1840 to 1848 when Mr. Evans removed to Kitley Corners. Rev. John Flood was the Church of England minister contemporary with Mr. Evans. Mr. Flood was born a Roman Catholic but became a member of the Episcopal church, and being disposed to study, pursued his course with great disadvantages, reading with firelight and "fat pine" chips, instead of the dip of those times. The pine chip was smoky but the resinous odour was as agreeable as incense and determination overcomes difficulty. Mr. Flood got merited credit for his perseverance and success. He was

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one of the superintendants of education in the county, and assisted in getting the Grammar school at Richmond under way. A young Irish man from Belfast, John Bouland Finlay, Ph. D., a gifted scholar from the school of Dr. Cooke, came to Richmond, and whilst visiting some friends, was introduced to Mr. Hinton and Rev. John Flood, and engaged as teacher of the Grammar school. Dr. Finlay has run a brilliant career. He became preacher in the Reformed Church in East Brooklyn, then went to Kittanning, Pennsylvania, and is now Colonel John Bouland Finlay, Ph. D., L. L. D., D. C. L. He is a man of shining talents, full of history, extensively read in the works of the fathers, overflowing with Irish and Scotch anecdote, also a sound and able divine. He dislikes the application of the term Rev. to clergymen, considering it the usurpation of an exclusively divine title: "Holy and reverend in His name." Hearing of our career at Knox College, he came to visit us, and a lasting friendship then began and has continued.

The Free church movement had given a great impulse and North Gower Presbyterians caught and acted on the inspiration, Dr. Finlay preached to them and to the Huntley people several times with great acceptance. The most prominent young Presbyters in this Perth Presbytery, at that time, had gone into the Free church movements about the middle of their divinity course, and the demand for preachers was so great that they did not return to finish their studies at Queen's or Dundee or Edinburgh, and it seemed to us that they were slightly disposed to look askance at the qualification of those who had taken the time and advantage of a full course. However the Ph. D. was new to them and they tried to get up wit at its expense. But it was a well merited honor and the wearer was unquestionably beyond them in natural talents where the D. D. might come under the rule of the fisherman's application on his mackerel barrel, one D. for damaged and D. D. for doubly damaged. These young clergymen were by no means defective in wit, humor, and fun, although Scotchmen that could look awfully sober and grave at the right time.

Dr. Finlay is now a very accomplished author, which no one of his mimickers ever became. Dr. Finlay was called to a congregation and was leaving Richmond, and a Rev. Mr. Lowry was applying for the place and submitted to an examination conducted by Rev. John Flood as superintendent. The Greek readings were in the Iliad which, when finished, was pronounced satisfactory by Mr. Flood, but might, perhaps, have been a little better rendered. Mr. Hinton always full of humor, could not lose so fair an opening, and requested Mr. Flood to give them the benefit of the finer interpretation of so beautiful a passage? This slip of Mr. Flood was unfortunate as his readings in the classics from his beginning late in life were not extensive. However, he tried it, making many periods and failing a little in trying to do justice to the translation. Dr. Finlay who had been a success in the school said, Robert Birch would translate it for them. He was the son of Sergeant Birch and was preparing to take orders in the Church of England. Robert walked up in a dashing, off-landed, manly style for a boy, took up the book read, translated or interpreted satisfactorily. Mr. Flood blushed red. Mr. Hinton declared himself well pleased with the translation. Hinton,

Finlay, Birch, and those present, enjoyed the scene, Lowry did not suffer but Bob was the hero.

Some time after this a good thing happened in the Presbytery of Perth which some of the survivors yet remember. A student was being examined for license and was told to read and translate the first page in the thirteenth book of Virgil. The candidate said he had not read the book. But a young domine said no matter he can read. So he read. Now translate. He began and ran down easily till about half way when he came to a dead stand. One Presbyterian rushed to his side to get him out of the slough but slid down the page with hesitancy till he reached the chasm. Another hurried to the rescue. Let me help, I am the best Latin scholar in the Presbytery. Here the poor candidate was sandwiched between these two great Latin scholars. The latter gentleman drew up at the same awful stand point. None seemed willing to imitate the noble Roman by leaping into or over the chasm. Can you furnish a supplement? said the G. T. The candidate took the hint, filled the hiatus and to the satisfaction of all finished the translation. The two learned gentlemen quietly resumed their seats well satisfied with the important aid they had rendered so timely. An aged minister hearing of this case said: It reminded him of a candidate on trial for ordination, who was cautiously admonished by an aged Scotch clergyman to be careful to translate his Hebrew correctly, for if you make mistakes or blunders there is no one here fit to correct you. Mr. Flood was an indefatigable worker though not always in harmony with his Bishop John, Toronto, who always ruled with a rod of iron and no slack hand.

The Bishop had issued a pastoral, in which he asked the Roman Catholics to unite with them in saving to them the clergy reserves, and offering them an equivalent when the Jesuits' estates would come up for legislation or adjudication. Was the profound Protestant silence maintained in Quebec when \$300,000 was legislated into the hands of the Jesuits, the *quid pro quo* in this case? A Liberal wrote strictures on the pastoral. Mr. Flood rushed to the rescue, to be reconciled to his bishop with the head of the Liberal who refused to surrender his head to the block. In his next letter Mr. Flood quoted Dr. Beggs. His friend examined the *Edinburgh Witness*, and found the quotation objections which Dr. Beggs demolished. This made hard against him but his friend after correcting his careless reading invited him to go on with the controversy, assuring him that while there was a shot in the locker he was welcome to a share of it. The thing proceeded no farther but the Bishop rewarded the attempt by a good promotion. The old "Admiral," his father-in-law, thanked the Liberal when they met as being the occasion, if not the cause of this clergyman's elevation.

Capt. Lyon, of Richmond was some time a parliamentarian. His family, largely boys, took to professions or mercantile life. They were all talented and William, who died a comparatively young man, was of the very highest type for honorable and manly conduct in every department of the business of life. We had reason to know that his friendship was very sincere, true and valuable. In his early demise the country sustained a very signal loss. G. B. Lyon, who added Fellows, long held the most distinguished place at the bar; and as a public man

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and M. P. We recollect laboring with might and main to prepare our lessons and gain time to hear him conduct cases at the court, admiring his eloquence and dignity of manner, even when his opponent, Mr. Harvey was most abusive. Robert was our school mate, talented, amiable and very obliging; was afterwards able at the bar, a representative man in the legislature and a judge. His early death left Miss Foster a young widow to mourn his great loss. Some of the younger brothers are in the medical profession, one married a Miss Rieley; another Miss Riley married Mr. Eaton, and after his death, Mr. Martin, who has greatly distinguished himself in the law and in the legislature of Manitoba as attorney-general of the Greenway government, and more at Ottawa as M. P. Capt Lewis ran a parliamentary career like his fellow-officers of Richmond.

One of his sons, John Bower, was a man of high standing in the city and very deservedly so—his first wife was sister of John Street, of March, and his second, a sister of Zak Wilson, now high in Her Majesty's customs. Both were worthy of their high position. Mr. Lewis died young, having filled the important offices of recorder, mayor and M. P. Robert Lewis, like so many, followed lumbering. One sister was Mrs. W. Lyon and then Mrs. Lauder, the other is Mrs. Chas. Pinhey, of this city. Edward Malloch followed his honest calling so carefully that he brought up his family, giving them a fine education; two of his sons sat on the bench, and the third Edward was merchant in Richmond in its best days. He married the then beautiful Miss Hill, afterwards gave up the store and sat in parliament for over 20 years. One daughter married Rev. Mr. Milne of Smith's Falls; another is Lady Grant. One son was our schoolmate, was called to the bar and died young; the other is a successful physician. Capt. Lett died young in Richmond, leaving a widow and two sons, Andrew and William Pittman. The widow married Dr. Stewart and had one daughter, tall and beautiful, who married Mr. McCracken, a successful lumberman.

Andrew Lett married the talented and handsome Miss Emily Hyde, of Huntley, and lived there a farmer. One of his fair girls is Mrs. Dr. Baird. W. P. Lett married the second daughter of Mr. Joseph Hinton, of Richmond, and was long and favorably known in this city, as talented editor, brilliant and witty poet, and in his latter years as city clerk. Mrs. Lett lost her life by a railway accident, very much missed by a large circle of friends. Mr. Joseph Hinton like Mr. Malloch was not a soldier but went into the storekeeping for years—a very kind, honorable man in business and in the affairs of the county, lived to a good old age, very highly esteemed by all who knew him. His son, the late Robert, was well known in his native village and Hintonburgh and the city. His first wife was a Miss Burrows, his second a Miss Hyde, daughter of Thomas Hyde and the beautiful Mary Somerville, and his third Victoria, daughter of the late Lyman Perkins. Mr. Hinton's eldest daughter married Mr. George Patterson, one of the earliest merchants of this city, and now considerable time dead. Mrs. Patterson is still in health and vigor. The youngest Miss Hinton married our much esteemed friend, Donald Grant, for years a very successful manager for the Hon. Thomas McKay in his large business. Mr. Grant was a warm hearted friend, liberal with his purse to good objects in

early life, and ended his days a chief of police, the duties of which he discharged very faithfully and pleasantly. Mrs. Grant is a lady of superior excellence, has been so as young lady, wife and mother. She has sustained her loss, if we must so say, like an ancient Roman matron and she cannot have happier days than we wish her and the prosperity of her sons after her.

We never had the pleasure of acquaintance with Sergt. Major Hill, Edward Malloch's father-in-law, but he was very highly spoken of as a good benevolent man, who was exceedingly kind to the early missionaries, who travelled the land on foot, through dense forests and dismal swamps, to supply the lack of services in those days and doubtless he has his reward. We never met Major Ormsby, but have had accounts of him as a magistrate performing marriages in early times; but sceptical as to their legality; for it is told of him that when a clergyman came from Perth to marry Miss Elizabeth Birch to Donald Mathieson, and Miss Jane Campbell to ex-Sergeant John Dunbar, he got his own marriage repeated, or as the Irish then said, clinched to make it safe. The clergyman was Rev. Mr. Harris, of Perth, son of the dean of Dublin, Ireland. Perth and Hull were the only places could boast of churches and settled clergy, Harris and Ainsley. Sergeant P. McElroy seems to have had some education, though he did not take to school teaching, but went into trading, or mercantile life, and his sons and generations follow to this day.

Captain Maxwell seems to have been the most devout man among them. He assembled the people on Sundays and read the services of the church, what Dr. Chalmers called the beautiful prayers of the Church of England. He did it well and was highly esteemed among his contemporaries. A little note is told at his expense though only arising from adventitious circumstances. One very cold morning the Captain was reading the lessons for the day from the Old Testament, he had come to, "Spake unto Moses saying," "Pat McElroy put a stick in the stove." This parenthesis in a soft under tone, the boys insisted must be in the original. The Captain was a good agriculturist, very fond of well bred stock. For years it was sufficient to commend an animal to a distant farmer, to state that it came from Capt Maxwell's herd or flock. Two or three years after the founding of the village, came an Episcopal gentleman from Athlone, Ireland. Thomas Sproule regarded as a very pious man and who stimulated the colony into erecting an Episcopal church; the first in a long distance on the south shore of the Ottawa river, except Perth which was about midway between it and the St. Lawrence. We once had the pleasure of spending a night with a portion of his family on a farm between Richmond and the long swamp. We had been at Richmond mill with a few bags of wheat, drawn on a "long-bodied cart" and returning with flour and bran, etc., it became dark. When we got a mile from the village, and in a grove a tree had fallen across the road and my lively horse leaped over it and broke my cart axle, so there was nothing for it but to undo the horse and find a lodging.

In a little time a light in a window attracted my attention and feeling my way to the gate, followed by the animal, the house was soon reached, the length of a good field from the road. A young gentleman

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came out, very attentively heard my short statement of disaster, at once took my horse to the stable, proposing to go with his lantern and put my bags into a safe place, which he did. He then introduced me to his family of mother and sister, a portion only of the family. Despite my remonstrances they persisted in serving up refreshments, which was done with very good taste. Afterwards a sister conducted family worship reading Isaiah, 32 chapter, in a sensible conversational becoming style and manner, making a running comment and offering an extemporary prayer. Whether it was because it was the first I had heard from the lips of a woman or whether it was the Christian spirit it breathed throughout, or the aid afforded by the Spirit from above, I was then too young to determine, but it made an indelible impression on my mind: 1. The pure words, the petitions for Christian growth in the minds of the converted of the family, and the pleadings for those who had not yet experienced the power of divine grace, were to me themes for reflection many a day after. That highly gifted Christian woman, led us that night in the homage, the dependent creature owes to the independent Sovereign Creator, from whom we receive all things and to whom we return nothing, but this fruit of our lips giving thanks to his name. 2. The luxury of our admission to converse with the Most High, the maker and possessor of heaven and earth. 3. The leverage given to our faith in the expectation, the assurance that the promises will be fulfilled to us in the use of the heaven appointed means. There was the humble confession of our guilt, helplessness and illdesert, and a magnifying of the infinite, pure, holy One, in whose presence we were bowed together. Then the aid of the Holy Spirit was invoked to help us. We were led to shelter ourselves under the man Christ, as an hiding place from the tempests of wrath we had incurred. Thanks were most sincerely given for the answers received and for other things substituted for what we asked, which were in divine wisdom more suitable to us. There was no limiting of the Most High and holy in the answer we expected; but an evident disposition to wait His wise time, to reply and to bless.

The young gentleman showed me to my room, where, grateful that I had found such a resting place, instead of sitting all night on my broken cart in the woods momentarily expecting to hear the growl of a prowler of the forest. After a sweet sleep in a nice bed and room, I was out by the dawn, cut a maple pole, and had my axletree made by breakfast. Young Mr. Sproule helped me to put it to the wheels and body, and we parted with greater gratitude than could be clothed in words of any language. One brother married Miss Hopper of the family well-known in Nepean, and kept store at March Corners for a time, then at old Stittsville, in the house built by Howard & Thompson, and occupied for a time by Mr. McKaskill, who had kept at Bell's Corners before the days of George Arnold. Another was deputy registrar in the county office in this city. The youngest remained, we think, on the farm. They were a highly respectable family. But meeting in my early teens with that kind people and that middle-aged lady of such gentle, majestic, Christian spirit; fifty years have not in their slow progress or volucritic swiftness been able to obliterate the impression from my mind.

If the Invisible Almighty Spirit can in a meeting, for a moment, in this beclouded world, create such feelings, in sin-stained souls, what shall be the divine delight when kindred redeemed spirits shall encompass that throne whereon the Man reigneth; who was here below, "an hiding place from the wind, a covert from the tempest, as rivers of waters in a dry place, and as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." Rev. John Flood was long the incumbent, a convert from Catholicism. Mr. Petit was his successor. He took rather a peculiar way of collecting his salary. He posted up printed bills of the names of the contributors and what they had paid during the year. It gave offence but he survived it. The Presbyterians built a little frame church but Mr. Glen did not remain very long and after being some time vacant they secured the Rev. David Evans who was many years their pastor. He supplied Huntley and Fitzroy as a part of his charge in connection with Richmond.

After him came Rev. P. Lindsay then Rev. Wm. White. Mr. McClelland, whose amiable wife was a Miss Bailey from Aylmer, was their pastor for some years. Fallowfield and the Jock above Richmond became the wings and under their present pastor are doing exceedingly well. They are made up of very intelligent, respectable families. They have a neat brick church at Fallowfield and a good frame church at the Jock. Many interesting stories are told of the long, tiresome travels of the early preachers through long, dark woods and deep, interminable swamps, the short sleeps and long fasts which were so kindly alleviated by Sergeant Hill, in whose hotel, they all, of every denomination, seemed to find a kindly home, pleasant faces and refreshments of the best provisions and in the richest abundance.

More than forty years ago a member of the Presbytery of Perth was sent several times to supply North Gower and took Richmond in the afternoon, occupying a school house in which Mr. Bryson, father of the dry goods merchant, taught the advanced classes. Though there was no intention to interfere with the rights of the kirk, then vacant, yet the Smiths, Browns and Jones were neither grateful nor satisfied, and gave no attendance at the altar. The Jock church is in the old Gordon settlement and is a well attended, flourishing congregation. The last preacher had Stittsville in connection, but it is supplied from the city by Rev. Mr. Danbey. The Methodist church has a long history in Richmond, and an extensive list of preachers, with very few of whom we have had the pleasure of acquaintance. The first Roman Catholic church was built about two years after the Episcopal. The first services were held by an ex-chaplain of the army, Mr. McDonnell, afterwards bishop of Kingston, but he seems to have been but a wayfaring man at Richmond. Father Heron appears to have been their first settled priest. We never met him but were well acquainted with his successor, Father Peter Smith from County Cavan, Ireland, who ruled there many years, and had both hands full on many a fair day held twice a year in the village. He was of gigantic stature, and when mounted on a splendid charger with a long whip, or even on foot, he was a terror to evil-doers.

We recollect Rev. Mr. Smart of Brockville, who was almost equal to the priest in length if not in pounds avordupois, being taken down to the Springs below the city by Edward Malloch in his carriage and introduced to Rev. Mr. Smith. Rev. T. Wardrope remarked that if they quat-

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relled Mr. Smith had the odds in his favor. Mr. Smith replied that they would not quarrel as Mr. Smart was in delicate health, but if he died while there he would give him extreme unction. Father Smith often charged through on horseback to the "Balligibelines" in Huntley and like young "Lord Lochinvar that came out of the west, of all the wide border his steed was the best."

He was succeeded by Father Cullen, and then we believe, our old schoolfellow, Father O'Connor. Sergeant Major Hill is said to have introduced the first cow into the new colony and to have brought hay from Burritt's Rapids, down the Rideau on the ice, and up the Goodwood to feed her, and in addition to supply plenty of brush from the tree tops for fattening purposes. Of course we do not question this, but one cow would not require much if they cut beaver hay and grew anything on the clearings. Great use was made of brush from tree tops and the level lands around were covered with elm, maple, oak and birch. The material was better by far than the same kinds in Ohio and Indiana, where, as the Buck Eyes say, it is "very brash." As clearings grew larger they raised abundance for feeding purposes. The U. E. Ls. set the example in most things and kept their cattle running loose in sheds, maintaining that there was less danger of freezing than tied up in feeding houses. This plan has been abandoned almost universally now, and the best farmers stall-feed.

Salted meat, especially pork from the west, was the order of the day. Beef killed in the fall, salted, sometimes kept frozen, was packed in wheat straw for use. But years passed before butchers became popular. Game was very abundant. Deer, bears, rabbits and hares were very plentiful, and were shot and trapped at will, and there were no closed seasons. Venison was sent round as people succeeded in shooting, and the benevolent principle was highly cultivated. Wild geese, and especially wild ducks in flocks, frequented the streams and lakes. But the most plentiful of all was the wild pigeon that came in spring, flying in clouds almost obscuring the sun. The woods were swarming with them all summer. Old muskets or shot guns as Americans say, were freely used and many were the victims. Partridges drummed in the vicinity of their brooding mates, often within hearing of one another. River, lake, stream and brook teamed with fishes—these remain but not in such numbers; but the winged creatures have almost wholly disappeared. For a quarter of a century hardly a wild pigeon has been seen in hundreds of miles. An odd duck or partridge turns up, and a rabbit or a mink very seldom, but otter, beaver and martin are scarcely ever caught. The fox and the skunk are with us, but the racoon is nowhere hereabouts now. There was no effort for years to keep pure the breeds of cattle or sheep. Mixtures of white-faced Herefords, and long-horned Devons with inferior breeds showing indications of the ancestry in a state of degradation, were the common flocks on farms everywhere. Sheep averaging 3 lb. a clip, have given place to some of 7 or 8 lb clips and twice the weight in flesh. Hogs were lengthy in limb and snout. Berkshires, Yorkshires, and Suffolks were yet in the future, but now very common. It is not to be wondered at if agriculture had not made much progress in a land of stumps with plowing difficult and stump extractors uninvented, and all implements in the most primitive state.

Mrs. Stewart of Beckwith was unequalled in the land as wife, mother, church member, benevolent Christian and good neighbor. She lived to a good old age a model of excellence, helping the needy, strengthening the feeble-minded, supporting weak Christians and young professors of religion, with a kind word and an open hand to everyone. The eldest daughter married her cousin, Neil Stewart, a worthy elder in the Beckwith church. The second daughter is the wife of Thomas Simpson, the third, who was Mrs. Dewar, died young; the fourth, Mrs. James Conn, who kept store long in Mr. Sumner's place, whose very enterprising sons since his early death, have built a fine stone store and dwelling house and do a large business; her daughter is now the widow of the late Dr. Potter, whose brother is one of the most eminent physicians and large-hearted, trustworthy men in the city, and whose immense practice accords well with the great range of his experience and ability.

The eldest son, Sandy Stewart, lives at White Lake and is in the cheese business. The second, Neil, was long and favorably known as farmer, owner of a small steam sawmill, and councillor and reeve of Goulbourn. His youngest son John, married Miss Kennedy, eldest daughter of Robert Kennedy, the pious-ruling, influential elder in Ashton, sound in the faith, enthusiastic in the temperance movement, and indefatigable in the works of faith and labors of love. Mrs. Kennedy was a McDiarmaid, a good woman; their family like that of Jacob's was thirteen; but unlike his in that they were twelve girls and one boy. The last died young, the girls married wisely, and are mothers of a numerous interesting offspring. The Episcopal church and the Methodist congregations at Ashton are not large or numerous, though of some time standing. The Presbyterian was an offshoot from Beckwith and had been ministered to in connection with that church since the disruption.

The writer was the first ordained minister who, after three pleasant years of labor, gave place to Mr. P. Gray, an excellent and worthy man, who after some years went to Kingston and after a successful ministry died there. Their next minister was Mr. McKinnon, for a number of years, then Mr. McAlister, son of Elder McAlister of Kingston. Their next minister died with them when very young. They have now Mr. George Bayne, brought up in Nepean. From a very small beginning, the congregation has grown to be self-sustaining with a large and beautiful stone church. Some of the first elders are succeeded by their sons in office. The growth has been steady not spasmodic and the future of the place may be considered as hopeful and prosperous. Appleton, a flourishing village on the Mississippi, has been associated with it for some years, with a good assembly of attentive hearers. James Wilson, near the centre of Goulbourn, was the first, like Mrs. Stewart, to plant and collect an orchard of any pretensions; but all seedlings of considerable value. They sold well at Kempt's fair and Richmond fair as well as elsewhere, the taste of the people being not yet vitiated by more luxuriant and luscious fruits.

We remember well, perhaps fifty years ago when sent to get horses shod by John Barber, a famous workman in his line, in James Wilson's employ, admiring the young flourishing orchard and the large number of beehives, as things were in that day and to be wondered at as sources of wealth, as well as pleasant and attractive. Not far from Wilson's, some

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of whose descendents we have met on the Gatineau, dwelt the Cathcart family, distantly allied to the heroic general who had both limbs shot off in the great battle in the Crimea and by his own request was lifted from his horse, and set on a piece of disabled cannon, that he might give commands while he lived. He was a descendant of the famous warrior in the days of the peerless Nelson of imperishable memory. These Cathcarts, too, had seen service at Lundy's Lane and elsewhere, and their enemies never discovered that they had backs.

They were unfortunate in worldly enterprise; fire and lightning doing much dire work of destruction to the amount of many thousands of dollars in buildings and stock, including a new steam saw mill—all very much regretted. Eastward on both sides of the Jock, you meet the Mackeys, Eadies, O'Grady's, Greens, Bennetts, Craigs, McBrides, Gambles, and further up the stream the Mortons and Shillingtons, ancestors of the doctor and druggists, and farmers near by and in the city. There is a post office at Hazeldean, with some workshops and a store. It may be called a village on the principle that Lever adopts the Irishman's village, "a blacksmith shop, a Sunday school, and a pound." Eagleson's Corners had some resemblance to a village twenty years ago; but it is a deserted village containing wooden ruins, and two residents, Mr. Eagleson and Mr. Scharf. The Goulbourn half of Ashton is better built and rather larger than Bell's Corners.

Goulbourn, in which Richmond is situated, was called after an English nobleman and contains about 55,000 acres, very much varied in quality of soil, not half of it fit for cultivation. The lighter soils would produce certain kinds of crops, but whilst land is plentiful, it is unlikely that time and labour will be spent on a quality of soil so unproductive. That part of this township on the north end called Hazeldean was settled very soon after Richmond, or contemporary with it and March and Huntley. William Hodgins, grandfather of the present M. P., was among the first. James Bell, who married the widow of Adjutant Adams, was very early planted on the hill beside Mr. Hodgins. The other brothers Hodgins went to Huntley and Fitzroy and lumbered. Abbot Lewis, blacksmith, had his house and shop on the highest hill-top on the north of Mr. Hodgins' His sons followed the same business, and were very ingenious mechanics. They went west. James Mulligan opposite J. Bell has followed careful farming. John Young purchased Bell's farm at a high price in the estimation of many but sold it much higher. George Morgan purchased higher still, but parted with it, as impossible to make it pay now in the altered times and prices current. Robert Young long occupied the beautiful farm on the hill, butting on the town line of March, where John Barber, blacksmith built a pretty white sandstone house. John Young's house had blue limestone corners and decorations, varying the white sandstone. John Culbert lived south of the north east branch of the Carp. Dr. Colar Church built a fine stone house east of R. Young, and south of that. Billy Bradley kept tavern, south of the Carp east of the 12th line. His sons, Joshua and Samuel occupied the same lands. William Kemp south of that, then John McCurdy and Jackson Stitt at old Stittsville. On the west side opposite the Bradleys and Kemp, Robert Grant got a large farm and kept store in our boyhood, as also William Hodgins. Mr. Grant had no

family by the first marriage, but four sons and two daughters by his second. His first wife was a Miss Powell, his second a Miss Hardie.

Mr. Hodgins had two sons, James, who died young, and John, the father of the M. P. for Carleton, and several daughters. One of these is the mother of the M. P. P. at present. Mr. Grant took great interest in municipal affairs, so also did his son Robert, who is married to Miss Sarah, third daughter of Mr. W. Gourlay of Huntley. Robert is a prosperous scientific farmer. John Grant is also a successful farmer south of Robert. The other two brothers, William and James are fine business men in hardware, corner of Bank and Sparks streets in the city. One Miss Grant became the wife of John Gourlay, Huntley, the other is Mrs. Templeton, Winnipeg, Man. South of John Grant, Charles Hartin on the old farm and mill site, son of David and Miss Malcomson, who is married to Miss Wilson, daughter of David Wilson of Huntley. On the Huntley side James and John Hartin had fine farms. James Stitt lived above the McGee chapel. This is replaced by a much larger brick building than the old white frame church of former days. The Bradley's and Mr. Kemp married daughters of George Clark of March. Above Old Stittsville Andrew Argue, Baker, and John Wright filled up to the pines. Wm. Cuthbert, farmer and local preacher, James Cherry and Joseph Magee lived near the chapel. James Walker and the Scharfs filled up from the town line of Nepean all the good land. W. Eagleson at the corner with a little store, with his vigorous wife, a Miss Shore, bid fair to get up, not only a business, but a village with blacksmith, shoemaker, carpenter, weaver, etc., but all the little wooden cottages are rotting without an inhabitant. Eagleson and Scharf were the only two there when we passed through some time ago, a deserted village, we are sorry to report.

Thomas Alexander who sold 200 to my father, James Arthur, Jacob Stuart and James Birch, occupied the oasis in the pine desert, south of Stittsville. Then Mr. Crawford and Mr. Ford with many brothers of the Simpsons, Cherry, the tanner, and a few others, fill up to Ashton. All on the west side of the township, from north to south, except Elder Davidson, are Irish, the Atlas to the contrary notwithstanding. Stittsville at the railroad station, is a thriving little place with three stores, a hotel, and several mechanic shops and tasty private dwellings. John Sumner, an Englishman, opened the first, and for a long time the only store in Ashton, then called Sumners' Corners. He had large potash works carried on, from which some have supposed the place took its present name. Donald McFarland kept the only tavern for many years in the place, a peaceable and quiet house. Neil Stewart, a son of John Stewart, of Beckwith, long time reeve of Goulbourn, was of highland descent; all the others were Irish by birth or lineage. When Sumner left for Carleton, James Conn took his place in store and post office. His wife was Janet Stewart, and his sons have built a great stone house for store and dwelling and have been the leading business men in the place ever since. The little stone church of the Presbyterians is replaced by a slightly looking edifice.

There is an Episcopal church there, the leading supporter of which, in its beginning, was Mr. Shore, whose wife was Miss Fanny Acres, of March. The Methodists are not numerous in the place. We are not

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aware that any other denomination has any people there now. From Sergeant Vaughans to the Jock is a fine settlement. The pretty little Presbyterian church there, is well filled with an intelligent, enquiring looking audience. The Shillington settlement extends towards the village of Richmond with the Mortons and others. The Brownlees, south and east of this trends towards North Gower. Mr. McFadden, an old soldier from Tyrone, who lived near Ashton, was about one hundred, and a Sergeant Steinzell close by lived to be nearly a hundred. Sumner had a little saw mill on the Jock at Ashton, but was not of long duration, and Mr. Neil Stewart built a small steam mill in its place but there was too little lumber to be much supply. Mr. Stewart was not long lived. His wife, Mrs. Stewart, was Miss Cram of Beckwith or Carleton Place, a sweet-tempered, pleasant and excellent woman, who died before him. They left a fine family. Mr. Shore carried on business in the waggon and carriage making. From Archie Campbell, who was one of the earliest blacksmiths down to the present, there has been a succession of workmen in every trade. Mr. Turner, who married a Miss Cram, sister of Mrs. Neil Stewart, built and followed his business here for years.

The Beckwith side of Ashton was occupied by the Clarks, Drummonds, McNabbs. The Presbyterian congregation was then composed of the hearers of Dr. Cooke of Belfast, Dr. McDonald of Ferintosh, the apostle of the Highlands. These spoke the gaelic and were among the warmest friends of the young minister. Others had been the hearers of Dr. Burns of Paisley, then of Toronto. Some others came from hearing men of far less celebrity; but fancy the notions produced by learning these things on his first visit around the little flock! He had been talking away to them as so many plain country farmers, that did not require any stilted language or scientific figures, or striking illustrations. He had told them his story from the open bible without a scrap of paper before him. They had forgotten the talents and the eloquence of the above old heroes and had given the kindest and closest attention. What was he to do now on his new discovery? The world of the past must answer. He must hold on his way ignoring the discoveries, except to stimulate to more careful study, a greater exertion to place eternal truth clearly and forcible before the minds of the audience. When the teacher was removed by the vote of the court, and the men, old and young, had remonstrated with their might against the change, but could not prevail to keep him, old men and full grown strong young men burst into tears. Among those still living who can attest this as true are, Dr. Wardrope and J. B. Duncan and Robert Kennedy elder, and Peter Campbell of Galetta. So much may be said for the soundness, kindness and goodness of the people of Ashton.

The south branch of the Carp river, one of the many tributaries of the Ottawa, rises in Goulbourn, in the lowlands above old Stittsville, a creek passing between it and the Canadian Pacific railroad, and winding through the farms of Messrs. Kemp, Hartin, Grant, etc., unites below the town line, in the first concession of March, with the north branch, which rises in Nepean, near the road, and runs westerly to the junction. It was in our early recollection a clear stream, all its length except an odd tree across it, which was used instead of a better bridge for cross.

ing on foot. Beavers, otters, minks, muskrats, were its aboriginal inhabitants. Our first voyage on its placid waters was in a log canoe with Wilham Acres, to inspect his traps placed under the grass drawn on the banks marking the landing of the muskrat, some of which he brought home. William Harper, then a boy, showed us the stumps and some dead poles with the marks where the beavers had bit them round with their teeth which then excited our boyish amazement, and still further when we heard that they drew these poles with their tails and dug clay and plastered the poles in the stream to make dams for their luxurious dwellings. The tail seemed to be a great and useful implement as well as the teeth.

The river now, for miles, resembles a long narrow lake grown full of tall coarse grasses. A dead sea. It is a government work for 25 miles to dredge it and prevent it being injurious as well as useless. Public and private roads suffer by it. The Hartin brothers had a saw mill on its south branch and cut as long as the timber lasted around it. They offered a site near the mill for a Presbyterian church and logs of white pine were sided and laid on the ground. David claimed (he was but a boy then) that as he was giving the ground and would have to saw a good deal of the lumber he should have the choice of a pew when built, which they all cordially agreed to, except Jacob Stewart, who made a funny objection "gee him the pulpit." The project was abandoned, The Methodists built a log church close by, which the facetious James Bell termed "Mud street chapel." It is yet standing. Rev. Mr. Horner held revivals in it on the mode of prostration. Crowds attended and trouble and litigation followed. The mode was not adopted and the services of this evangelist have been dispensed with. The Magee chapel, a neat little white church, further south, was erected, and beyond that, in a forest of giant maples, they had a camp ground at which we spent a week. We were often invited to lead their prayer meetings amid the greatest excitement we ever had to that time witnessed.

Whole families from far away, Clarendon and Hull, and many other places were there encamped in board huts, tents and sheds. Many preachers were there, and many sermons daily delivered to the vast, attentive audience. Prayer meetings followed the sermon and were greatly prolonged, some one leading till exhausted, his voice was lost in the responses and another started up to take his place. Often in evenings, continuing till midnight. Rev. Ben Nankieville presided and with a long tin horn summoned them from walk or conversation to attend the services. One night after eleven o'clock the preachers and other notables were very politely invited to take tea in the capacious tent of Brother McCurdy. Whilst doing great justice to the excellent, well-prepared refreshments, the doctrine of predestination was served up for discussion. Some one said the Presbyterians did not believe it themselves. Mr James Lowry referred them to me for a reply. We admitted the doctrine, but said it was very inconvenient to discuss it then and there. However, they were in the mood for it, after a fine supper moistened by old hyson. Questions were piled in upon the student from every quarter. W. Fitz B. Healey and James Stitt stood in the door, holding by the frame, to prevent their being hustled in and hundreds stood around. All admitted the doctrine of fore knowledge:

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We maintained that it was so intimately connected with fore appointment that they must stand or fall together on the ground; that we cannot possibly know that a thing exists if it does not really and certainly exist; that it is equally impossible to know that a thing will exist if its future existence is not fixed and certain.

Dr. A. Clarke has said that past, present and future are all present with the Deity. On this reasoning his present purposes are his past purposes, and what is right now to do or purpose could not be otherwise in past purpose or deed, and so for ever. That man acts willingly under the knowledge and purpose, as if there were not a providential rule that includes everything under it cannot be denied nor explained from our limited understandings, neither can we deny our own accountability. But said Mr. Nankieville, if a man is justified and sins afterward is he not unjustified? We were at a standstill for a moment but replied. He repents and is forgiven, and restored to favor, as David and others. Justification is not annulled or revoked. It is God that justifies and it must include the whole life. On that he took my hand. Let us get some fresh air? And off we went in the clear dawn of morning for a most pleasant walk and chat. He was reported to have had a number of his bones broken in coal pits in England in youth, but he was a sound Christian man. General Booth is contriving ways to bring together the working young people of London and elsewhere for acquaintance in order to marriage. In this light this camp-meeting must have been a great success, for we were told that about 60 marriages took place shortly after it broke up. The Township of Goulbourn was like some others very rich in lumber at the first. This made a market for produce, especially oats and hay, which were raised in the richest abundance on the fertile portions of the soil. These were disposed of at the doors where raised, or within a few miles.

But afterwards the farmers had to seek a market up the Ottawa, Madawaska, Bonnechere and elsewhere, and drive with teams in winter, requiring from one week to three weeks, for the go and return, but it paid them as the prices were good. That market is no more, as it diminishes yearly, and settlers near the limits can supply the demand. The farmer is now in the hands of a few millers, who prepare rolled oats or meal to be consumed at home, or if it pay, sent to Britain. The electric railroads in the streets diminish the demand for horses to be used. The distance to England, the style of horse required there, and the McKinley tariff have put farmers into such difficulties as now, not to raise 25 per cent of the colts they formerly did, and beef at \$4.00 per hundred will not pay 25 cents a day to a man the year round; and his board, working his own farm, and with hired help, will leave him slightly in debt. Wheat and oats at a cent a pound when crops are good, and 1½ cents, when half crops, and hay at \$8 a ton, make a striking contrast with the prices and demands of forty and fifty years ago. We are not saying that the former days were better than these, and we have no controversy with the modern philosophers, who, provided with good salaries, are booming the times, and the goodness and progress of the world, we are only stating things as they were, and are now, which is only truth in history to which we have bound ourselves and from which

we will not knowingly swerve to please friend or foe. Some old names have disappeared from the old farms altogether.

In other cases a father that owned 400 acres has left it to children and the farm now is one hundred acres to a man. In other cases the grandchildren are on the single hundred acres the grandfather drew from the Government. If it be said, so much the better; let them cultivate four times as much as was done in the past. Good, if they can. But those who know the lay of the country and the flat fine lands that have no fall of any extent for draining, and estimate how much it would cost to underdrain such farms and we ask what great use for any other kinds of drains will easily tell that the money for such underdrains must be borrowed and the lands put under lien for 20 or 30 years to pay it back. Without such an improved system of agriculture our lands in the level Valley of the Ottawa will not yield half their strength to the farmer and his wife with their 14 hours a day of toil and anxiety. We have what our ancestors had not. Ministers of agriculture and their well-manned departments; can they tell us anything about agriculture, except give us a few unreliable statistics? To our farmers this department is utterly useless but highly ornamental. They pay for it all in hard earned cash. The progress in labor-saving machinery in these 60 or 70 years has been very great indeed. They reaped with sickles and bound with their hands for 30 years, now the old scythe is no more except as a relic. Mower, rakes, tedder, loader, horse fork, are all improvements to be grateful for; so is the reaper, and much more the reaper and binder; but the cost of these to the farmer is at a fair estimate five times their value. Fifteen years ago \$300 for a reaper and binder, which with interest at 6 per cent., \$380, then the instrument is done.

If by foreign competition it is now \$120, that is \$60 too much, what reason or honesty is there in charging for a sewing machine \$80 in one country where it is made and protected, and \$25 in another country in competition? The castings of it are said to be worth \$7.50, now perhaps \$5. These men have become millionaires you say. So they would had they sold at the factory at \$25 and wealth would have been without robbery. At one stage of our recollection a man could buy a farm and pay for it out of his own labor on the farm. Can he do it now? A single horse top-buggy sold at \$225; at about ten years after, such vehicles were sent in long trains after one pair of horses, and two men, in number from ten to fifteen and sold at \$50, the principle difference being on the finish as they declared. We do not put in the plea that the manufacturers of 96' are more honest and reliable than those of 45' 55' or 65'. We simply chronicle their doings as a spectator.

The taxes collected the first year in one township amounted to fifteen dollars. The settlers from the Old Country were opposed to heavy taxation. And no wonder, as almost every month in the year there was an officer to collect for something in the land of their nativity. They decidedly opposed the expensive, cumbersome machinery by which it was raised. We very well remember some gentlemen had a method by which all that was necessary could be obtained with the greatest economy. But no, these men came late and the U. E. and the Captains who were J. P.s, had their methods and they contrived to follow them. Prejudice, customs of our fathers, our habits, all plead; then our stubborn-

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ness to prefer our own plans to all others, and so many willing to be led without thinking, and so many men worshippers, that could not turn from the objects of their devotion to reform anything. Arguments, the rest, are lost on multitudes—dollars take them. The old lady's argument against the education of her boy was to the point with so many: "Five shillings stands a man more steady than all the books that ere he read." These ignorant, purchasable wretches, are winked at because they belong to our party, or they count in voting for our party; perhaps encouraged by men that wish to be thought of as honest and honorable. These early reformers would have had experts from a distance, to make the assessment according to the native value of the land, wild or unimproved, and exclusive of buildings, stock, and all else, as these arise from the toil and industry of the laborer. This valuation to be permanent as the soil itself, as the matter once fairly adjusted would satisfy, and the expense of assessment be avoided for ever after.

If a farm or any lands became the site of towns or villages, the lots could be valued accordingly. But no man can point out the object to be gained by assessing a house and lot a thousand times in as many years, except to reduce taxes, which they never do unless to give employment to idlers at the expense of the honest. The treasurer could be elected for five years giving good security for his behaviour. Allot the time for each section of the county to pay, and let everyone pay, or be compelled to pay by the authority of the treasurer. There would then be no expense for collecting. How quiet, just and pure is such a plan compared with the millions of perjuries, and acts of dishonesty, perpetrated by a blind adherence to the barbarous plans of the dark ages? Is it pleasant that any party in church or state, should keep on the downhill course of degeneracy, dragging humanity through the slough, increasing the poverty as well as misery of the race, insensible to all advancement, only tending to discord, hatred and anarchy, rebellion and bloodshed? Are they reasoning or unreasoning people, who multiply offices to make retainers to pocket the people's money without giving an equivalent; multiplying idlers to live on the labor and toil of their fellows that a few may be enriched, and all patriotism and progress crushed out of humanity? Soils do not change in value, permanent houses change as little, why then disturb this estimate from year to year, except to keep to old customs? Some traditions of our fathers are good: such as industry, truthfulness, honesty; but from the days of Nimrod to our days, men have arisen to interrupt our peace, retard our industries, tax our powers of endurance, and embitter and shorten our lives; that they may ride into power and glory on our backs, as if we were so many beasts of burden, saddled and bridled for the purpose.

Boundless love is professed for our dear Mother-land, but only "in word and tongue," to catch votes and popularity. What do they love? Her rock-bound, sea-beaten coasts—her broad, fertile valleys and sunny hillsides, her daisies and primroses, her well selected, high-bred varieties of animals, her peace-loving, industrious, but manly and unconquerable people, their liberal policy by which they are increasing their commerce paying off their crushing national debt, diminishing pauperism every year, increasing their population and lessening crime, any or all these? They love Downing street because there they can be Knighted,

Baronnetted, Lorded, and how delightful is that operation, to a fellow that began his career as a cook or road cutter in a shanty, or a trapper in the rat catching fraternity of Hudson's Bay, or a herring or seal fisher on the Labrador coast? What will some men stick at if a throne is in view? The English must be a mightily deluded people, that can listen to these hollow sounds of loyalty from men who tax the labor of their artisans and mechanics ten to fifteen per cent. higher than that of a foreign nation, and grant them patents of nobility as a reward for their well-studied unfeigned hypocrisy. If the Sovereign herself attended to the elevation of these unprincipled creatures above the common herd; when she touched them with her little sword, or bound, on their politically gouty "lower extremity" the ribbon garter, she would hesitate to perform the ceremony, on cases, that if well-known, should be in fetters. Salisbury is good at these things and Beaconsfield at his last fall is said to have elevated only five hundred of these single timbers. Combinations easily subdue individuals. Often very worthy men are singled out for this elevation, but in nine cases out of ten it is the gentleman who has washed the soiled linen for the highly unprincipled leader.

If these lifts in society cannot be, but at the sacrifice of the many, they should cease. Will the time ever come when men will not be dazzled with such gorgeous shows, bowing the knees to such empty shadows? Of late years politicians have threatened us with that ferocious beast "direct taxation." Oh! gentleman what have we done or left undone, that you should indict upon the generations to come such immeasurable, incalculable, untold miseries—a yoke that could never be broken, never removed, but be crushing and galling to the last hour of the last man's life? Calamity of calamities!! They will think before involving us in such disaster. It would load our county treasurers without additional pay and compel us to look after the outlay of the money instead of our continuing indolence. Every one would find out what was to be raised and for what paid out. Our customs gentry pensioned, and dismissed, with every sentiment of respect, and the places sold. Thousands of offices demolished, and their overworked occupants retired on a yearly allowance. Then the degraded burners of kerosene would be compelled to pay seven cents a gallon retail, or discontinue its use, except in the short nights of summer. Lamentation and darkness would cover the west end of the peninsula, and the oilmen would commit that awful *felo de se*, which ought to be carefully avoided. What would become of our investments to make for men shoddy woollens, and costly cottons, when we are such imbeciles that we cannot compete with intelligent men of other countries. Then we would have to pay twenty-five or twenty per cent. of their present price for the goods, the other countries would hasten to deluge our slaughterfields with, they would so rejoice at our degradation and ruin so blue.

Foreigners would come and settle on our wild lands and we would be obliged to import Kruger and a number of his Boors to teach us how to hold the power of squeezing money out of them, keeping them *dis*—no *unfranchised* till we got the wealth and they got death. We would be unable to elect a clever politician, and the work of the clergy in that line would be killed. The government have too much regard for our happiness, to suffer our country to enter such a cycle of unmingled

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horrors, knowing that if they did, we would become so demented as never to re-elect them. Parliament is become so popular since the return of the one man power and the oversight taken of us by the hierarchy that those resident in the county of the Capital, who know these advantages are preparing for the sacrifice to the number of ten devotees for Carleton—Eight Conservatives, one opposition, and one temperance man. Our population has increased so unprecedentedly in the last eighteen years that we now reach almost five millions. There may be in these two and a half millions wage-earners, and the business of the country has been conducted for the moderate sum of thirty-eight millions annually. Our borrowings have been so little during eighteen years that they are well within two hundred millions, and our interest only a little over twelve millions, making in all only fifty millions a year to meet interest, and running expenses of the Government, for a country stretching from the wild Atlantic to the mild Pacific, and from the American lines to round the pole, and to the countries down below the pole on the other side except Alaska which the Yankees claim, but that they cannot detach from us, whilst we are a continent say what they will.

Now we can point you out fifty countries, not one of which would make a patch to ours, that cost far more to govern them. Supposing our estimates to be correct—it costs our wage-earners an average of only twenty dollars a year each to keep happy thousands of officers now in Her Majesty's customs; thousands of assessors, collectors and treasurers, and tens of thousands of hard-worked, under-paid employees, besides Uncle Thomas and Uncle Michal and a host of these book-burning oak-pocketing Frenchmen, cousins of our members, whose "ill-farred" names we cannot remember, and whose barbarous language no decent man should be asked to pronounce. Our guides have learned a lesson from Samson. The Philistines neglected him and his hair grew, and he gave them trouble; but they keep the country well-shaven for their safety. We give a bushel of wheat to thirty farmers that costs us five dollars worth of time to pick it off the stalks with our fingers, lest it should be injured by thrashing. We distribute peas in like manner that costs us a dollar a bushel to pick the black ones out and we enrich them with cleaner grain than they raise, or will take the same trouble with. It has been found very difficult to bring about the abolition of slavery in the most enlightened nations, whilst it remains a sacred principle in others to this day, and polygamy is on the increase among white men even in America. If these things be so ill to eradicate, the same holds with habits that might be remorselessly uprooted. We have known a goodly number of men, that have done much and made considerable of sacrifice for the improvement of this country. They have been the most maligned, misrepresented, hated and abused. When they have corrected these baseless falsehoods that have been repeated again and again, simply to injure when the fabricators and slanderers knew that no one believed them.

David said, all men are liars. Alas! the conduct of most men confirm and illustrate this truth, in their daily conversation. Oh! if the Opposition get in you might as well have the lowlands under water and the hills volcanoes. People are thinking that things can be no worse and that they will not be bettered without a change. Legislation has cost much, and is worth little, much of it being not constitutional. Our



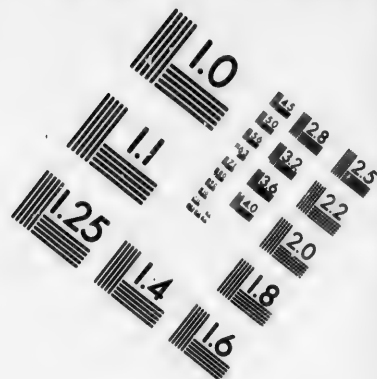
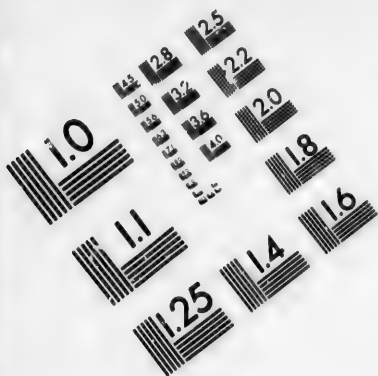
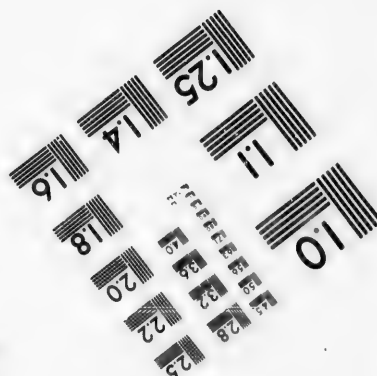
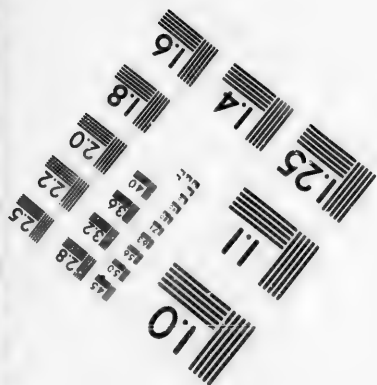
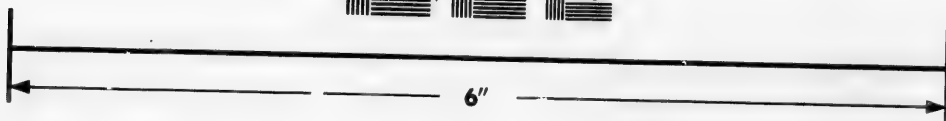
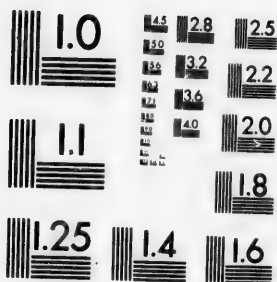


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protected manufacture's productions are costing much more than they are worth, and robbing the treasury, but furnishing some election funds for a government that they think deserves donations. Offices have been multiplied without stint or end. The hierarchy rule and domineer; their sermons do not contain the truth either about the decisions of the Privy Council, or the position of the friends in Manitoba. The leaders of the people cause them to err and they that are led by them are destroyed. The battle between church and state has been pretty well thrashed out in this country and any interference towards a return to such a union will wake up a power that the church cannot control, if the Vatican were even transferred to Quebec. Sir Charles and his bishops will soon secure the well-merited contempt they now labor for, as the heaven-inspired are not much in their favor.

Gloucester is said to have had a first white inhabitant in 1603, a Mr. Ferguson, on the Ottawa front, but he disappeared leaving no traces of his existence and no one has reported where he went. The first actual settler was Mr. Braddish Billings, a son of Dr. Billings, a U. E. L., who had been a surgeon in the revolutionary army and had settled at Brockville, 1792. Braddish, born in 1783, was nine years old when they came to this province, as the youth grew up he became like most of the early settlers fond of lumbering. Mr. Wright of Hull, had been in the business a few years and Mr. Billings, with a couple of men, took out staves for him, oak at that time being very plentiful on the banks of the rivers. The Rideau bank from the Isthmus was covered with the finest of timber, offering a field of enterprise unequalled in value. You might cut what you pleased and where you found it most convenient, as no fees were charged for any timber of any kind growing on the soil of the lands known as British North America. The beautiful banks of this river were terraced by nature and must have attracted attention even when in forest, to such a young man so eminently practical as Mr. Billings.

These slopes inclining to the west and south, showed early what they would become under the hands of the skilful and industrious, as they now appear in fertile fields and pleasant market gardens. Mr. Billings, with his men, built the first shanty against a rock where his fire could burn harmlessly all the long winter nights. His men were Yankees, Blakely, Moor, and Stowell. His supplies must have been brought from the St. Lawrence or from Hull but Mr. Wright supplied to some extent the new comers, but chiefly his own extensive business. The river was navigable from Burrill's Rapids to Hog's Back Rapids for floats, scows, canoes, and such crafts of which they made good use, as there were no roads cut or blazed. He brought a cow down the bank and they sailed a scow on the water tying the cow to a pole at night, the men spending the night sleeping on the scow. The scow got frozen in above Long Island, and had to be secured by poles and withes mooring it to the shore to save it in the breakup in spring. They had to carry down their provisions from where the scow was held in the ice to the shanty. The Billings were of old English descent. Braddish was born at Goslen, near Boston, Mass.

Mr. Charles Billings has traced his family name through his English ancestry, back to German counts, of the same name, as the old Guelphs

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of the middle ages. The German counts of the name were men of particular eminence and manly chivalry. Rev. Mr. Dudiet of Buckingham showed us parchments very aged proving his ancestors in Switzerland to have been men of highly honorable name and position. These documents of much value can bring no wealth to their owner in the present generation. Still there can be nothing degrading or dishonorable in the line of connection with such an elevated class of ancestors, be they ever so remote. In Germany, and the low countries, all the sons of counts held the same exalted rank. In other countries like England, the eldest son only inherits the title of the father. Count John of Nassau, brother of William of Orange, the Silent Prince, had six sons, patriots, heroes, every one sacrificed his life for his country's liberties in the wars with the Spaniards. Another young Count Nassau, a commander in the army of the patriots, fell mortally wounded and was made prisoner. When a priest was introduced he turned away his face on the bed. But through the humanity of the Spanish general, when his cousins were invited to see him, on the promise that they would be safe, he met them and exerted himself to entertain them and impress on them that he gloried in laying down his life for his country's cause.

When he expired they brought his remains from the Spanish camp, the grief of his fellow soldiers in the camp was great and some of them enquired how he bore himself in so great sufferings. They said he died like a Nassau. If Braddish Billings had the blood of counts flowing in his veins, his clear head was not disturbed with lofty pretensions above his circumstances, but like a man of sound judgment, a practical business man, he built the first dwelling, as he had made the first timber in the township, yet unsurveyed. Like a man of faith and sense too, he early began to provide for himself and his household. Patrick Hamilton and George Wishart, with ducal blood in their veins, would burn at the stake rather than dishonor themselves by sacrificing their convictions. Their destruction became the eternal disgrace, shame and ignominy of their enemies. The young lady that became the wife of Mr. Braddish Billings was Miss Lamira Dow. Her father lived near Merrickville, called his place Kilmarnock, showing his Scotch origin, although Americanized.

She was, say, 17 years old, when she married. Her birthplace was Cambridge, Washington county, New York. She had been an energetic teacher for some months, but she was told they had no money, and they would give her notes, but she must take wheat for her pay. She made up her accounts, took the notes in her pocket, walked thirty miles to Brockville, but the merchant would not cash them, nor give anything but goods, and that only when the wheat was delivered. She walked home, collected the wheat in due time, drove it to Brockville, received her store pay and returned in safety. After coming home with Mr. Billings, young and beautiful as she really was, she stepped lightly and gaily into the corn-field, and assisted her husband in pulling and husking their first crop of a four acre field. Their shanty was built against a rock, which served as the back of the chimney, against which the logs burned all night through the cold of winter. The shanty has disappeared long ago, but the rock with its dark brown face still remains visible. A thousand mothers might be cited to tell how well they worked during that age in garden, field and meadow. Would occasional mild exercises

of that kind injure the taper fingers and fair faces of their charming, grand-daughters? A little browning in the flower garden is pleasant and healthy. Ladies are not averse to labor, even continuous and difficult, provided it be in the lines that are customary and of high repute, and remunerative.

They make, they cherish the customs and fashions. They will drive teams, ride steeplechases, take hurdle high leaps, do things "infra dig" at times, and for which, they would blame Lord Rosebery. Mrs. Billings was no stranger to the canoe and paddle. Steam and electricity have nearly dispensed with the labor of man and beast, to say the least of it, in our labor-saving age. Billings tried to float in cribs from the Upper Rideau the lumber for his first farmhouse, which is yet standing in good shape. Seven dollars a month and board round was Miss Dow's salary as teacher. This style of boarding when houses of large size were only one room, was, or would be amusing to us in the present day. A young gentleman in Ohio, then an eloquent, distinguished lawyer, now an eminent judge, told us of his experience "going round with the scholars." The males retired with candle light, kicked off their pants in bed, the others extinguished the lights, retired without light in summer and by the fire-light in winter. In the rising the one party got into the tights under cover; the other sat up, clothed and alighted on the floor in full dress except the boots. But in spite of crowded circumstances and early inconveniences, the morals of those times were immeasurably higher than in our cities to-day. Miss Dow did not teach long, but she possessed the material out of which good wives are manufactured. Mr. Billings seemed to divine this and secured her in her teens.

Many a pine tree grew on the borders of streams, that twenty feet long of its thick end could have been sided down to between thirty-six and forty inches by twenty inches. This, when excavated or dug out, to say, one and a half or two inches of a shell, made a good canoe, not easily upset but safe. The bark canoe was very light, easily taken over rough places, but frail and easily broken up. On one of these sailing expeditions to Mr. Dow's and returning they collided with the canoe of Mr. Tiberius Wright, son of the old Squire, and father of Alonzo the M. P., and Mr. Billings' canoe was driven into the rapid so that it was out of his power to strike the beach, or land Mrs. Billings. Mr. Wright could render them no help, as they were carried down the swift dashing current. Mrs. Billings with her infant in her lap kept her seat as she paddled in the bow. Then as the water dashed into the canoe, she baled it out in the terrible emergency, as the little craft rolled and tossed in the foaming waves, among the huge rocks, that every moment threatened their destruction. It was a narrow escape, rescued from the jaws of grim death. Mr. Wright leaped ashore from his canoe, and rushed down the banks in consternation, lest by his foul, they should be engulfed among such swells and he was ready to aid when they struck the shore. She did not lose presence of mind nor faint till all was safe. Mr. Wright was profuse in his apologies as he felt so much in fault. We have not heard of any one since, red men or white, trying the experiment of such a run.

For several years Mr. Braddish Billings was monarch in Gloucester. Ira and Elkana, his brothers built in Nepean in 1813. Jonathan Marble Dow about the same time in Nepean got lands, and died of cholera in

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1832, the first year of that terrible plague. We found, on consulting Miss Sabra Billings, that she was the first girl born in Gloucester and her brother the first boy, that she was the young sailor on the rapids, in that canoe race. Looking at her fine face and majestic form with the corresponding vigor of thought and intellect, the ease and facility with which she conversed on so many topics, we questioned whether we had met any one in this region to match her since her time. Hale, healthy and pleasant, she is not fastidious, voluntarily telling you her age, and gaily chatting on the events of early times, and the changes so many years have witnessed. She has been a benevolent giver, and steady worker in the church, useful and ornamental in society. Leaving her pleasant dwelling on the hill side and reflecting on the interview, it seemed to us an unsolved mystery, that a lady of such aspect, parts, and endowments should remain to this day, without blessing a husband and his home, with affection, congeniality, womanly dignity, and sobermindedness befitting a countess or a duchess. We saw with her, a sister seemingly much younger, a retiring, but very pleasant looking lady. It was agreeable to drop in and renew old friendship after an absence of some years. Mr. Elkana Billings, the lawyer, we remember in our school days, as a gentleman of talent energy, and fond of the young science of geology, then coming into notoriety. He left Bytown, and went to Montreal, where he published a geological monthly magazine very highly spoken of among scholars. Some of the brothers are deceased. One is a strong farmer on part of the old lands. Mr. Charles Billings has also a fine farm but has been township clerk for years. We have seen his history of the family in M. S. or type-writing in which he traces his longline. He is a kind of thirty-third cousin of Queen Victoria but he missed an introduction to her when in London so recently, though he brought home a stone from the old "Derry walls away." He had a grand tour of England, Ireland, Scotland, and France, and describes to the life the many scenes, places and points of interest, embraced in his extensive tour.

We have been told on good authority, that a young gentleman asked Mr. Billings to give him permission to besiege the citadel of Sabra's affections, but whether the fortress was impregnable or not, she did not say, but said it would not suit, but she introduced him to one whom he married and the union was happy and productive of much good. If the history of the Billings' family were published it would be very readable and would throw much light on the history of their life and times in this young country of their adoption. The township lies in the corner of the county with Russell on the east, the Ottawa river on its north side, the Rideau on the west, and Osgoode on the south. For six or seven years Mr. Billings' neighbors were across the Rideau in Nepean and he was the solitary occupant, the monarch of the township. About the year 1819 Capt. Wilson of the navy, and Mr. Otterson came in, but they planted themselves southward on the right bank of the Rideau. The Capt. was a prominent, popular man, whose house was the resort of all travellers, especially those searching for farms and being well informed and very communicative, he did good service to these strangers in directing where to find suitable localities on which to settle.

Old Mr. Johnston, the father of that Johnston settlement was directed to where his location ticket pointed, and when he returned, told

the Captain he had a hard scrabble to find it, and the Capt. was so amused he called it "hard scrabble" to this day. Mr. and Mrs. O'Connor, the father and mother of the rich descendants of that name, made the Captain's their resting place, as weary and footsore, they carried their baggage on their backs from Kingston; and Mrs. O'Connor was so delighted with the jolly old Captain, and the place where she was so rested and refreshed, that she declared if ever they would be able they would buy the place, which they did afterwards, but sold it again. Contemporary with the O'Connors Capt. Smith came in 1821, and took lands north of the Billings estate. He, like Mr. Billings, took much interest in municipal affairs and the commission of the peace, at once a popular and useful man.

Gloucester contains 83,573 acres of land, and nearly all good. The McKenna, brothers, Irishmen, came in 1819, and whose offspring are still in the region. The Christian name Hugh seems to imply French connection or origin. But in the middle ages there were intermarriages between French, Scotch, Irish and English from peasants to peers and princes, that the name as well as many others came to be international. John Holden came the same year with a numerous family, and in possession of such help, took great contracts of clearing from Mr. Billings, thus making his the largest clearing in the township compared with which the others were little openings. Many of these first settlers lived to be very old people from whatever country they came. Several were drowned attempting to cross the ice in a dangerous state, in that rapid running Rideau; among others Mr. Holden when about eight years in the country. About 1822 the Holisters and the Carmans came and settled there. Bishop Carman the Episcopal Methodist clergyman was of this family, whose usefulness and energy is known in all the churches.

The survey of the township was made about 1820, which aided much in the settlements, as the lots could be identified, and the men knew where to improve and build. Cunningham, McFadden, Brush, Telford, and others, came in after the above names, and were encouraged another in clearing and raising such productions as they could use and sell to advantage. Mr. Thomas McKay of New Edinburgh, got a little mill on the place he afterwards built, so fine and so large a building, and began to grind for the people and to purchase wheat to meet the demand of the settlers. The lumbermen, however, were the best purchasers of flour, pork, hay and oats, and lumbering was the principal business of the country, that brought money in, and consumed the spare produce of the farmers. The Rideau river was not fordable in spring and fall, or at any high flood, and the current being swift was not inviting for canoes or any other crafts to ferry over. The people began to speak of the possibility of constructing a bridge. But the conversations, proposals and plans were many, before they could decide to get to work. At length the subscription was begun, every one contributing, according to his ability, and finally the bridge was built. First it was known as the farmer's bridge, as it was the voluntary subscription of the farmers furnished the funds to build it, then Billings' Bridge, the name it still enjoys.

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finance have been dens of thieves preparing men to corrupt one another, drag down to poverty the millions, and themselves and their abettors to perdition. But these men, with their consciences burned out, think there is no violation of the law of God in thieving from the nation because it is not an individual man. That they do these things under forms of law, and are sustained by one another, make the offence the more aggravated. Should they be able to keep their supporters duped and deluded to the end, and with the aid of the clergy, escape the judgments of men, yet there is a judge they cannot escape. Our indirect methods of raising revenue, and the covetous people that handle it, work up innumerable ways of wrong-doing, and from the vast inequality a few years make between one class and another, that many forms of immorality and sin present themselves, and rich extortioners, and thieves run great risks of assassination and robbery.

Sanctimonious hypocrites are in the church for wealth, power and greatness; the authors and abettors of crime in the state, a tariff so high as to stir unprincipled merchants to cheat in the revenue, and officers to take bribes, and for every dollar's worth we get in improvements we pay five. The two old Conservatives, Washington and Hamilton, established in the minds of the Congress of the United States, that by indirect tax they could raise ten for one by direct tax, the same old cry was echoed by a candidate the other night in Montreal, which everyone knows is false. He reads the Bishop's progress and catechism. What have our leading politicians done for their country between 1878 and 1896 but contrive to transfer our earnings, the fruit of our toil, into their own pockets, leaving us the poorer every year? Robin Hood and his merry men took from the rich on the highway and sometimes gave it to the needy, but our Hoods take it from the poor in imposts, and give it to the rich in companies and combines under the name of governing us. They first vote their own salaries, then those of the officers under them, then fix that of the employees, and we ask discriminating men, competent to judge, if the commonest employee in office is not able to live in as good a style as our best middle class farmers can?

Our history since 1878, shows that real estate has lost one third of its value. They are become so conscience-seared, that they can, unblushingly, defend the swindles in contracts, openly declaring they will repeat them if they can. The hopelessness of the case is, that the bribed, deluded, gerrymandered multitude keep them in office; endorse their outrageous, unrighteous, infernal frauds. Why is the cost of ruling us so immensely oppressive? We are not unruly people. The Government is always in the law courts, and ten to one, always losing cases that should not be in law, and millions wasted on lawyers that earn them nothing, but like the Irishman, "gain them loss." Two hundred and sixteen representatives, when forty would do better and more work. Most of these are lawyers who know how to ruin their clients, but never enrich them. But our strictures on such doings resemble the young nobleman who said, when asked to address an august assembly of the nobility, that it would be "casting pearls before swine."

Poisoning, assassination, revolution, must ever be the result of misrule, and who is to blame for it all? Does honest government provoke opposition? Under the great chief, years ago, Lord Raglan, Daniel

O'Connell, and others, such, did duty at the polls in Quebec and the supporters were elected. On the milk of our contractors, the Dominion "calves, sarks, knouts and bullocks" are raised, and we have a fine flock. What would the dead M. P.'s of sixty years ago say if they saw our present rulers in their golden chariots—Our hierarchial stretchers? The provoked execrations, of our sun-browned farmers, and their toiling wives, careworn and exhausted by fourteen hours daily labor to keep out of the work-house, and make ends meet, cannot but pursue a class of men, whose love of money renders them callous to every sentiment of humanity, invincible to honor, impervious to disgrace, swallowed up by covetousness in church and state. From such monstrous vampires of humanity, such land leeches, lovers of filthy lucre, good Lord deliver the people of this Dominion, and all peoples in like condition. Private companies take care of the outlay, and do not, if possible, follow a losing course. The bridge began to be built round the north side of the river and the community increased.

A school was begun in Mr Billings'. Miss Burritt taught in their house as a governess, but the children around were admitted till a proper schoolhouse could be erected. A post office was established, and a town hall, and little church followed. Mr. Collins next taught what they regarded as the first public school and was followed by Maitland and Colquhoun, and others in succession. Attendance was very limited for years. The Methodists built the first church towards the south of the township. It was hoped that a village would have grown up in time, but the business of the country was chiefly lumber and potash, and no inducement was held out for years from any source till M. K. Dickenson took hold of the Island where now there is a thriving village. Presbyterians met in goodly numbers in houses, as in Capt. Collins and others, where the young minister of Nepean officiated. The Moodies, Blairs, Findlays, Cuddies, Blyths, Dunlops, many of them were members in Nepean, ("The church at the Beaver"), at Hoppers and Nesbitts. The distinction between labor and capital was unknown. Some lumberers were able to supply themselves but most had to be furnished at a ruinous per centage, and as prices fluctuated greatly, it was not uncommon for the hewer to bring home as much money as his employer. Peace reigned between the parties. No strikes were ever thought of. Now, the least thing creates a strike, and such barbarous savages are we that no reasoning will prevail to make us submit to arbitration.

The settlements were formed by the U. E. L., always in the van, who saw, from their New England experience, a fortune in the intact forests, where they might cut and take away without let or hindrance. Good lands were discovered and possessed, and when surveyed, the titles secured. They easily discovered where the best lands lay in the wide fields of their limits, (if that name is applicable to unsurveyed lands), and they knew enough of a new country not to fear going farther into the forest to get the better situation. The new-comers from the old world had everything to learn about land-clearing and stock-raising and building and even fencing, and had to acclimatize. He as a tenant was not accustomed to command but to obey. In such cases, one naturally led, the other followed, voted with and for his leader. To these Americans, (Wankces, the others called them,) were added another element,

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in officers and men. The former with most of the Yankees were Justices of the Peace, a title that pleased them and gave them power and authority which were irresistible.

They had one policy, held all offices, and soon were known as "the family compact," holding the destinies of the multitudes which they had governed from the first beginning. Against their doings there was no appeal nor redress, not even by laying their petitions of grievances at the feet of the monarch, who was too far away and under other influences and other skies. This disastrous principle had produced two revolutions in England, terrible and bloody, dethroning two despotic kings and securing equal rights to some extent for the down-trodden. A third was precipitated in America, which lost to the empire thirteen colonies, nearly all it possessed. This created a schism in the Anglo-Saxon race, the healing of which, though most desirable, may not be possible for many generations. We have had several rebellions in these provinces caused by mulish stubbornness of the dominant party, detrimental to the peace, and disastrous to the prosperity of our people, and always ending in conceding more by compulsion than at first demanded, and if given with a good grace, would have cost less of blood and treasure, prevented so many heartburnings and alienations of feelings and affections, compacted and consolidated in a blessed oneness and cordiality of the whole community.

When a ruling party or cabinet sells itself into the hands of designing men, whether clerical or political, it may reckon on opposition. They may throw the red brickbats of "rebel" and "disloyal" in perfect showers, at the heads of Oliver Cromwell, William of Orange, and George Washington, but they cannot keep on the head of the little despot Charlie, nor save the little-minded James from exile, nor yet prevent the formation of a great rival, foreign nation, formed of their own kith and kin. When they have driven into banishment for a time, the men who dare to ask the rights refused their fellows and themselves, they are obliged to concede, though with a bad grace, these rights, and more, bring back the banished and reinstate them in their possessions, whilst their own reputations vanish into the obscurity of the rapparee and the assassin. How pleased would be the cabinet of the great stretcher to assign to prison and warder in Kingston, Laurier and McCarthy, as former cabinets did their compatriots, to Niagara and Brockville; but they may not be able.

The terms "disloyal" and "rebel" are often thrown at the heads of the most reputable and valuable men in the community but they are too harmless to injure except by returning in the faces of these pelters themselves as we have witnessed during the last twenty years. "Willie McDougal went to the nor'west and to the nor'west went he," says he to himself I'll feather my nest if the halfbreeds and I can agree." Colonies and Parliaments must cease to be the places, where needy, designing, knavish and greedy politicians may feather their nests. We ought to have some thing more independent than pensioners of the Bishops. We may as well abolish the parliaments, and let the Bishops rule, then we will have legislation as it ought to be, bills drawn up in language, clear and forcible, logical and consistent, models of literary beauty and excellence. The country would economise with no legislature to support on

the Governor-General would not have to "fellowship" and to swallow whole, such cabinet ministers.

We once asked a very talented gentleman, who had then spent a good part of a long useful life, why he had not entered parliament? His answer was peculiar: "that he would then have to shake hands with people he would not spit on." He was an aristocratic liberal. It took many years to make the roads even passable in Gloucester. One near the Rideau was only blazed and cleared of brush and poles. This led by Capt. Wilson's to Prescott through Kemptville, to travel with a jumper, or train on one horse, the other being more used by oxen. Some early bridges like at Cumming's Island were of slow construction where passengers had to go on the stringers and animals had to ford it. Some drowning cases are reported. From Capt. Wilsons they had to ferry across the stream and travel down the Nepean side to Bytown, but the other road was blazed and could be used as better in winter than in summer to Billings' Bridge, but from there to New Edinburgh was stony, muddy, crooked, and narrow and not much to speak of for many years. That to Green's Creek was little better for years after Clement Bradley and Benjamin Rathwell, Robert Skead, and others, got lands on it. The road to Hawthorne, East Gloucester, and settlements round the Mer Blue was pushed, and the lands occupied between 1828 and 1836.

What is called Juneville, was started by Sergeant Templeton, George Sparks, and others. About 1833 Baily, Hill, Little, Low, Savage, and others, settled along the Russell road. Some of these little places have several names as, Ramsay's Corners, Taylorville. From 28 to 37, Mr. Gregor Stewart and Sergeant Johnston settled along here. Billings' Bridge became a stirring place, as we approach the middle of this century. Churches, schools, Town Hall, mechanics shops, stores and business places were constructed whilst an impulse was given to business in general. Mr. Hugh Masson about the same time began to make his iron and steam ploughs, and perform many other operations in the business with marked success and acceptance to the public. Latterly he has taken to private banking on a nice little paying scale. He is a respected citizen, a good neighbor, a genial, pleasant gentleman. His wife is a daughter of Mr. Alexander Kennedy. Her mother was a Miss McDiamid of Lanark Co., near Carleton Place. They had a numerous family of fine looking daughters and some sons. The eldest son, a superior young man, died of lockjaw. He had cut his foot and the wound had healed and seemed all right. He had come with several of his sisters to Aylmer, rendering us a real kindness in a service of song at a church festival. They had fine voices, cultivated them well, and never failed to do justice to the piece, and delight the audience. The value of that service was much enhanced by the good will with which it was rendered. A few days after this, unfavorable symptoms appeared. The skill of the physician was exhausted and was utterly unavailing. With great sorrow, we, among his other many friends, witnessed his extreme, excruciating agonies, which he endured with fortitude, meekness and patience, and the end was perfect peace.

One of his sisters married John Anderson, a cabinet maker, then afterwards a Presbyterian minister of undoubted piety. One married Mr. McMillan, long an efficient assistant to that very able teacher, Dr.

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Thorburn, and now principal of the Collegiate Institute, which the Dr. held for about twenty years. Both very acceptable and successful head masters. Another married Mr. McIntosh, a grammar school teacher, now an active insurance agent. Another married Mr. Dalglish, merchant. She died young. Another wedded Mr. Dewar, and went to the Sarnia region. One, we thought the finest, is unmarried. The younger brothers are bachelors. Three brothers of the Kennedys were elders in the church, devout men. Mrs. Robert Kennedy, a fine woman, good and true, was sister of Mrs. Alexander Kennedy, and Mrs. Donald Kennedy was Miss Buckham of Torbolton. Robert, the survivor, is now far advanced in years and has always borne a character eminently Christian. Mr. Bartram, of Her Majesty's Customs, resides on this side the bridge beside the store opposite the hotel. The buildings are good. The Presbyterian church is not pretentious, but like what should be rather than the showy things, the age delights in. It was a chapel of ease to Knox church and was usually supplied by the wealthy city ministers, who took the fees these afternoons for the services rendered.

It has been recently settled as a charge under Mr. Morrison. From peculiar circumstances it was not subjected to the hard nursing, as were other places in the suburbs, that had to fight their way to every position they gained. Poor policy on the part of the clergy. The more church organizations in a city the better. No salary of a city minister should be allowed above two thousand dollars a year, and no country minister's salary below one thousand. With free manse this would be sufficient. The church should not permit the display of human pride usually made in the huge, useless church buildings which stand as monuments, evidencing the neglect of human souls, and encouraging the disposition and the Christlessness of wealthy ministers of religion. Has the church broken loose from her moorings to gorge one minister and compel ten others to put up with an equal sum among them all? Or is he worth the ten doing the work of the ten? The large loaf and the big fish arguments have a powerful influence against church growth. The grand impulse given by the Free church movement is followed by an age of moderatism and a breaking loose from the truths of pure religion, pleasure taking the place of spiritual devotion. These things ought not so to be.

A very loud and bitter cry was raised against patronage. Doubtless there was a cause. To fast and tithe may be faultless, but you need not boast of it in your prayer, but should the clergy enjoin this and compel payment by law, it is a curse. Were patronage necessary, which we deny, it would be safer in the hands of an honorable layman, than in those of a Bishop, or two or three domineering, despotic Presbyters. Is the ecclesiastic, who clandestinely calumniates you, destroying your influence and livelihood, any better than the highwayman who demands your purse? These men, powerful by wealth and cunning, rule among others who are only cyphers to be placed where they please. How often is the wicked justified and the just condemned? What stories of blood, the history of the nations present in the murder of their best patriot citizens! It is one thing to place a minister at the point of the bayonet, and another to deprive him of his just rights through an unjustifiable partiality. Inuendoes, misrepresentations, calumnies, and

raising little storms of prejudice accomplish their low designs, like the honest Quaker with the objectionable dog. "Dog," said he, "I will not kill thee, only give thee a bad name." So he cried in the street, bad dog! bad dog! The crowd took up the cry as mad dog! mad dog! and the chase soon waxed warm and the dog lost his life. With what seeming devotion these men pray for what they have before determined not to receive?

A false report may be circulated privately, and the party injured may not know of it for years till it is past remedy. We heard of a case of a devoted missionary whom we know well as a man far superior to his detractors, but a false report was got up against him by his enemies, the men sent to investigate took the report of these fabricators, which, when the missionary heard, he took it so to heart that in a moment of weakness he left the place, and sickened, and died among strangers in a strange land. Poor human nature is the same through the ages. The priests of the temple with the scribes and Pharisees, wearing all the insignia of righteousness so far as the linen and muslin would show, were not only capable of, but actually did condemn the Eternal Son of God. They have their congeners, alas, in the camp of the reformation. True, the authors of these monstrosities receive their reward but the down-trodden sufferer has to wait till the resurrection of the just perhaps, before he is righted. Where men receive not the love of the truth, strong delusions possess them. Under these delusions they will employ ignorant young laymen to preach to the disgust of congregations that have not the courage to refuse their pulpit, and the cause suffers. Students are over-worked in their college course giving supplies, and often come out without qualifications for the work and the church licenses, and ordains young men who cannot answer the simplest questions in ecclesiastical history and divinity. We observe that young candidates read their Greek and Hebrew with too many periods, and translate with too much of the sing-song hesitation to be able long to sustain a congregation.

Mr. Billings, a very intellectual and practical man, having early secured plenty of land, such of his sons as preferred farming were located conveniently near each other, round the Bridge, along the river bank, and on the beautiful slopes so much like terraces formed by nature for the most desirable and eligible sights as residences. Others of his sons, as we have seen, went into professions. None of them at present occupy the immediate site of the village but their lands stretch out on the east of it. The farms are the finest lands, highly cultivated, furnishing milk from their fine stock, and vegetables from the fields, for city use at once enriching their farms and furnishing the best prices at the most seasonable times for every kind of production. These farms are extensive gardens in which they raise every vegetable and fruit that can be profitably disposed of in the growing city near them. The city is a steadily enlarging market and the supply is furnished all around, the area extending annually, larger and wider things being conveyed from a distance that some time ago would have been thought improbable or impossible to accomplish. The demand and supply seem to keep pace with each other, as closely connected as cause and effect, which is natural, pleasant, useful and beautiful.

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From Billings' Bridge people had for a long time, to travel the road to hard scramble up the river side, because of a swamp deep and wet lying east and south of the Bridge. They travelled round the swamp to the Johnston neighborhood turning south-east and north-east to reach the Siveright and Fenton settlements, leaving Browns, Gambles, Duncans, and a multitude of others to the right and the southward. Further south still a vast settlement was formed, when the workmen left the employ of the contractors on the canal. They built a chapel for their accommodation in the centre of the new settlement, which is a thriving farming district. After some years, the above-named swamp was cut through but only for a winter road, and was waded in summer between ankle and knee deep till it was made a passable road all the year round. It became a more direct way to Osgoode and to the St. Lawrence, or as it was called the front at that time.

Mrs. Fenton, a widow, came in 1823 to Gloucester with a numerous family of sons and daughters. James, the eldest son, married the widow Jury, who was herself a Hodgins. William, the second son, married Miss Siveright. Mr. Siveright in our early recollections, was a very old man, whose son James succeeded him on the farm and was Reeve of Gloucester for some years. One of Mr. William Fenton's sons married Sarah, second daughter of Mr. Thomas Symmes of Aylmer, whose family is mentioned above. They are now in the Northwest. Mrs. George Fenton was the prettiest and most energetic of the very numerous family of Mr. Forest Caldwell of Huntley. They have also a numerous family doing business in many parts of the country around them. John, a considerable time a bachelor, married a sister of Mr. William Cuthbert of Goulbourn, and was long clerk of the court in Huntley, a true, kind and obliging gentleman. Johnston, the youngest, was married to Miss Newton, niece of the Thompsons on the Richmond Road, and sister to Dr. Newton, whose mother was killed by falling out of an omnibus at Carillon. They had no family. Mr. J. Fenton was Reeve of Huntley. He procured me my first appointment as local superintendent of schools. He was a friendly man, talented, and possessed fine business capacities. One of Mr. Fenton's daughters is Mrs. Fred Bearman. James Bearman, her eldest son, lives in the old homestead. Mrs. Bearman was well advanced in years, before her decease. Two of her sons, Fred and Thomas, are dead. Another son is in Western Ontario. One Miss Bearman is married to Mr. Watson of Sandy Hill. One is Mrs. Bryson of Bryson & Graham. Mr. Graham's mother, Mrs. William Graham, is the granddaughter of Mrs. Fenton. A Miss McCullough, Mrs. Graham's sister, was Mrs. George Arnold, a good woman, highly valued by all who knew her. Mrs. Arnold's family of two sons and a daughter reside in the city. Mr. T. G. Burns married a daughter of Mrs. Fenton. They were long and favorably known as residents of Sandy Hill, Ottawa, when few houses were there.

It was a pretty green common. Mr. Alexander Workman, merchant, and Mr. George Lang, the great old sign painter, sandwiched them on the street and Mr. Elkanah Billings. Mr. Justice Armstrong and Mr. Joseph Coombs, having given up drugs in Osgoode, came to be jailer, were the neighbors. We had not yet got a governor of prisons. Mr. John Burns, son of T. G. Burns, is in the civil service, deserving a high

position for his good qualities, both of head and heart. The original pioneer, the grandfather of the present generation of Bearmans, and his pious old lady were a little inclined to Quakerism, and were very much esteemed. Mrs. Fenton was a pious promoter of religion, took great interest in the first Methodist church built in that portion of Gloucester, whilst she lived with her son William. The pretty church on their land sprang up and flourished from this beginning. One of Mrs. Fenton's grand-daughters, Miss Burns, was married to Mr. Hugh Stalker. The other became the wife of Rev. Loverin, a Methodist clergyman, who often called at our old home, and with whom we had very pleasant associations in former days. Rev. Mr. McGill, a friend and colleague of ours in Aylmer, married a Miss Fenton. A Scotch friend of ours, a widower, whose wife left him eight girls, married the widow of a sea captain, who had seven girls, to whom, when we said, it was a pity he had not some sons, remarked, that he would be able to furnish wives for a whole country side. So did Mrs. Fenton. The Fentons now are numerous, and enterprising, with the multitude of their connections. Mr. Siveright had a second son who entered the army and rose pretty rapidly in the service. He became Equerry and private secretary, holding the rank of major, to the Duke of Lucca, a Spanish Bourbon prince, who held him in high esteem, and, ere he quitted his service, conferred on him a patent of nobility, creating him, Baron d'Everton in perpetuity and transferable to his heirs.

He then returned to the British service and was knighted by his Sovereign, while Consul-General of the Ionian Islands, under the protection of Great Britain at Cephalonia and Corfu, where he spent several years. In 1871, he married Georgina Mary, eldest daughter of Sir John Muir McKenzie, Bart. The Baroness died a short time before him. His death took place on the 9th day of October, 1884. Both sleep in a beautiful spot among the lonely tropical trees in the Island of Corfu, in that far distant land. As neither brother left any heirs, the title and honors go to the eldest son of their sister, Mrs. William Fenton. Her son will be known as Baron Fenton d'Everton, and rank among the nobility. Sebright was the original name in English, but it was corrupted in the Gaelic, and they had to sign important documents in both forms of orthography. These facts we state on the authority of the copy, a certified translation of the patent of nobility, kindly lent us by the widow Mrs. James Siveright. She also showed us the photographs and lithographs of the graves and monuments in the cemetery in Corfu. The Siveright Fenton settlement is one of the most beautiful in the township. The lands are of the richest soils and capable of under-draining to the best advantage. 83,000 acres in round numbers the township contains besides the "Mer Blue" which, with a good deal more land under water in other parts of the township, could all, with some outlay, and a careful management be made to smile with fertility and productiveness.

There was a great number of Justices of the Peace in Gloucester at an early day, of whom, when they met in commission, Mr. Braddish Billings, the original settler, was chairman. Mr. Doxy was clerk till 1855, since that up to date, Mr. Charles Billings has held the office. From the beginning of the county councils and township councils, the following names have figured as Reeves: McKinnon, Billings, Tomkins, Grant,

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Brown, Blackburn, Siveright, McGuire, Cummings, Robillard, Hurdman; whilst Bradleys, Smiths, Browns, Johnstons, Gambles and a host of others like Doxys, Ottersons, Carmans, have held offices in the various departments. Several fine macadamized roads radiate from the environs of the city and run to Cumberland, Osgoode, and the interior, eastward. Some attention in some places is given to ornamental trees on the sides of the highways, and some large orchards are visible on these roads, with many small orchards or gardens of apple trees. Many farms are large and well cultivated and fenced, with some fine buildings, and many others servicable and convenient with moderate outlay. The cemetery in the north of Gloucester is the beautiful cemetery of Beechwood, a little way from the Ottawa bank. This is finely, tastily laid out for a place comparatively young. The forest is preserved as far as possible, and walks superbly graded, and smooth. Wheelmen might there break the record to their hearts content with impunity.

About the year 1834, Mr. Charles Cummings bought land on the Russell Road, and settled down for a short time, but after looking around and examining, he bought the squatter's claim from John Scott, about the year 1836, and called the place Cummings Island. At that time such a claim was called the good will. The Island is crossed by Rideau street, which turns up stream at the bank and here the bank is high and steep. A fine iron bridge now spans across from each bank to the Island which divides the river into equal streams. The road leading eastward to Cumberland has long been known as the King's Road and the Montreal Road. It had been cut out in the reign of Queen Victoria's male predecessors on her throne, and as it led toward Montreal to Hawkesbury, it got the name from the most important place. The original bridging of the river was only abutments at first with stringers laid on them, and for years uncovered by log or plank. People generally walked on the stringers but the horses had to ford the stream. They were not near so high above the water as now. But the unbroken forest kept up the streams and rivers all summer. The volume of water was much larger than now. With a current running so swiftly from such a deep volume of water, it was no easy thing for women to pass on flatted stringers, nor even for men. They required to be sober-minded or "level-headed."

One man, Peter Kinmond by name, attempting to cross, fell off and was drowned before the eyes of his wife, who was powerless to help him in the least. She was a daughter of John Sharpe, sister of William Sharpe, afterwards a fine workman as a stonemason. The east corner with the pointed Gothic arched windows of the Presbyterian church in Aylmer is a standing monument of his superior skill and workmanship. He did very honest jobs in his day. He was a straightforward, upright man. A road from what is now the village of New Edinburgh ran past Beechwood Cemetery and formed a junction with the Montreal Road. From Long Island to New Edinburgh the settlement was formed on the east of the Rideau radiating from Mr. Braddish Billings, the first of all the settlers. The belt for miles back to Green's Creek and far beyond it was covered with the finest timbers, and very soon became a vast lumbering region before men thought of surveying and bounding limits or any duties were paid to Government for the privilege of cutting such forests. Quebec was thus supplied with the most merchantable timber

ever floated to its markets. All manner of supplies were drawn by oxen on jumpers. They also drew the lumber to the ice to be rafted, or to the banks if the current was rapid to be rolled in and rafted in calm water. They were the most valuable of the brute creatures for labor on the farm, in summer living in the woods at night, and in winter fed on hay from the beaver meadows, corn stalks, sheaf oats, and summer turnips; with yoke chain and crotch, could lay many pieces a day on the river. If fatally injured by accident, whether the bone broken was the leg or the neck, the flesh was good to be eaten and the skin could be dressed and worn for moccasins. The horns could summon to the savoury meal, or chase away the yelping pack from pursuing the startled elk. The road at first down the Rideau bank to the Ottawa was anything but a straight line. However, by improvement from year to year, it has become a beautiful drive, an excellent country road.

Before we leave the Island, Mr. Robert Cummings, the eldest son, and proprietor of the place deserves at least a brief notice. He has been popular since his boyhood, has filled every place of note in his township and county, except a seat in Parliament, for which he is eligible, and to which he would do no dishonor. We are not much acquainted with Mr. Cummings and know not his views, but if he is of our mind, the seat should be wiped and well dusted before he would occupy it, as so many have been soiled of late years by disreputables. The air is surcharged with microbes from Curran and other bridges, mammoth swindles on railroads, canal locks, and contracts in every department, and boodle in every form, that the diseases of lying, perjury, dishonesty, are caught easily and soon become fatal; baffling all medical skill, and more than decimating the community. But death never catches these fellows unawares. They have provided well for their own. That Mr. Cummings knows his own business and attends to it, his establishment manifestly indicates. He still continues to manufacture carriages, waggon, sleighs and cutters, though the business is not so lucrative as in former times. Combinations with large capital have pushed individuals into the background. Still he is doing a good, legitimate business. His store is deservedly well patronized, and doing splendidly for a locality so near a large city, with so much competition. He has no protection, no bonus, has asked no exemption from taxation in his municipality. Why is the attention of bonusing parties not called to such cases? To bonus one is to put down another, and to bonus all of the same craft is to destroy the taxpayer. One such bonus only prepares the receiver to seek another and a third, for the lover of wealth is never satisfied.

He will rush from place to place as he hopes to get gain. If an M. P. so much the worse for his competitors. His influence will secure the more, and he has neither heart nor soul but that of a miser, who would swallow whole provinces and be still as lean as the lean kine or the blasted ears. He will start a factory everywhere he gets a bonus and make the carts here turn out the wheelbarrows there, and the bobsleds in a third, or become insolvent, a thing so easily done and so profitable. Will this immorality not bring any land to ruin?—They bone us. Is it not reasonable that every man should have a fair right to the fruit of his labor, that he should not be compelled to support the combinations of the most grasping and dishonest, that the competition should be on a fair

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footing so that the best results of brain and muscle should be rewarded. The bonus enables men to hold for higher rates, and extort with impunity. Extortioners shall not inherit the Kingdom of God. Perhaps they do not care for that but prefer their position in this life. Mountains of lead are lighter than the responsibilities that rest on the rulers that grant the bonus and encourage the fraud. Might is discarded from being considered right, but, these quiet steals from the many to give to the few are samples of that old barbarous principle, and worse, for no chance is given to hold one's own without violation of law, which they are very quick to punish. How strange that a million of people who have votes, should so abuse their privileges I should allow such oppression and share the crime!! Consumers should boycott the bonused swindlers.

Mr. Robert Cummings was Reeve of Gloucester for years and sometimes warden of the county. Mrs. Cummings is a granddaughter of Mrs. Templeton, one of the earliest settlers in the township, and daughter of Mr. Borthwick of Borthwick Ridge and Borthwick Springs. Their children are very intelligent and enterprising, and, as an old chronicler would say of them, are of a beautiful countenance. The Island is small, less than an acre, but in appearance it is simply lovely, with the soft murmur of the waters flowing round the sides of it, the bridge spanning from shore to shore, at the base of the Sandy Hill, high and sloping on the west, fit to be terraced into the greatest beauty; to the eastward, Janesville, and the well cultivated valley of smiling farms and fine buildings; and southward extending as far as the eye can see, an agricultural prospect not excelled anywhere; on the north the Ottawa river, the valleys of Templeton and Hull on both sides of the Gatineau, stretching up to the mountains, an amphitheatre in full view, that at certain seasons of the year is an enchanting scene of landscape. The road was early cut from Janesville to Green's Creek. On this roadside lived a Mr. W. Hopkins, the only carpenter in all that region for many years. He left a numerous nice family. An old Scotch minister introducing a sermon he preached at the funeral of an elder, said, he never had had the pleasure of preaching at the funeral of an elder before. Mr. Hopkins had the pleasure of making all the coffins to hide away the dead from the sight of the living. These were at first, plain boards painted black. Then they covered them with alpaca, before more stylish vain things were introduced. Deaths were few among the early, hardy pioneers, except by drowning or killed in a chopping or the like.

Mr. Farrel furnished the boards cut at the Rideau Falls, before the Hon. Thomas McKay purchased these Falls with so much surrounding lands, and the boards were of the very first quality of lumber, worth then \$6 or \$7, or in the hands of some, as high as \$8 a thousand, the latter then considered rather high for honesty. But a couple of men in the woods and a teamster with a yoke of oxen and a crotch, could keep a little mill sawing, and the raw material cost nothing but the bringing to the mill door. Prices, of course, must be advanced, as the preparation costs more, but we cannot see a sufficient reason for the very high prices, excepting to make the fortunes that are made in the business. We also maintain that the people who amass these fortunes would be happier with the half or the fourth, whilst the purchasers would be in a little better circumstances and be able to use the more, consequently to contribute

the more to the wealth of the merchant. The immense credit business under which the people groan is ruinous, because every bad debt has to be met by the honest men who pay one hundred cents to the dollar. Whereas, if the credit was stopped people could get the cash to transact business with as readily as, pay and take on anew, and be always one or more years behind. On this honest plan twenty-five per cent. would be saved at the fountain of supply, and making allowance for the middlemen, the last purchaser would net twenty per cent. on his annual outlay. On this economical principle, and economy is no disgrace, twenty years would show much money saved.

Between Cumming's Island and Green's Creek, the fine lands soon became settled and occupied. Clement Bradley, son of Capt. Bradley of March, became a permanent resident and farmer. One of his daughters was Mrs. Snow, whose husband was a P. L. S., and lived on the Hull road, about the spot where Mr. Rolland, the tanner, formerly lived. They raised a large family, most of whom are well known in the city. Mr. Bradley was a man of good repute all his life. Mr. Carson was a neighbor with a large fine family. The same may be said of Mr. George Lang, Thompson, McKegg, and Spears. Mr. Barriale first built a wharf, then kept store in town in our school days. Robillard first lumbered, then furnished lime, then great building stone, from his quarry; went to Parliament and retired. Mr. Graham was farmer, then called the potato man, from his dealing somewhat extensively in that good and useful root. The Hon. James and his brother, Mr. Robert Skead, had fine farms on this road at a later date. They lumbered very extensively, but sold out afterwards. Mr. Simpson now lives there in the fine old stone house, tin-roofed, in a forest of lilacs. Mrs. Simpson is a highly accomplished woman, possessing the fine conversational turn of her father, the doctor, at Hawkesbury. He has been physician to the house of the Hamiltons from the Judge's days for three generations. We write from a very brief, casual acquaintance with Mr. and Mrs. Simpson in which we were highly pleased and entertained. Mr. Simpson furnishes dimension stones from his fine quarry in the farm, and ships on the river side, north of the place. John Hamilton lumbered extensively, on the Gatineau, whose farms and limits are now held by W. C. Edwards, Esq., & Co., who bought them out some years ago and now conducts the business on a very extensive scale in those regions.

Beyond Mr. Simpson's, further east, is the site of one of the oldest settlers in the township, Benjamin Rathwell, who was a local preacher for years, highly esteemed, also a good farmer too. He met his death in the harness going to a meeting in Cumberland; a log standing or reaching out in the narrow cut road in the close wood, against which he was struck driving past, inflicted a fatal blow from which he did not rally but very soon expired. Between the farms of these two last mentioned gentlemen, you ascend from either side the highest elevation in the township. Here you stand on a level with the tops of the highest pine trees in the hills of the surrounding country. On the north is the majestic river and half, as it were, of the Ottawa Valley in view rising to the Laurentian range of hills and stretching east and west as far as your vision ranges over Ottawa county and towards Two Mountains, a panorama of loveliness. On the south the range of your vision is the sensible

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horizon. You take in the whole level country to Cornwall, Prescott and Brockville along the St. Lawrence. Looking westward you see the spires of the churches, the prominent buildings of the city and away towards the west side of the county. Half a mile off on the east is a large old orchard, and at your feet, several pretty young orchards, not large but seemingly healthy and thriving, indicating that they may be cultivated with success. This is one of the best positions from which to get a surpassingly interesting view of a whole region of country without break or interruption. It enhances one's idea of the riches of the lands our people possess, and if many of them would only look at, it would give them a more profound view of their responsibility to see that our country is governed by a class of men, possessed at least, of intelligence and honesty. The farmers of this region must be eminently successful, if we are to judge by fine buildings, the fertile fields in their summer bloom, the great milk herds that cover their deep green pastures, the large teams and milk waggons driving to and from the city on the fine macadamized road that stretches into Cumberland. The pioneers have left an intelligent, enterprising race behind them to inherit their really valuable possessions. With a soil so rich and productive, an atmosphere so clear and salubrious, a market for their products so near and so steady, religious advantages so convenient, these people should write the Divine truths of the Revelation of God, if not on their gates and doors, as was commanded of old, at least on the hearts and memories of their offspring, that they may guard their rights, civil and ecclesiastical, with eternal vigilance.

The Russell road lies south of the King's or Montreal Road, running from Cumming's Island through Eastman's Springs to Russell and Duncanville, and thence to the St. Lawrence. Ramsay's Corners or Taylorville lies on this road nearly midway between the Island and Eastman's Springs. Here there is a nice little Presbyterian church, and post office. The Plymouth Brethren hold their meetings in a schoolhouse at the Corners. They are nearly all preachers, though only one occupies the platform at a time. We think they ought to set some apart to teach, who could give themselves largely to prepare food for the others. Beaten oil for the lamps is the best of all. East of this is another little Presbyterian church with a good attendance. It is a little to the right of the road southward. Here we met old friends from Huntley; the Hustons, Boyds and others, all doing well in that place. One of the Boyd family has a fine establishment at the Springs, of mills, store and shops, etc. We were entertained too in the family of our old friend the late William Sharpe, glad to make the acquaintance of his family for his sake, as we held him in high esteem as an upright man. The Crowls, one of whom is a clergyman, another a good teacher; and the Lilicos, one an elder, live near the church.

In early times Mr. Duncan was the only one who made and furnished the oatmeal, so highly prized and extensively used by sensible people. Rev. Dr. Rentoul, a professor from Australia, at the Pan Presbyterian Council in Toronto said, (and he is a very eloquent and very talented divine), that he had travelled some in both hemispheres and many parts of the Globe, and the best men he met anywhere were raised on porridge and the shorter catechism. Mr. Duncan must have held the

same confession of faith as the Professor. At all events he furnished the stuff the porridge is made of, and left his name to the village. Recently we met a Rev. Mr. Duncan, a descendant of his, the field of whose labor is in western Ontario; a man, if we mistake not, who will be heard from. Mr. Loux, afterwards M. P., purchased the mill, and his son conducts the business up to date. Rev. Mr. McDiarmid supplied these little churches for years, then Rev. George Bayne. After his removal to Ashton, Rev. Mr. McCauley, who is now with them. On this road from Janesville were very early settled: George Sparks, brother of Nicholas Sparks of the city and father of the surveyor, James McLay, John Whillins, father of John, Thomas and George; Mrs. W. Sharpe and others; William Whillins of the Workman store is a descendent. Thomas Whillins is father of the two clergymen, one in Nepean, the other in the eastern townships. This table land lies west and south of the great quagmire swamp, known as the Mer Blue, a little continent of peat, mud, deep, damp and shaky, covered with cranberries growing wild, and whose cultivation no one has yet attempted. They are gathered by parties who often hang out a flag that they may keep in sight, lest they lose their latitude and longitude. Mr. Alexander Anderson, long and favorably known as an esteemed elder in Knox Church on Daly street, before the division of that congregation, lived in this quarter. Some of his family are here, some in and around the city. We knew him in our school days and regarded him as a good and true man.

Law, Little, Bailey, Savage, Hill, McGregor, Payton, Findlay, Johnston, Bradburn, Ballantyne, Dowal, Dempsey, Tremblay, Kelly, with many others, located along the lines of these roads and towards the bank of the Ottawa river. The village of St. Joseph has a church, a school, some stores, hotels, a smith's shop and perhaps some others. The nuns on the west of it have a great farm, a fine house and mill, vast flocks of sheep growing long wool late in June, roam the large fields. The sheds are long enough to adorn show-grounds. The settlement is French. The few English are at a great loss for want of a school as they do not amalgamate. Cyrville on the Russell Road is a very insignificant village. Its site was taken up by two brothers named Cyr. The French around these places seem to be very industrious. Dupuis, a medalist, has seen service at Chatagnay, where a handful of French chased several times their number of Americans in a fog. This was a source of great glory to the French, showing their valour, and not very dishonoring to the Americans as they only committed the blunder of coming out and losing themselves in the mist that magnified the size and the number of their enemies. They were bewildered in a strange land. The French were very brave for so small a detachment of troops. They have merited and we have given them great credit for the gallant stand they took, and the heroic display they made of their fighting qualities.

Gideon Olmstead early planted himself in Gloucester. Some of the Olmsteads are in Nepean, some in Hull. Others we found in Letchfield when we had a ramble in that part of the Valley. Gideon, among the Christian names still survives in their families. The Eastman's Springs take their name from the proprietor. They rise in a large swamp that aids in feeding Bearbrook. They say they possess several kinds of medicinal waters, and multitudes of visitors enjoy very highly the time

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they spend at the place. When out west we were enquiring at a drug store for a species of water, termed in the Hoosier dialect, Blue Lick. A gentleman standing by and hearing the conversation, and as the druggist had not the article, said he could make it or give the recipe, viz: Take a pail full of soft water from the cistern, put into it six eggs laid by a deceased hen, well beaten, stir long and carefully, then shake up well before drinking. Still the people had great faith in the Kentucky Blue Lick and drank of it freely, certainly not so much for pleasure as health. Around this part of the township crop up names like Sims, Hall, Tie, Clarke, Kettles.

The township was organized in 1832, postmaster, poundkeeper, town clerk, assessors, collectors, pathmasters and constables were appointed or perhaps elected. The court had made the appointments up to this time. The first tax collected the first year was fifteen dollars. The south end of the township was settled by the workmen from the canal, scattering over the land pretty near each other. Browns, Gambles, Lees, Majors, McKennas, Telford, Skiffingtons and Johnstons, took up the lands their descendants still occupy. It is a fine plain of agricultural land, and the people with anything like a fair opportunity might accumulate a remuneration for their labor. The manufacturer holds a high place in the hearts of the governing body in our land. He is largely protected and always claiming far more. Combines of merchants fix their prices and furnish only what will keep these prices up. The machine takes our money and builds the railroads and equips them for the companies, and they dictate what we must pay in freight and fare on the investment of our own money in their possession, and as we have said above, one mechanic bonused to the detriment of another not so favored. (We can give names.) Farmers are producers, but nobody, in the estimation of the powers that be, but let the farmers take their stand and send twenty-five or thirty members to the House, and before two years you will see a change. But farmers are kept poor by too much labor, and too low prices to pay, and are presumed to be unworthy of pains or trouble on their behalf. Let them hew wood and draw water for ever. A boy with pipe and soap suds can blow a bubble that will look rainbow-colored as it floats so as to attract the eyes of a whole crowd till it breaks. There are men who can place so vividly before themselves and their fellow-men, future prospects that they readily embark in the projects. The disasters of the past do not warn them. They have neither eyes nor ears for them. The half par stock and the half pay earnings of the Canadian Pacific ought to teach, never to permit a Government to give another dollar to a public railway which is the property of a private company. A speculation that will pay can command a large number; what will not pay should not be done.

The Methodists built the first church in South Gloucester, a very unpretentious structure. The sect was only young at that time and the zeal of early days was much cherished. Of Israel in the wilderness it was said: "I remember thee, the kindness of thy youth, the love of thine espousals when thou wentest after me in the wilderness, in a land that was not sown. It was customary too at that time for other denominations to assist the one that had resolution and courage enough to build the first church in the place and support religious ordinances.

Would it not be well if true charity were more manifest among the men of all creeds? Many people travelled far to hear the truth from a man after their own desires. The Curries, Pinks, Davis's, came from near the mountain range of Hull to Mr Cruikshanks at Bytown. The first, Mr. and Mrs. Pritchard rode on horses from North Wakefield to the same St. Andrews' church. It was expected that a village of note and some pretensions would spring up on the east side of Long Island, but beyond the shanties first built during the days of construction of the canal, it never attained to anything. The tendency then, as now, was to the town or city. Can men of enterprise be blamed for doing what they deem best and most profitable, especially if their genius or temperament inclines them in that direction?

A few years on the farm satisfied Mr. Workman, that it was not the sphere in which to exhaust his energies, and the event showed that his judgment was not at fault. Many who would have made good farmers, had they followed it up with perseverance, are now in the cities doing very little. Some are good for nothing anywhere. Some of the old settlers have disappeared from Gloucester leaving scions on the farms to preserve and perpetuate their names on the old places. The Dunlops are mostly in the city. The Moodies in and around the city in various occupations. So it may be said of the Cuddies, Blyths, Blairs, Findlays, who could have been successful at any employment on the farm, in the shop behind the counter, or anywhere. Having far to travel to the churches some sold out and purchased in more convenient places, or they went into business more suited to their capacities. Schools multiplied to meet the growth of the population. With the extensive clearing of the woods of the country, the development of business and the increase of population, church accommodation must be provided. At first the buildings were log, then frame, finally brick and stone, where the people were sensible enough to erect such. M. K. Dickenson, Esq., M. P., gave a great impulse to Long Island. The village of Manotick owes its existence, or is very largely indebted to his energy, skill and enterprise.

Rev. James Whyte was the first Presbyterian minister settled in the village and its environs. Its present pastor is Rev. William Findlay, formerly of Portland and Cantley. All around is a fine agricultural country. But that particular department of our industry has been far below par for several years past, and there are no signs of its rising into any activity. If all men are created equal, they soon show grasping and holding fast what they seize, a most marked inequality. The burden of taxation is chiefly borne by those whose means of living, property or income is visible to the assessor. Tax is levied on the most poverty-stricken they can collect from, and on all classes till they reach above mediocrity; from that upward they seem to be lightly laden with the expenses of governing country or city. This is a manifest injustice; a wicked, senseless, despotic course, grinding the industrious inhabitants of the country to pauperism. The hardest men you meet are those who hold in the miser's grasp their wealth which they have made in that border land, between a fair living profit and a wild unwarrantable, unjust extortion. One cent a yard extra on one million yards of cotton goods will net the extortioner ten thousand dollars. If he sells only

one-tenth of that it will be one thousand. He may not smack his lips so sweetly on the little as on the much, but the iniquitous principle is the same, and the merchant who lives in this fraud shuts himself out of the best society in the universe. This rule is of universal application. It is in the power of every man to be honest. The exceptions are when by fleecing and fraud and oppression, they are impoverished, and disabled, and driven into acts they at one time abhorred. This is no excuse for dishonesty. Better die in the poorhouse where their extortioners must bear some at least of their upkeeping than be dishonest.

But such is the idolatrous disposition of our fallen humanity, that men will worship wealth in the hands of fools, mad men, the most noted scoundrels, yea, the father of lies himself; and hence the tendency to get wealth by any means the most unfair. Strikes have been instituted to meet the overreaching employer but they are illegitimate and almost always fail of their object, and when the toiler is reduced to starvation, and the capitalist circumvented the strike has to be called off and sometimes the wages are lowered, and always the time lost is more than the rise in pay can equal. There are samples of employers acting honorably with their hands. We never met a man who had been in the employ of the late Alexander Christie who would not gladly enter it again. We have heard of landlords in the Old world who got up improvements on their estates to give work and wages in hard times, to avoid or relieve distress,—all parties are gainers in such cases. There are cravens, ill-tempered and lazy, who will live on the labors of others as indigent as themselves. Some fellows are mean enough to let their wives provide for them.

The inequality among us sixty years ago was not half so discernable as now. When prices had fallen in Quebec the hewer would bring home as much for his year's toil as the lumberer for all his planning and struggling for a fortune. Now a timber limit is a fortune without touching it with your hand. The early settlers raised the sheep and made their own woollen clothing and blankets, and many did their own tailoring from necessity. The border tariff was very low. Men were able to purchase farms and pay for them in a few years by their labors. The rich man did not come to poverty, but the poor man improved and became richer. Now we find the poor man growing poorer, and the rich man grows richer. "Homes" and poor houses are becoming the order of the day. Should the country continue a few more years on the down-grade and sinking so deeply in debt, bankruptcy must follow. It must surely appear a mighty mistake to treat the people of these provinces as if they were as rich as the old Romans, when tyrant warriors, great commanders, kings, and emperors with their panoplied legends, had conquered all the barbarians over the earth; gathered their wealth, spoils and plunder home to the eternal city; leaving them hungry, houseless and naked, but giving them in exchange, Roman civilization and the knowledge of wearing Roman clothing when they could get it, a career which posterity has held in everlasting contempt and condemnation; and which orators can hardly find language to point in colors sufficiently cloudy dark and gloomy and which never man has been found to justify.

Could any greater blunder be committed than to make the salaries of our rulers, legislators, judges and government employees, so far out of

proportion with the salaries, incomes, and earnings of others of the multitude. This entirely modern usurpation stands in contrast with the early policy even of the family compact. Members' fees or wages were low. There was not one employee for ten now. Their wages was in keeping with the times. One article could be pointed out so protected as to enable the producer to sell at three times the value in the markets of the world. We had a world of pity for the negro in bondage and a world of indignation for his owner, but the distribution of money and office among a few leaders and some clergy, and over two and a half millions of "hereditary bondsmen," keep the yoke on the neck of five millions. One half million lives on the other four and a half millions. These latter might be free but most of them love their chains. We do not know one man on a hundred acre farm that saved above his outlay one hundred dollars a year for the last fifteen years above his necessary expenditure, nor a farm that has yielded one per cent. on the money invested. Some can scarcely pay their taxes. Will there be a reckoning? Will the dupes wake up? The judgment is coming for these political gamblers, and, as the employer said to the carpenter, there will be no putty there that day. If the righteous scarcely be saved where shall the ungodly and sinner appear.

Osgoode, like other portions of the country that were first explored by lumbermen for lumber purposes, then for settlements, being far back from the St. Lawrence, was naturally later in its being occupied. Nepean and Gloucester were ten years later than Hull in their settlement. The beginning of Richmond village and the Township of Goulburn about nine years after Nepean and Gloucester. The filling up after these beginnings, came very gradually and slowly. Osgoode was among the last in the county of Carleton to be taken and inhabited. Swamps formed no obstacle to winter lumbering provided the streams, could float the pieces, the wealth of the timber crop could be easily secured. Lumbermen selected and marked out the choicest portions of the lands and kept them in view for use as future farms. With the light canoe paddles and a couple of guns, a party of young fellows could explore as far as the navigation permitted the opportunity, and could portage past rapids that they could run down on their return trip, and so spy out the lumber groves on the face of the country, especially near the streams, as short drawing was the secret of much profit. In these explorations they required little provisions as game was so plentiful in these new realms. They could sleep in their canoe, staked out in the water a little from the shore, secure from danger in the stream. Or they could swing themselves high up in hammocks on poles high above the reach of prowlers or nightly depredators in those days of wild exciting adventure. Gentlemen from the settlements of Glengarry and Cornwall explored the Nation and formed settlements on its banks. The Castor was found to be one of its tributaries up which a party sailed near to its source behind Prescott.

Here were extended plains on the banks of these little rivers just covered with white pine and white oak lumber of the most excellent quality in the world, and in the greatest abundance; yes, in profusion. No timber duties or fees were yet thought of being exacted by the Government, though they came to be reserved in the Patents afterwards, as re-

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gards white pine trees as well as mines of gold and silver. These treasures that cost only the preparation, could easily be floated on these smooth streams to the Ottawa river, then to the Quebec market. The keen eyes of the explorers soon detected money in abundance in these inviting fields, and made up their minds to pursue the business. Surveyor McDonald had run the lines on the south and east of it, in laying out the townships on these sides of it, whilst the Rideau river and the town line of Gloucester bounded the other two sides. He probably gave it the name before a man had cut a stick within its bounds. The U. E. L. made settlements along the St. Lawrence frontier, taking up or drawing as it was termed the lands from the Crown, granted so freely to all early settlers. As many of them had borne arms in the Revolutionary war, on the side of the British, they were specially favored, for they had to leave the United States and seek the protection of those they had fought for under the old flag. Some of these were daring spirits, fine horsemen, very much at home in the saddle. Little consideration was given to the horses killed, provided these young troopers accomplished the scouting they were sent on, and carried the despatches in quick time that were entrusted to their keeping. The emergency must be met, the threatened attack baffled or warded off, the junction formed of the scattered forces at any cost. The sacrifice of one life might save a troop or a squadron. Archibald McDonell was one of these fearless, courageous youths that in the war of 1812—15, distinguished himself as an officer of militia in his native Glengarry. His father had fought in the ranks of the King's forces south of the line. His mother was a daughter of Alexander McDonell, born in the region of Albany, New York. They had to make their escape and settled in Cornwall, named after General Lord Cornwallis, whose career reflected but little glory on the arms of his country.

Osgoode takes its name from a distinguished Englishman. Archibald McDonell was promoted for his bravery and rose rapidly, and often bore despatches from one commander to another. He had many hairbreadth escapes, hard hot rides on duty, and is reported to have killed two horses on the same night, and to have been forty-eight hours at a stretch in the saddle. At the close of the war he had to give up these rather lively trips on horseback. He betook himself to lumbering and after spending some years at that, to farming. He drew 800 acres in Osgoode and his wife being of U. E. L. descent drew 200, making a thousand, a nice little farm. The McDonalds and McDonells seem at one time to have been all or nearly all the population of Glengarry. Hon. John Sandfield McDonald was of Cornwall, Glengarry. He was one of our honest politicians. It is sad to think that such men are so lonely and so rare. Mr. William York is said to have left home on the same day with Col. McDonell and to have reached on the same day, and settled not far away, though they did not meet for some time, each thinking he was the lone settler. This was about 1827. Richard Hall and Samuel Loney came in 1828. The next year Robert Grant came. Peter McLaren in 1832, Squire Hanna, and Sergeant McIntosh, Duncan Cameron, John McNabb, Henry Brown, Thomas Bailey, an Englishman, John Ferlingier, Harris and Hood located near the Rideau. Cassidy brothers and a few others were all that came till after the finishing of the canal. Then there

was an influx that scattered over and occupied large tracts. Four, six or eight were required to raise even a shanty, so they had to help each other. The rest of their labors were lonely, each single man in his little clearing till they got families.

With so many miles of impenetrable, thick bush between, is it wonderful that these early settlers of Osgoode were ignorant of Bytown, that was only beginning to be made out of Cork's Town, shanties built to house the workers on the canal? These were superseded soon after by better buildings. They knew nothing of the Ottawa above their Nation river, the outlet into the Ottawa, down which they sailed their timber as best they could till they could band all together in a raft. Tows, cribs, mullnets, and loose in single prices almost all forms were adopted to get the pieces floated to form the rafts for market. They found work enough to clear lands, raise crops, and support life in their new homes. They went to a mill as far as Dickenson's Landing on the St. Lawrence. Chryslers afterwards was considered near. These, of course, were visited only from necessity. They economised clothing and had little intercourse with the outside world for some years. If they heard in the great distance the rumbling sound of blasting rocks in the Rideau canal they supposed it to be the distant thunder, foreboding the nor'western squall so very common sixty years ago in these parts of the country. Isolated so completely on the banks of their little river highway, so magnificently stocked with fish, fowl and fur-bearing animals, they had not yet heard of the birth of the little hamlet that was to be the future capital of this large and lengthy Dominion, whose present fifty thousand inhabitants may soon number half a million. Their fine road in winter enabled them to travel in sleighs, round to the St. Lawrence. They canoed the same highway in summer. They spun, wove and made their clothing and blankets, dressed skins and made caps, mitts and moccasins. They raised their own hay, oats, potatoes, turnips, onions and cabbage; made their cheese and butter, raised their beef, mutton and poultry; and lived very much like the sons of Irish Kings. Chrysler's mill was almost in their neighborhood in war times, and Chataguay was not far away. These were the scenes of the success of the Voltiguers and the Glengarries, under Col. McDonell, as the fields of fame.

Wilkinson, the American, had been sent to take or invest Montreal. Hampton was following with succour to the number of several thousand. To prevent the junction of these forces, De Salabery was sent, to harass them to the best of his ability. His three hundred men were the Canadian fencibles and Voltiguers. Reaching Allen's Corners he got information that the Yankees were not far off, and he hastily constructed a block house of the few logs from the chopping, and with tree tops, and brush and stakes, resembling an Arabian Zeraba, a brush fence of thorns, tops out; and sent out scouts to see how near and how strong the enemy might be. De Salabery knew it not, but Lieut.-Col. McDonell had just reached the fords of the Chataguay river. This was said to be the finest, fastest march of the war, being one hundred and seventy miles in sixty hours with the poorest accommodation of boats for rowing among the islands of the lake, and the most wretched roads, he led his six hundred men and about fifty trusty Indians, on which little band Izard was advancing. At this critical point De Salabery's men retreated or fell

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back on him in hot haste describing the force that would be instantly upon them almost producing a panic. De Salabery held his boy trumpeter tight by the collar, to prevent a runaway, and inspired him with courage, ordering him to sound the advance with all his might, which he valiantly did. This not only quieted the men who had fallen back on his second line of defence, but it was so that they formed quickly to receive the charge of Purdy with his four thousand men, and ready to sell their lives as dearly as they could. The sharp ear of McDonell heard the call giving it the true interpretation as a mighty cry for help, ordered his men to cheer with all their lung power, and sent his fifty Indians to scatter in the woods towards their friends, and whoop for their lives, which they did to purpose. The American commanders hearing the unhearthly whoops and yells of so long a line of Indians, the sounding of so many bugles and hearty cheering of the little army at both ends so far apart and the Indians in the middle, considering themselves in eminent peril, and that an overwhelming force was about to be precipitated upon them, halted the van, then broke and retreated somewhat disorderly, a kind of Bull's run.

The bravery of our boys, that has never been called into question, would have no doubt sustained them, and they might have conquered four or five times their numbers, but the American boys being off their own soil, did not wait to try. De Salabery with his boy buglar, and McDonell with his strategy, and their strong-voiced followers, were worth an army. De Salabery was every inch a hero, and his gallant little trumpeter, with trusty companies would have covered themselves with glory as they did, without firing a shot, but with the greatest advantages, instead of brush fences, what prospect had they against fifteen or sixteen times their numbers? The timely arrival of the unlooked for hero McDonell, his keen ear, quick intellect, and ready application of his soldierly resources, saved De Salabery and his little force from annihilation, and won for the little army undying renown. The memory of such men is imperishable. Time never eclipses the sun of their glory. The memory of De Salabery is perpetuated in a monument erected to him and lately unveiled in the presence of some of his young lady descendents. Col. McDonell's is not so much cherished in cold marble, as in the warm hearts of a living, liberal, numerous offspring, highly esteemed by all who know them, the noblest monuments. The strangest part of the thing was, that the contracted, self-conceited governor of the country in that day, took to himself the credit of thus rolling back the waves of Yankee aggression, never even mentioning the name of McDonell in his despatches to England.

We had some peculiar rulers in those times. Sir James Craig's character is given as "sinister, stubborn, ill-natured and proud." He appointed judges to sit in the legislature, and when that was opposed, he dissolved the House and sent them to the country, and they came back stronger with increased majorities. He tried it again but with worse effect, suspended newspapers, tried to have their editors punished in England, but they refused there to consider the acts treason. Craig was a great disciplinarian. His successor, Sir George Prevost, "self-conceited, very untruthful," whose vacillating policy is credited with many of the reverses of that campaign. Alas! falsehood seems to be perpetuated

down among our politicians in overflowing measure, having inherited it from their father who was a "liar from the beginning and abode not in the truth." Governors must have made lying somehow respectable, for there are many members of the House who are such known stretchers that no one believes them even if they stumble on the truth at odd times, and the brazen-faced fellows that stump the country, can stand and tell the most glaring falsehoods, knowing well that any informed man must reject their trash. How the abyss is enlarging itself for these fellows! How sad and humiliating to think, that men for a little unreal distinction in this world, voluntarily bind themselves in chains of everlasting darkness, of heat without light for ever and ever. Governor Gower is scarcely mentioned except in the name of an odd township, or street of some city. Queer stories are told of that war. The American, General Swift, killed in an engagement with General Evans, had in his pocket silver spoons looted from the house where he dined. Parliamentarians go not into such petty thieving but do it on a grand scale or on wholesale principles. When the uprising comes and these poor, false-hearted plunderers are shot down or stabbed in the heart, will any tears be shed over their wretched, rotten carcasses? Will men not raise their thanksgiving to Heaven for such deliverance and say, "Thou hast given them blood to drink for they are worthy." It is very unpleasant to have to write these things but the truth demands that they should not be concealed nor passed over without notice. The life of Col. McDonell had so many such incidents in it, and he had seen so much service that the brief notice here given, had it been omitted, would have left a blank in this short historical sketch that nothing else was capable of filling or compensating for its absence.

The grist mill of Mr. McLaren was at their doors, and things were beginning to look up in 1833, the first year I breathed the air of my adopted Canada, then a very little boy. Hugh McKenna and James Telford used to tell a good story of a discovery they once made. Each man owned a steer of fair proportions and the pair did the work of both farms, regarding themselves no doubt, as near relations being so much under the same yoke. A new road had been cut through South Gloucester from the Rideau bank to the Johnston and Fenton settlement. Horned cattle roamed the woods in summer for their health and entertainment. These steers in the leafy grove came out on this new cutroad and followed it eastward to its end, and turning southward, buried themselves in the woods and were lost to their owners. These together soon gave chase, watching their tracks, and found themselves at the road end without getting a sight of their oxen. The fresh foot marks, as they left the road and made a path, rather a trail, in the fresh mud so black and soft, led them to follow. After travelling what they thought, a long distance, and despairing of finding or overtaking them, they began to observe some increase in the foot marks before them, forming a pathway. They could not tell whether deer or cattle had formed the company in which they supposed theirs must have mingled. Finally they reached the clearing of Col. McDonell, and found their steers with his stock. Here was something unexpected, domestic animals, a clearing and better still, a neighbor they had not heard of nor dreamed of till this hour. After a night of friendly intercourse they returned next day, by the way

they came, with the truant steers before them. The enterprising Col. McDonell collected his neighbors, only five or six families in all, and they agreed to cut a road leading to that cut by the people of Gloucester. They followed the ox track, sent one boy before, whistling, singing, shouting, and they brushed the road and blazed it after him, avoiding too abrupt turns. This new road became their winter road to Bytown for all their new settlement, where they got milling done at McKay's, New Edinburgh, and Wrights in Hull, and where they procured supplies for their little store. Capt. Le Breton had built on the Flats but soon after went to Britannia. The road having been now cut through connecting Osgoode's new settlement with Bytown, it was travelled on horseback in summer and began to be improved in its worst places, so it became the highway to market, mill and store.

Peter McLaren like Sans Bradley was a confirmed bachelor. The first death reported in the settlement is that of Colin Campbell. All the men in the place attended the funeral, half of them carrying the coffin at a time, relieving each other. The road had only been cleared of the brush to the little graveyard on the bank of the stream. They had several falls over logs and roots, but the box coffin held together until they accomplished their sorrowful and heavy task. Kenmore was named after Mr. McLaren's native place. Here Mr. McTavish was first Post master and held office for many years. Soon after Campbell several other deaths followed. A stranger was killed by the fall of a tree. Many of the new settlements had no deaths to record for many years. The bulk of the early adventurers were hardy, healthy people, and the change of climate seemed to toughen and make them more vigorous. The Roman Catholics seem to have raised the first church. The Methodists the next, and secured the services of Rev. Thomas Carroll, who preached to them before the church was built and seems to have been very popular. The man of the Atlas said Rev. J. Cruikshanks looked after the Episcopalians, but here as elsewhere, he is ill-informed, which shows that people should know whereof they write. Rev. J. Cruikshanks was for many years minister of St Andrew's church, Bytown. No doubt he occasionally preached in Osgoode and looked after the interest of Presbyterians as the ministers did in those times, though now they get little recognition for services performed so long ago, but they seek not glory of men; their record is on high.

The settlement was pre-eminently Scotch as the names sufficiently indicate. Mr. Cruikshanks married several, among them, Mr. T. Farlinger and Miss York. But John McNabb and Grace McDonell walked into Bytown for the purpose, without waiting for a stray clergyman. Mr. Cruikshanks married Mr. Duncan Cameron and Miss Margaret Grant. The filling up of the township was slow at first for some years, but the rich soil soon attracted settlers as the information spread. Then with the new-comers and so many marriages of the grown up young people of the families, the lands became occupied so that scarcely a vacant lot remained, and few parts of the country show greater evidences of care and industry. Metcalfe and Vernon are thriving villages and considerable business is done in them. The former has a Mechanic's Institute, with the seeming disposition in the people to keep up with the intelligence and progress of the age. Many changes have been made in

these parts. The Johnstown district covered from below Prescott to the Ottawa river, and all westward was unexplored. The next change was to form the Dalhousie district, after that the Ottawa district, then the county of Carleton. Archibald McDonell was squire, Col., Assist.-Adj.-General, and was representative in the large district meetings. After the organization of township and county councils, Arthur Allen, Esq., was Reeve of Osgoode for many years, after him John Dow, Esq., served for about the same length of time in the councils. The Reeves took much interest in the schools, which multiplied in number with the growth of the population. Lands were cleared of stumps, some draining done, and some improvement in stock raising by the introduction of new blood, so that the old races of part Devon and Whitefaced Herefords were superseded by Durham and Ayrshire strains or a trend in that direction. They got their clearings enlarged and well fenced, log shanties gave place to frame, brick and stone houses. At first people plastered stone houses on the stone walls and the cold climate made damp sweating walls from the stove heat. Some one recommended rough casting the outside walls which prevented this dampness. But all properly built stone houses are made air tight with mortar and bond timber which built in is furred up with good strips, then lathed and plastered. This makes two air-tight walls with dead air between and no house can be drier or more healthy. Then their coolness all through summer is of great moment. The prejudice of men to the contrary notwithstanding, a stone house is the best, the healthiest, and the most durable of all buildings of which we have knowledge.

The Rev. Mr. Lochead was superintendent of schools as soon as there was such office instituted, and greatly encouraged education. About the time of his leaving, a church was organized in Metcalfe village. Rev. James White was successor to him in church and schools, and a worker in both. He moved to Manotick, and after some years there, he breathed his last. Mr. Ira Morgan had written something he requested and held his hands whilst the spirit took its flight to the spirit land. About this time Mr. Lockhead was actively engaged in North Gower, after which he retired, living some years in Almonte, where his son, Cameron L., kept store. After this he retired to live with his youngest daughter, Mrs. Hugh Gourlay, at Elmwood in Huntley. Here he preached at the funeral of one who had been a most sincere Calvinist, John Gourlay, who died in his eighty-ninth year. He was born in Tullyard, did business for some years in the town of Drumquin, County of Tyrone, Ireland, where the writer was born. He had property in lands one mile out of that town where he built and planted, then sold out and came to Canada in 1833 and settled in March. His wife, Jane Lowry, had died in her eighty-fourth year, preceding him five years, a spiritually minded good wife and mother, and devout follower of her beloved Saviour. She left a memory to be cherished by every child she brought up. Her husband and herself were industrious, upright and successful. He left behind him an honest, truthful, irreproachable character; a legacy which his children regarded as far superior to wealth, splendor and glitter. Mr. Lochead lived some years there and was buried in Almonte. His wife, a Cameron, survived him several years and now sleeps by her

husband. Mr. Ira Morgan became Reeve of Osgoode in 1870, and held the post for years. He was a successful man, took deep interest in agriculture, stock fairs and the general progress of his province. He was a popular man, whose sudden death was felt and deeply regretted.

James Grant, a son of the pioneer, was the first young school teacher in Osgoode. His school house was a log shanty, roof scooped, floor and benches, home-made split basswood with ornamental corners, and door and windows without panel or stain. But the work was said to have been good both as regarded the building and the teaching. After the embryo store of Col. McDonell, the first regular thing of the kind, was in a good, scooped log shanty. It was hotel and store, drugs, dry-goods, groceries and liquors, a general assortment kept by two gentlemen, afterwards well known in Bytown, Joseph Coombs, Jailer, and Richard Statham on Sussex street for many years. Some wags in those times would talk of being able to carry at once on their backs the dry goods in one of these young stores. They were not long so. Allison, the historian, describing the Polish nobility to the number of thirty thousand, assembling on horseback to elect a king, presents these aristocrats as each carrying on his back all his wealth in rich furs and jewelry. Each expected to be elected king like the Americans. Some one said no thorough going American ever suicides as everyone hopes to be President some day. The land was damp, the roads without a ditch, and it was hard except in winter to stock a store. Sales were slow, customers few, and credits good. You might carry some on horseback or on your own back, but wheeling there was none for some years after.

These stalwart old men, McDonells, Stewarts, Campbells, Camerons, Grants, Robertsons, Dalglishes, Rodneys, McEwans, made a fine impression upon us in youthful days, as able, hardy, healthy, vigorous citizens; but they have all passed away, with many others we cannot now name, though as deserving of a place as any in our brief little historical record. Printers are a very superior race of men but they sometimes make you say 'foundation' for 'fabrication'. Dr. John Owen, the prince of theologians, was a luminous as well as a voluminous writer, but he had great trouble with the proof sheets of his works. The printers could manage his latin but so many Greek and Hebrew words came up in his expositions and theological treatises that made difficult work for the printers, and for his corrections; but someone having heard of these troubles, and having seen an edition of the Scriptures where even misprints escaped the redactor, decided that the Dr. must find consolation that he fared no worse than the most sacred of books had done in the printers' hands. Instead of 'Princes have persecuted me,' the men of type made it, 'Printers have persecuted me.' They had to be endured in these ages since the discovery of the art, as a great improvement on the manuscript volumes of antiquity. It met a furious opposition from the men who copied and whose work it superseded and wrecked.

The people of Metcalfe have built a splendid hall in their village, and were preparing to have it opened by Mr. Ira Morgan, who had been one of their valued public men, but his sudden death by the electric car on Elgin street, threw a pall of horror and sorrow and surprise over the community. They carried in his remains as they were taking him to the cemetery. Mrs. Morgan resides in the city, an amiable lady, who

had been married only fourteen months when she suffered so keenly-felt a bereavement, in which she had the sympathy of the whole community. A. T. Baker, Esq., M. P. P., succeeded Mr. I. Morgan as Reeve, for several years a gentleman of great popularity and enterprise. The schools had reached twenty in number for some years before this time, and the buildings were greatly improved in appearance and accommodation. Farm houses multiplied. Young families live near the old homes of their childhood. Most of the children and grandchildren of the pioneers are still their representatives on these old farms. Some have gone to the city and to the west, or got into situations suitable to their tastes and capacities. The villages are growing and business is on the increase. The best history of a place is the success of honest industry of the people, and the fortitude with which they endure and pass through trials and tribulations when they come upon them. Kenmore has some fine shops producing good agricultural implements. Under-draining, a necessity almost everywhere, is essentially so in these level plains, like what Americans out west call "bottom lands." By this simple process of letting out the water the heavy clays loose much of their adhesiveness, become more porous, drink in much of the rains that leave the ammonia, the plant food in soil, as they filter or leech through.

Besides this the water running all winter from the lower earth prepares that on the surface for imbibing the snow water in the spring, instead of its lying on the thick, wet soil till evaporation in the sun carries it away, making the seeding so much later, and keeping the soil several degrees colder. Then drained land is ready for every shower which disappears under the roots of plants, instead of lying visible till absorbed in the atmosphere. This gives nutrition to the plants instead of saddening and turning the soil into an acid condition, injurious to plant life. On this common sense plan of agriculture, the land, being warm and dry, can be seeded early, the plants will be better nourished and mature in some less time, and be very much better in quality and weight than on wet, carelessly tilled soil, with a shade less cost of labor. Farmers cannot now give working men twelve dollars a month and board all the year with wheat below seventy cents a bushel, and beef and pork, four and a half to five cents a pound, everything else in proportion. All that can possibly be done by machinery must be so done and the land better cultivated.

The experiment might be tried, of giving double or treble cultivation and leaving more in grass, so that with good dressing, the quality and bulk of the returns might be greatly increased. The land being put into far better condition would be more satisfactory to the owners and operators. A friend of ours remarks that the satisfaction of looking at animals well-formed, thriving, improved breeds is a compensation in part at least for the care bestowed and the provisions expended on the animals. It will require great labor and much outlay to improve the land sufficiently, but the stock taken in one's own farm may pay better than taken anywhere else, and will not be exposed to burglars or bank robbers, or the bursting of other bubbles that are only lotteries. The Governments of most countries have become too burdensome for the poor mendicant multitude to long endure. Some talk of, the government of the people, by the people, and for their benefit. Is that the case? Is it not

for the wealthy, and by the wealthy? Oligarchies go under the soft name of democracy. Every man seems approachable by money. The people are the source of all income and those that rule in city and country, are the tax collectors, and so lordly and with so much dignity they do pocket it.

Rev. Lyman Beecher is reported in a prayer to have said, "grant that we may never despise our rulers and grant that they may not so act as that we cannot help it." It is sad, pitifully sad, that men elected to high posts of honor throw away all responsibility and honesty, compelling people to treat them with merited contempt; ministers of the Gospel and ministers of the Crown to be capable of uttering untruths and doing dishonest deeds, destroy at once in the minds of many all regard for religion and civil liberty, make agnostics, socialists and infidels in crowds and thousands. Instead of building up the church and renovating the state, making society healthy and happy, they do all they can to dissolve the fabric of society and bring dire confusion. The low state of morals and positive irreligion among public men flaming out in their public actions, has driven people to the conclusion that they are actuated by no principle, but hold truth, honesty and righteousness in contempt. This naturally produces Patrons, P. P. Associations; oppositions of every kind. It is surely a plain, palpable fact that if the leaders of a legislature would begin their career by an honest endeavor to do justly and keep to truth, there would be no oppositions, except by men without principle that could not long be maintained or supported. Would men of the mental calibre of Hons., Louis Joseph Papineau, William Lyon McKenzie, Robert Gourlay, not to mention such eminent names as Chancellor Blake, Hon. Edward Blake, Baldwin, La Fontaine, Rolph, Nelson, Brown, Dorion, Sicotte, J. S. McDonald, Alexander McKenzie, Wilfrid Laurier, Sir R. Cartwright, and not least, Mr. Dalton McCarthy, with a host of other giants in intellect, politics, law and literature—would men like these stake their reputation on going into opposition to a Government that was endeavoring to govern a people, many or few, incorruptibly and honestly?

If the people who furnish the public money and control the elections, could be induced to think what misery they are entailing on their own offspring for long continued generations, they surely would be induced to make a change in the leaders of their parties. If half our employees were pensioned off, half the boards of Government dismissed and abolished, the Senate discontinued, and the representation reduced to one half in the Dominion and the provinces, all permanent salaries much reduced, and the business of the country simplified, things would begin to return to a normal or a reasonable course, and a healthier tone would be felt. We are top-heavy. The country cannot endure the burdens now upon its back. It is the last ounce. Should any party, Tory, Reform, Patron, Protestant Protective Association or any other, delight in bringing on a reign of terror? These Michaelaevils, Ahithophels and Judas Iscariot will have a hot time hereafter and even here sometimes fire comes from one party and devours the other. The prophet is commissioned to say "I will kindle a fire in the house of Hazael and it shall devour the palaces of Ben-hadad." This would be a deplorable state of things, but who is to blame?

That such men are prosperous and so powerful for evil, seems to reflect on the Government of the world; but not more so than that Islamism gained a large portion of the human race. Or that Gengis-Khan and Timour or Tamarlane conquered so many tribes and his descendents held the sceptre till their overthrow so recently at Delhi, where the famous Major General Nicholson lost his life in storming the city, himself the great prominent figure leading on the heroic few that entered the breach and drove before them the hoards of sepoys, as he sat terribly disabled, and cheered them as they delivered their running fire and cleared the place of its scores of thousands. A number of the Hindu priests called at the camp of Major General Nicholson, some years earlier than the revolt and asked to be shown the General's tent. On being conducted into his presence they prostrated themselves and performed their devotional services to him as if he were some divinity. He looked at them till they concluded. He then ordered each priest to receive a number of stripes of a moderate order on the bare shoulders for a punishment, charging the sergeant to see that it was not severe, then ordered them into his presence and explained to them that he was a man like themselves, and that their actions were rank idolatry, and none should dare to worship any but the true God. Nevertheless a sect was organized among them, called the Ni-col-Seens. The curse of the Lord is in the house of the thief though he know it not in his wealth and diversified delights.

Osgoode has now a great number of post offices, with facilities for daily mails to most of them. There is a large mileage of macadamized roads running through various parts of the township and in a good state of repair for travel. A daily stage runs between the city and Metcalfe. The Bytown and Prescott Railway, now the Ottawa and St. Lawrence, lies on the west side of the township and east of the Rideau river. This was one of the earliest built roads in the Dominion. The able president of the company, the man who engineered it through difficulties all but insuperable, was the late talented Robert Bell, Esq., for several years M. P. for Russell. Mr. Bell began his career as a surveyor or civil engineer, and excellent he was at that employment. He became editor of *The Packet* which he purchased from its founder, Mr. Harris, who was appointed Crown Land Agent for Renfrew. Henry J. Friel, Esq., who was sometime after Mayor of Ottawa, was associated with Mr. Bell. The latter bought out the paper and became sole proprietor and editor, and changed its name to *The Citizen*. Mr. John George Bell was the assistant editor and manager of *The Citizen* all his short life. His father, Mr. John Bell, was a merchant from Clonis, County Cavan, Ireland. Mrs. J. G. Bell was a Miss De Ortell from Quebec. Two of his sisters are the widows of Mr. Samuel and Mr. Hugh Davidson, gentlemen who were highly respected in their lifetime. The former, an upright man, was Reeve in his township and county for many years. The railway far more than the paper taxed Mr. Bell's ingenuity and energies to the utmost.

The Government of that day had not learned the happy art of borrowing in England and involving the country beyond remedy in debt to make railway kings, cotton and woollen princes, and unholy combines against the multitudes. Free road beds, free importation of materials, and ten thousand dollars a mile out of the public funds, borrowed with a

blue prospect of ever being repaid, were not then common, with millions of acres of land, free even of taxes, all handed over to irresponsible corporations with the power of taxing the public as they please in their carrying traffic. These with innumerable other advantages are given under forms of law. In other countries wealthy men form companies and carry out great enterprises under Government control and regulations, and increase their wealth, just as men embark in business without the bonus, to beggar the people and enable them to dictate prices.

In many cases these bonuses are barricaded so as their very workmen cannot seize for the arrears of wages. Such a state of things deeply and dangerously corrupts the morals of a people; influences their leaders for evil, thinking that what is the practice in high life, cannot be so bad after all for imitation by poorer people. The Government absolutely refused to let a private company touch the C. P. R. when that company had a number of names in it, possessing great wealth, and in their hands the road would not have cost the country half what it absorbed as it was eventually constructed. *The Montreal Star* raged with fury at the small pickings of some rascals connected with the poor Mercier cabinet; now he is well pleased, employed with the present Quebec men who will not lower their salaries, nor economize, nor dismiss useless officers, nor abolish the Legislative council, though they have to borrow at unreasonable rates and tax Montreal directly to pay the interest. This is a humiliation for the despots that dismissed a cabinet for a trifle, because opponents:

Mr. Bell and his company had not wealth enough to build a road but had to borrow from the banks. Lumberers, merchants, farmers, endorsed his paper and when the notes matured, retired them by new made ones. We had these facts from some of his endorsers. He told us himself of a Welsh company, "Ebwyvale," we think he called it, which aided him greatly with good, kind treatment, and suffered not in the transaction. The banks, especially the Quebec, were friendly and were no losers. His friends were legion, and we never heard a man speak of him but wished him success. Many a one spoke to Mrs. Bell of the seeming impossibility of carrying it through, for obstructions insuperable, rose before the minds of many, but she always replied: "Robert is adequate to the task." She was like many that adorn our pages, a superior woman. No other man then in the land except Alexander Christie, who was employed about the same time on the New York and Erie, could engineer such an undertaking in the circumstances. It was navigating a craft against adverse winds on mountain billows. He was among the intellectual giants of the age. He sacrificed much in the undertaking, but he completed it with honor. His company decreed him a dinner at the consummation. Many old Scotchmen and Irishmen were at the banquet. Temperance had not made great inroads or encroachments then on the rights of man. To become mellow was only a venial sin. They could steep the thistle, or drown the shamrock, or float the rose without note or comment from prying outside inter-meddlers. When the "whistle was wet," the "clay moistened", the stern disposition softened down considerably. Pat, John and Sandy surrounded him. Their congratulations were honest, friendly and warm as the hearts from whence they issued, and taking his freely extended hand in their firm grasp. One old Scot taking him for a countryman of his own and for the honor of the old knolls and hillsides said: "Misther Bell, folk ivery whar ken that we're the saat o' the earth."

Bell had head and intellect to be the first minister of the Crown in any country. He was very benevolent, possessed great conversational powers, and sparkled with anecdote to overflowing. Some of our readers will perhaps remember that the Grand Trunk took its straight line three miles to the north, leaving Kingston out in the cold. The connection had to be made by "Buss." Mr. Bell had got hold of the door and his foot on the step going in, when at a glance he saw some Cabinet ministers, and the fine face and well-developed form of the Hon. George Brown at the other end. "Oh," said he, "you are all honorables here." Come on Mr. Bell, said Hon. George. If Sir Edmund Head remains a little longer you will be an Hon. too. How many do you think he has made already? I would have to count them, said Mr. Bell. Well, thirty-nine, said Mr. Brown. It reminds me, Mr. Brown said, of the law lord in Scotland, Chief Justice Kaimes. He had just married his fourth wife, and was going down Princess street, Edinburgh, when an old apple woman at a corner raised her pious hands in devotion and said: "Gid spare you Lord Kaimes." His Lordship stopped and looking very keenly at the old lady, said, "Why do you say that, my good woman?" "Ah! gin ye leeve lang enough, ye'll mak' us a' leddies."

Leaving the Union station, Ottawa, the first stop is made at Chaudiere Junction. The old original line between it and Ottawa is little used, as trains do not leave Sussex street now as of yore. A few minutes brings you to Gloucester station, a mere halting place, as no business or buildings worth any mention appear. The next is Manotick in the swamp of old, not much meets you but mosquitoes. This is the shipping place for the village of Manotick three miles off. The place around is good for agriculture and stock raising. Osgoode station is some miles farther south on a fine plane of land. It appears to increase with comfortable buildings, shops, barrel factory, hotel, school and churches. Dr. Allen is physician. Rev. J. Lockhead preaches Sunday evenings. Rev. Wm. Lockhead, his brother, was ordained at Renfrew, spent some years there, then removed to Fencelon Falls. After many years there he removed to Mandauman, where the late Rev. James Chestnut officiated. A fine country road connects Osgoode station with Wellington. The road terminates at Prescott, but has been swallowed up by that pelican of the Canadian desert, that has shown such a vampire appetite for little railroads, lands and money. It would have swallowed the Grand Trunk but for its length which would have been like the eel with the crane. We doubt if any man can tell what that road has cost, but if it has beggared us with debt, it has made several millionaires. According to the reasoning of a Cabinet minister, it was to carry the commerce of the east. With its trans-continental, double oceanic route, it will probably close or dry up the Suez Canal, and by its so often breaking bulk, enrich the day laborers at each end, keeping so many more men in the country, and increasing largely the home market. The kindness of our Government to railroads and banks is proverbial; and should command the gratitude of the working classes, or if they had not five cents in the pocket of their ragged pants, because they well know that the country is rich and that there is plenty piled up in the banks for any election to secure for representatives the friends of the wealthy, who can in turn buy so much more from the poor producers.

Quebec is looking up the high salaries of their officials, enabling them to buy so much more provisions from the farmers that they will soon wipe out their little debts of \$30,000,000. The habitants, but especially *The Montreal Star*, are to be congratulated on their wisdom and steady perseverance in the choice of such wise and upright legislators. Real estate will soon increase in value, though it sadly deteriorated. The Osgoode people, say two-fifths, have fallen off in fifteen years, every dollar brought down to sixty cents. How pleasant it must be to have a policy supported by your friends that in eighteen years has reduced your lands two-fifths in value and in five years more will bring them to one half. Wild lands are an exception for the grants to the railroads, at one dollar an acre, were bought back at two dollars an acre, because the government so badly needed these lands for prairie preserves, to encourage the increase of wild game; and cash was plenty. The average salary of the clergy would not reach the average pension of the retired employees of the Government, whilst the average wage of laborers, with no hope of pension, will not go half way. Reform is much needed to keep our top-heavy system from toppling over altogether. The growth of families have enabled them to improve school houses and dwelling houses in spite of the depression and bad times, and it is said that a contract has been let to remove mud from the Castor at \$500 a mile. We have not learned the particulars. The government that builds railroads should open these streams as so much of the health of the country is at stake. They would build to James' Bay or Greenland, and borrow \$300,000,000, but they would not improve the flooded streams by a few thousands.

The people of Osgoode may be congratulated on the fact, that with the majority of the people of these provinces, they have no sympathy with these false principles and do not endorse them. It is strange that politicians cannot keep to the truth. Can falsehood be a foundation on which to conduct the government of a people? We remember a Judge from Michigan, stumping in New York, pointing to the low wages and the starving condition of the working people across the line in Canada, when nine-tenths of his audience could have contradicted him on the spot. Their working people then had sixty cents a day without board in the fall and nothing to do in the winter. This we know and can give the evidence. We can give a case in the church courts; a clergyman, the chairman of a committee, appointed to get the arrears of salary collected, gave in writing, the statement, that there was no sum specified or promised to the minister by the congregation; consequently they did not owe anything. One member of the court had moderated the call, writing the amount to be paid. The brethren had sustained the call, and indeed the man and settled him in the congregation; yet these men sat mute, when they knew he was falsifying, and adopted this monstrously false report, and engrossed it in their records. If this should be called in question we can produce the records. Politicians make it feasible and fashionable, to kill with this dry rot, every principle of truth, justice and honor in the community. The clergy follow the politicians. At the show and glitter of the countless victories of the Romans could not support the despotisms of the Emperors, all the gay clothing of the cavaliers could not prevent a revolution, which alone saved the country

and lifted it out of the low degradation in which the impure kings, queens, Prince Ruperts, etc., had involved it, by almost promiscuous intercourse of the sexes, court beauties, and ladies and gentlemen of fashion and style.

False leaders in the state deceive, impoverish and enslave; false leaders in the church make merchandise of their hearers. We have found many ready, even in the Ottawa Valley and city, to condemn the vices of the leaders, that act only as deceivers for their own gain; but they have hardly the moral courage to dismiss these men and get better ones. Some get soothed up, and the purchasable get bought up, and the wretched degradation goes on, till the stubble and brush get dried up so that the application of the match produces a conflagration. The deceivers are cast off. New men man the ship and a prosperous voyage begins, the nation is lifted to a higher plane, or experiences a renovation, honest men look back, make comparisons, and ask themselves how or why they endured so long a humiliation so deep and so shameful? Our community is sunk very low in its morals. The love of money never seemed to us so great or so intense, and men never before seemed to us so unscrupulous in the means of acquiring it. Nothing could be more disgusting or appalling to an honest mind, than the way public funds are wasted on the vilest scum of the community. If the people have taken a stand for reform, it was not till "the last hough was in the pot," till the treasury was empty, deficit after deficit was run or suffered, all sources exhausted, even that of borrowing scarcely possible. The prodigal's rags carefully examined may lead to a new resolution in favor of a reformation. It may be admitted that when the burglars have done their horrid work of breaking up and carrying away our all, it is not easy to face the butcher and the baker, the coal man, the tailor, the doctor, the coal oil agent, not to mention the grocers and drygoods men.

The country is reduced to the deepest poverty, and sunk overwhelmingly in debt, and nine-tenths of the money is stolen from us, and is in the possession of the millionaires who own the railroads, and we may say the canals into the bargain, especially the Tay canal. The people are largely to blame. They know that to elect such vultures is to debase their country and themselves. If those who are now elected would take for their model the Long Parliament and investigate the rascality of which some yet left in the House are so deeply implicated in, and measure out their dues to the tyrants, expose their fraud and deceit, they would elevate the state into a healthy condition. King Charles I. raised loans by Privy seal. Our Charlies raise loans in England and put us in for them without benefit, except the privilege of paying very sweetly for the seat on their car, or walking behind their chariots. Their promises amounted to nothing as there was no performance. Magnificent improvements, increase of wages, short hours of work; in a word, from three to five times the outlay necessary to house these employees; and the same proportion between their salaries and the earnings of the whole people that support them. Let us have things in proportion. We do not cry down wages, nor is it any advantage to cry them up. If the farmer cannot pay the hired help he must cease to employ. Rewards should bear a relation to the performances. The manufacturer should not receive more for his investments than in the ratio of the laborer can

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played, - the merchant and his clerks, the prices of his wares, not what he can get but what they are worth. Inventions that are not labor-saving, are abandoned as unprofitable, as such always should be. Then why not establish this proportion throughout the community from the Governor-General's salary, through all classes of the employed to the day laborer, also the washing woman and the sewing girl? Multitudes of both sexes now prefer the labor of propelling themselves on wheels to sitting on the saddle, or the soft cushioned carriages, and thousands more would do so but for the extortion of the wheel makers. Whatever our pretensions be we are all laborers. Can morality in business then not be restored? Must it be lost sight of, and injustice, and fraud, and falsehood forever reign?

In our readings we learn that in the good old times in merry England, when they dare not publish a translation of the Scriptures in the Anglo-Saxon, few of the people could read, and scholars were driven from the country and had to escape to the Netherlands or Geneva. These reformers were determined to get the Scriptures in the hands of their countrymen, and they published what was known as the Geneva Bible, which was very much esteemed by the whole people. John Wickliff prepared a version in his mother tongue, and every reformer followed in his wake, full of anxiety to stimulate the intellect of the people by this most powerful weapon, trusting that friends of truth, sea captains and others, would get them into circulation; and so from Geneva they sent it forth, a judicious translation, the work of the refugees, from English intolerance. In spite of the scholarly attainments of the translators, and the watchfulness and care of the proof readers, an error in the printing in one edition escaped them. It may not have been attended to after the correction, and made bad work with that edition. The printer put place for peace. "Blessed are the 'place' makers." This applies so literally to the Dominion, from its beginning under John A. McDonald to its death under Dr. Tupper, that it might be claimed that they were brought up on this and other erroneous editions.

Another English edition omits "not" after 'thou shalt' in the seventh commandment, an omission very fatal but perhaps not inapplicable to some cases, like the 'place makers' to them all. Our despoiled intellects, deformed lawyers, despairing politicians, all the defeated, disappointed, desperate cases, have found great clemency from those cabinets for many years, under fine premiers. "Place-making" has been the fundamental part of their system. They have made places by the thousands that are not only not required, but injurious, and filled them with incapables or worse in many cases. The Bench and the Bar, the Custom House, the Post Office, the inspectorships of everything, the multiplication of departments and employees, almost without number or end, over a handful of people, entirely inadequate to bear such a load. The places are fat places, for these unprincipled plunderers have had nothing in view for the welfare of any in the land but themselves, and to make supporters of their own, to keep them forever in office and power, has been their aim and supreme effort. Having sacrificed our beloved liberty, it seems we must have rulers and judges, but is it so, that they must be out of all proportion with all other men in the community that have to raise this support, as well as their own, in such contracted, straightened and limited

circumstances? Against this there must be revolt, unless the people can be kept in profound ignorance of these things. Real estate has fallen over one-third, produce of every kind nearly one half, population almost standing still. How are these huge salaries to be raised? That pet organ, *The Montreal Star*, says they have pocketed nearly one half of the \$300,000,000 borrowed from England. So little truth is told in the press, people may not credit this. But we have endowed so many knights, baronets and lords, or rather they have endowed themselves at our expense, that the Dominion is a combination of pride and poverty, aristocrats and serfs, millionaires and paupers. We can neither live in the land nor leave it. Notices of farms for sale have stood till the posts that bear them up are nearly rotten, and no one to buy them. But if they cannot sell the lands, and the stock and other produce bring them nothing, thousands of them are so low bred as to take bribes and sell themselves for a few dollars, or the promise of some improvement to purchase a constituency. Some times these promises were not kept, but made to serve the purpose of elections. It may yet come to be known that all these large salaries of these hirelings are raised by the people, and they may some day ask these lords of creation to step down from their high perch and come nearer in equality. The most glaring injustice is manifest in making places of emolument, when the work is not done, nor required, and the pay is taken out of the poor, scanty rewards of sewing women and girls, whose labors are so poorly rewarded, and out of the farmer whose crops will not pay half what they cost to raise them at high wages.

Our youth must be taught ~~passionately~~ that the good name of our country be not trailed in the mire by every scandal-monger, trained to keep a good conscience fitted for the government of self as well as of the multitude. No man should be promoted to rule, who does not fear God and hate covetousness. In order to do this, the same principle should pervade every soul of the electorate, according to the great legal authorities, such as Lord Brougham, the elected and the constituents are one as he is chosen to represent them. They are accountable to one another, and all accountable to the Supreme Ruler. There is, we fear, a vast departure from the simplicity of the earlier times. Men seemed to be more honest, true and sincere then than now. It could not be attributed to the influence of preachers as they were very thinly sown in the land at that time. The people must have been trained in good principles as they lasted during that generation. Our members of Parliament were irreproachable. They had not an accusation of fraud or falsehood laid to their charge. In time, bad votes were put in, and bad representatives elected. Needless offices have been invented by the great schemers, and burdens, grievous to be borne, have been laid on all who do not dishonestly conceal their property from the assessor.

In the days when Rev. John Carroll preached to a few Wesleyans in Osgoode, and women rode twenty-five miles on horses to hear Rev. Mr. Cruikshanks, there were earnestness and truthfulness in the hearts of the settlers and many of them are so yet. We remember in these times they told of a devoted minister visiting his people and about noon he reached a house, where the lady said she would ask him to dinner, but she only had herrings. He assured her nothing could please him better.

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He was highly entertained and very kindly treated. The woman having discovered his refined taste feasted him in his calls after on the delectable fanny tribes from the coast of the ice-bound, sea-beaten Labrador. Few people are so thoughtful in these degenerate days.

We have recommended tree planting in every township along the Ottawa. Every road should be decorated. Every acre of poor land covered with young, healthy trees. Those varieties that grew on these plains in a state of nature should be re-introduced wherever possible and at the earliest convenience, as they would thrive and come to perfection in a soil where they were found so choice, beautiful and mature sixty years ago. The sensible farmer who adopts this plan will lay up for his children what he cannot now dream of, realise or estimate. There is no mineral or metal, salt or soapstone, neither nickel nor mica, not even what may be termed up-land in Osgoode. But there may be untold wealth in aluminum with which the clay soil abounds. This doubtless will yet be produced at a reasonable cost. Then who can estimate its value in a country so far from the sea coast? It is likely to be available for many purposes, and as it is free from rust when free from salt, it is likely to be more durable than other metals. We have not heard of any objections to the aluminum boats in the Arctic explorations lately made. Probably they were not much in salt water during that brief expedition.

Osgoode has done much in the erection of churches. The Roman Catholics have one, the Methodists two, the Baptists two, the Presbyterians five. Many good bridges have been made and the roads have been greatly improved. The Castor has so many branches and small tributaries that a vast number of bridges of large span are required and many little ones. Most of the large families who planted themselves here at the first, are still well represented. Some have migrated to the city and gone into successful business operations. Some have gone to the west. Most of them are very industrious. Hope is entertained of much good resulting from the deepening of the feeders of the Castor; and the removal of obstructions which would greatly improve the land on its banks and let off the waters from the flats. In dropping seasons a kind of iron rust shows on the straw which must lighten the yield and injure the feeding qualities. Draining will cure this or prevent it, and no part more requires this attention. Thousands of acres are growing blackheads, sweet flag and willows, and unfit for any purpose. Carleton people have burned with loyalty to the Government. They have elected the men that others cast out and the party has not given them a rabbit in return for their devotion. Could the man of the Tay canal who has experience in opening waterways, not secure a grant of a few thousands to open the Castor and the Carp? Twenty-five thousand to each stream would do much and the people could furnish the remainder with such encouragement. One cent a head on the Dominion would do it. These people have paid into the treasury indirectly for nearly a century and have never been refunded one dollar. If governments exist for the good of the people what have we got? If for themselves what are they worth to us? They expend on the agricultural farm or Experimental Farm in half a year what would drain these rivers to perfection, giving farmers dry lands on their banks. What does the Experimental

Farm do but spend for us? At the last Fair in Ottawa the farmers were far in advance of them in the fruits of the land and of everything except decorations. This wart must be got off the face, or it may turn to a cancer of an incurable nature with the Government. No man can be got to say that he considers it a benefit, but a fraud on the country. We have asked the question of a multitude and get answers in the negative. It's no use. It is a waster to destroy. It is a very nice home for place men. These are the replies you get. If it were a government contractor did the work he would get a quarter of a million and net two hundred thousand on the job. But it can be let by auction in fair competition.

Carleton never required any attention to keep it in line, so they can expend elsewhere without a fault being found by these patient people. Should admirers of Government say, let those benefitted make the outlay. Very well, dismiss the Board of Works, the Board of Agriculture, other boards and offices that are useless. Let the Experimental Farm sustain itself or cease to waste our substance as they now do, and the farmers will attend to themselves, and the wealthy will build railroads and canals, where they pay and are required. Contractors employ Italians, Fins, Chinamen, and would employ Kurds if it suited, and let their countrymen starve if money can be made by it on their fat jobs. Our paternals have certain tried parties on hand to keep the others in line and themselves ever in place. Is the Board of Agriculture a benefit to the farmers? Do they not expend far more on themselves and their employees than they give to the societies? Can the farmers not sustain their own shows if they are profitable? Does the money wasted on the Board and officers not come first out of the farmers' purse? Does one hundred and fifty expended on the Board procure fifty to the farmers out of the two hundred paid in? If the people are the source of all taxation, then all that live on them are parasites. Is the oak anything the better of the mistletoe? But your principles applied would dissolve civil government? Not necessarily. It would dissolve the thieves that keep us in the rankest poverty and oppression; that keep themselves in power by our money. We would denounce Mercier but would we spare Tailor? Would society be the loser if half the Government of Europe and two thirds of Asia, and three-fourths of America were dissolved and superseded by honest men? We have no spleen to gratify against free government, honest administration, correct adjustment of the burdens that must be borne. Who at this hour has a doubt that the machinery of Government is too complex to be long endured unless at the expense of what men hold dear? It seems that a new course must be adopted and pursued. A generation must be trained to reform the abuses under which we labor, or the best citizens will leave the land. A generation of school teachers is wanted free from cost, who would look at things as they are and then as they ought to be, and try to apply the remedy. No one should object to religion in the school, but generally those who have the least, cry the loudest. But when there are so many things to be taught, little time can be given to one thing, and the thing should be, not a fancy but a fact. Is it religion in a boy to smash your windows, injure you, steal from you? Then the teacher and trustees should make good the losses, else they make the old flag of religion cover the vices of the bottomless pit.

The name of religion should not cover deep, deadly iniquity, and those who so employ it should be withered by the contempt of honest men. Had my teacher of Caldee or of Syriac been a Babylonian or a Damascene must I worship Nebuchadnezzar's golden image? If my teacher of Arabic was a Musselman, must I therefore embrace Islamism? Part of my Hebrew I learned from a Jew, was I then under any necessity to become a Jew with Mr. Hirschfelder? Or remain a Christian with Dr. Rintoul? Why was I to have been sent to a young Catholic priest to study my first Latin? Had you asked my father to avoid the danger of my being proselytised to Romanism, he would have smiled. Bytown grammar school was got up in time, but it was all the same. We yield to no man in maintaining the necessity of religion, but the home is the place to begin, and cherish it, else the school cannot do it. It may be a help, but it cannot take the place of home and the church if they neglect it at home. The fault then is in the clergy, who should look after it carefully. A Cardinal at Toledo or Saragossa in teaching me Spanish would not make me embrace his religion more than his country. There is so much folly put forth by Protestant ministers, often only for popularity about religion in the schools and only reading a passage of Scripture and a prayer prepared for the occasion. It is a fine theme for splendid eloquence, righteous indignation and religious enthusiasm. Such clergy take so great interest in family training, church training, stirring up souls for truth and godliness everywhere, that killing and lying and stealing, swearing, drinking and Sabbath profanation are all disappearing, and Scriptural knowledge as spiritual life and the highest morality in politicians and electors and judges and traders shine in their glory. "Oh, enter not into judgement with thy servants."

We have had converse with the inhabitants of Osgoode and found them better developed in many things than the people of some other parts. They give some attention to the politics and government of the country. To the industry of the people they justly trace the derivation of the means of liquidating all expenditures; that industry may be plied in the fields, the forests and the mines, the foundries and the factories, the stores, the banks and the workshops. Now every source of wealth of profit and of gain should contribute its just and fair proportion to the expense of conducting the government of the country. If some fool had said that Canada should not be made a slaughter market for the goods of other countries, it would have been laughed to scorn, and treated as the ravings of a disordered brain, and its author regarded as not safe to be out of an asylum; but Sir John McDonald declared it and the rapt admirers of that great one have echoed it over all the lands and its reverberations are heard after the worms have devoured his body. Yet it is a miserable, worthless fallacy, and not the product of a mind that had understanding. But express this in the hearing of his admirers and they would burn you on a brush pile. Some of our merchants make a slaughter market of our city continually. Is it injurious to those who buy at half-price? Is it injurious to the over-stocked merchant to be able to use the cash instead of the useless stock? If the manufacturer over-produce or the merchant over-stock, they will soon learn to do better. Most people profit, or at least learn by their own

blunders; if not, let them get out of the way of abler men. Others may succeed where they failed. A wholesale merchant or manufacturer may be able to distribute the unsold balance of his overstock among his steady customers at the slaughter price, benefitting himself with them and the customers all round, or he may send it abroad doing good all round. Sir John's curse is a blessing in disguise, but he preferred to curse us without rather than bless us with it.

What showers of blessings these men have given us in 18 years since 1878? What curses they have turned away from us? Individuals have been bribed, whole constituencies have been bought, seats in Parliament stolen, judges have soiled their ermine, penitentiary birds appointed returning officers, ballot boxes stuffed, villainous gerrymanders, diabolical franchise acts, senatorial appointments one-sided, and the last efforts to make way for a hierarchical establishment and union of church and state, and now beaten by their own friends, with the mark of Cain on their brow, and four hundred appointments in their arms, they have been ignominiously kicked downstairs, in a worse plight than were the men of the Pacific scandal. The new Government may do better for us but Conservatives are nearly unanimous in declaring that we can be no worse. Such is history in 1896. Our best men in the land have had so great cause for humiliation, that such black hearted villainy could be performed or even conceived by men in human shape, that men under the flag of English civilization could be so lost to every sense of honor, truth, justice, Christian principle, and manly conduct, as to debauch a whole land and hold up its people to the contempt of Turks, Kurds and Matabeles. Heaven gave us a government in anger and took it away in wrath? We are sure many a prayer was offered for its removal and to be substituted by a better, prayers that have been mercifully answered. Our own earnest prayer is that these men now chosen may fear God, love truth and honesty, hate covetousness, reform the laws and the whole system of administration, that the land may have rest for many years from the oppression, deceit, hypocritical misrule, misery and degradation so long endured.

Osgoode possessed in Rev. W. Lohead a good organizer. The young of the congregation were well instructed. He came there an ordained minister. He had spent some years in Albany and Cherry Valley, N.Y. His bearing was always dignified and gentlemanly. His discourses were clear, sound, forcible and expository. He formed the congregations in Osgoode and Gloucester about 1847. The congregation grew and prospered. He went to North Gower about 1858. He remained in North Gower until he retired from preaching. He was scholarly but very unassuming. The great Brooklyn orator, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher began to call his Wednesday evening exercises talks. These prayer meeting exercises were very edifying. Whatever vagaries he held in theory no one ever doubted that he was 'possessed of extraordinary endowments. His great popularity made him a fit object for imitation by men of far lighter calibre, and was pernicious to those who thought by copying him to become famous some day. A luxuriant crop of self-styled evangelists sprang up, not to preach, which they could not do, but to talk. They gave no exposition of Scripture, but their own theories. These evangelists from Moody to Clarke, took

only salient points, at the expense of all others, to catch the attention of those on the lookout for innovators. Conversions easily made were reckoned in great numbers. Contributions flowed in streams. Times were good. Temples were built in the great cities of the east and west. We were on the point of having a new sect of Moody's disciples, but a rumor that Moody was baptised acted unfavorably. He kept aloof from all sects and parties, was a religionist of his own kind. When he went to enlighten the Scotch the clergy all united with him, so he could not do in Edinburgh as he would in Boston and Chicago.

The evangelists soon became enriched, after which they modestly retired to their castellated mansions, newly constructed and furnished, and the conflagration over, they became as mute as the harp on Tara's wall, except when lured out by invitation to make a pleasant visit for a week or two. Not that they are less interested in the evangelization of the world but that their wants are not so pressing, having been amply provided for in that season when the heat of the crucible dissolved the precious metal. Many of our young crafts were caught in the eddy and sailed round with the current. Ease is sweet. Rest is pleasant. Much study is a weariness to the flesh. It is not uncommon to hear one minister abuse another that shows any anxiety to be constantly laboring. It is a rebuke upon their own indolence. Give such gentlemen money enough and they will enjoy the "otium cum dignitate," with a becoming gracefulness, and take plenty of exercise for health in the curling clubs. This may be in accordance with the fitness of things. The evangelists studied manner, studied it for the best effect, and they made their manner taking. Their matter judging from Moody's published works, was tame, common place in the extreme. It is a great saving of time when manner takes best with popular audiences, and his were always popular audiences.

In the year 1858 or about that time Rev. James Whyte was called to Osgoode, ordained and installed. He very soon established his reputation as a great worker. He held a prayermeeting in some part of the congregation during six nights of the week. He greatly excelled in this kind of pastoral labor, and consequently had little time to study sermons, and they will not come without study. His sermons were, of necessity, like his evening addresses or Beecher talks. We do his memory no injustice by stating the facts. Fault was found with the occasional sermons he preached before Presbytery for their not having been thought on. His contemporaries who are yet alive can correct me if I am wrong. Very few men can think in the crowd, and quite as few on their legs in the pulpit. The lamps were to be fed with beaten oil, which is as it should be. Dr. Mason told his students if they wrote two sermons in the week for a few years they would write themselves fools. Can the turbine wheel revolve if the water supply is not kept up in the dam? Congregations that are neglected perish for lack of knowledge. Those that have too many meetings become dyspeptic for want of time to study Scripture, think, digest and apply what they read and hear. One might have twenty Bibles in his possession, and know nothing of their contents for want of reading. One might have a great library and be ignorant of the contents of books and of their authors, treasuring up nothing valuable in his mind. Excitement is not the life but often the death of re-

legion in the soul. In the early times sermons were preached at the openings of *Presbytery*. They are still in the United States, and communions are held there, but nothing of the kind have we had here in all these years; and benedictions are more frequent than prayers, or about as frequent.

We have heard fashionable prayers for the guidance of the Holy Spirit in things they had prejudged and made up their minds on long before. Such prayers need pardon. Men like Findlay, Gray, Atkins, Wardrope, Duncan, McMeekin, Melville, and a few others would bring out something profitable to the congregation and the members of the *Presbytery*. Dr. Boyd, Messrs Gegie, Fairbairn, Wilson, McLaughlan, outside the *Presbytery* of Perth were worth hearing. Dr. John Bayne of Galt was the ablest preacher in the synod in his day and generation. Drs. Willis and Burns were not inferior to him, but their business was more the training for the ministry, which they did well and faithfully too. The first pastor went from Osgoode to North Gower, the second went to Manotick. The third, Mr. McKay, was too short a time here to make much impression. The same may be said of Mr. Cawlder and Mr. Hughs who went to Chelsea and after six months went west. Their present minister is Mr. Goodwillie, who has now a field of over one hundred and sixty families. His eldest son, a fine boy, was taken away by death. His second son is a pretty, young boy. Mrs. Goodwillie is a superior woman, taking much interest in the congregation and the Sunday school. Osgoode is to be congratulated on its general prosperity. It would be of great service to get from some of the older people, their views on the different methods of their preachers. Some are of opinion that the church has parted her hawser, and been blown out of port by adverse winds, and is dangerously drifting upon the shoals and quicksands of other denominations, and perilously near shipwreck.

It grates sadly on our ears to hear Presbyterians say that *Presbyterianism* is degenerating. One man says, I despair of hearing the Gospel preached in our pulpit; another says: Well, we thought our minister could not hunt up a poorer preacher than himself, but he found one; Another still, that his preacher has a shower of words but little in them. A reply to them all may be, to be careful not to confound *Presbyterianism* with its lame and blind advocates and defenders. These men may have their backs to it, and you may be in their shadow, and its light may be obscured from you under such an eclipse, like the dark moon obscuring the sun's light from a part of the earth by her passage between. If you doubt this turn to your New Testament, and see how much the light of that which was made glorious was darkened by the sanctimonious hypocrites, who monopolized the piety of their times, as sitting in Moses seat, as the only true expositors of the God-given system of truth, and you will not be surprised that men in sheep's clothing make merchandise of you to-day. They may take away from you the key of knowledge as their predecessors did from others, but you have a remedy. We once knew a case when the preacher was telling them old stories and trifling in the pulpit, some went out, staid a while and came in again, the others did not return till the minister came out, like the actor he was, and rushed to ask after the welfare of the family! He was told they were pretty well, but would be much better, if they had more Gospel

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and fewer old stories told them from the pulpit, and ended by giving him his choice to reform or they would go elsewhere. The reformation began in the pulpit the next Sunday and continued. Truth is infallible, but the men who administer or hide it are not. The people can either reform or dismiss them, or go elsewhere. No man should oppose reform. A very penetrating lay-man says, not under his breath, that thirty-five per cent. of the preachers should have some other occupation and about five or six per cent. are fit to supply respectable congregations. We do not say this witness is not true. There is surely a remedy. Let salt be cast into the water. Let the love of truth be cultivated. Men are their brothers' keepers. The man who will not prepare his sermon, has no right to preach, and is not called to preach. Is every kind of trash and rubbish to be trailed into the pulpit and eternal truth excluded, or made to blush in company with such filthy dreams? "When a nation is punished for its sin, 'tis in the church the leprosy begins." Steps should be taken to drive out the pharisees or hypocrites. Purge out the old leaven. One of our strong congregations, in this vale of which we write, had an able preacher for years, but he did not visit enough; then they got another who was great on the visiting but nothing at the desk. They were not backward in requesting his removal. They magnified his visiting powers, not forgetting the preaching powers of the former. We suggested that they keep him and bring back the other one, but they thought we were jesting. Like a young preacher we remember in the south who could read a fine sermon, and a young elder who could word a fine prayer. A young lady who heard them recommended that they should go together and each do what he could do best.

North Gower is one of the three gores in the County of Carleton containing about 33,000 acres. It is all occupied at this writing except what is worthless or useless, of which there is very little. The features of the landscape resemble other places. It was a great field for lumbering. The first lumberers were U.E. Loyalists who explored its groves and prepared square timber for market. It was driven loose or a few sticks netted together on Stevens' Creek to the Rideau and Ottawa, then put in cribs. These cribs might be in width whatever they chose. There were no slides at rapids to limit them, as such improvements had not begun to be made at such an early stage in our history, and cribs on the Rideau could only be formed after the canal was built, as they would have been sent into single timbers pitching into the Ottawa over the falls at New Edinburgh. Its length was that of the pieces composing it, which were generally assorted to match, or nearly so. The floats on the sides were generally round sticks bored to take two and a half-inch pins to secure the cross pieces (traverses) five or six of which were on each crib that held the lot together with three pieces of loading on top, one on each side and one on the centres. The oars were worked on the pieces on the sides, but these were only used to row out to run the rapids or the slides. The cribs banded together formed the raft. The oars were long, the men using them stood one on each side of the loading timber in the middle of the crib. This middle stick had a row-lock on each end for the men to steer by. Oak rafts had to be floated by the lightest material and the ends grubbed and withed to the traverses, and were not loaded on. In narrow creeks timber or logs had to be driven

loose, great care being taken to prevent jams. This was a long piece crossing from bank to bank and detaining all behind it. Sometimes a piece had to be cut to let the logs free, and it was not very safe, but the best had to be done. In the early times when the timber was growing near the river or on level lands, oxen could draw it on a crotch from the stump to the ice, but when it had to be brought a distance horses were better. A bob-sled, with a bunk on the back or middle beam, and the piece was drawn with one end on the bunk and the other on the road.

In course of time Mr. Robert Fraser of Cumberland, a man of genius, proposed to use a sleigh at each end. He had to fight the battle that every reformer and inventor have to fight. The lumberers were very Conservative and proposed the usual difficulties of filling hollows, levelling roads. He met them all by the consideration of the use of draught with two or three or four pieces for one. An old lumberer at Lochabar saw the improvement at first description and adopted it. Mr. Robert Kenry of Aylmer and his sons fell in with it. The Hurdman family, his brothers-in-law took it up and the timber hauling was revolutionized. But the time of square timber was passing into that of logs and sawed lumber. The bobs were made with short runners six inches wide shod with steel and slid on the snow leaving scarcely a mark. A pair of horses are said to draw four pieces of one hundred feet each as easily as one piece of the four dragging on the road; that would be on the old reckoning ten tons. Mr. Fraser did not get half the credit he merited for his discovery. For as we happen to know well he is a man of intellectual pith and power and possessed of good principles and has raised a family that we believe will do him credit. One of his sons has made an impression as a scholar and close student now in the Queen's University, Kingston.

Some say the Gowers took their name from their forms, others from some English nobleman, which is more probable, but of very little consequence. Lumberers were the first settlers, others followed as the way opened and they could secure their lands. Lumber was the chief source of wealth all over the land. Potash followed from the land clearing, the labor in both cases being very well rewarded. The Rideau formed one boundary of the township. The survey of Marlboro made by de Pensier twenty-five years before, fixed its southern limit. The settlements were made from different points at first and it is said the pioneers lived for years on their new lands before the people of one settlement became acquainted with those of another, from isolation and the dense woods between. Those making timber within hearing of the great pines they cut, made their first acquaintance in the Quebec market selling their lumber, or at their meeting on the river sailing down to market. Shanty roads, those cut for the lumbering, were their only roads for years, except the rivers for canoes and boats in summer. At the junction of Stephens' Creek with the Rideau, the first land was taken up by Richard Garlick, viz: Lot 24, on the 1st Concession. Then beside him Sabra Beaman and Stephen Blanchard, all of U. E. L. descent, settled down on their lands after lumbering two years from 1820 before bringing in their families. Rev. Peter Jones, a retired Methodist preacher, and Annie Eastman, his wife, of U. E. L. extraction, drew lands at the site of the future village of North Gower, built a shanty that was his home,

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school, and church. He cleared land and cropped it, taught school and preached, the audience room being his own shanty. The shanty was a fine scooped building with ornamental corners, the floor planks of split basswood. The attendance at church and day school was thin.

The Garlick settlement claimed the first schoolhouse, scooped log, and respectable, and taught by a Mr. Gove, an American. Their nearest neighbors were the people of Burritt's Rapids on one side, and Richmond on the other. The next schoolhouse was both school and preaching house, built near Mr. Jones', where a Mr. Hazleton, who was very lame, said to be fit for nothing else, taught for years. Perhaps his infirmity was neither his fault nor detrimental to his calling. He may not have been a "lame teacher." The boy said to his mother, "There is Dick, the lame preacher," who hearing it, corrected him by saying: "No it's lame Dick, the preacher." A lame foot or a wry neck in a Prince, though unfortunate, would not militate against his claims to royalty. Hazleton got twenty-five pounds a year, and "board round with the scholars." This was then considered a good remuneration. Sometimes families were put to somewhat of a disadvantage in those days when first coming out to this country. An emigrant family purchasing from a settler had to live with the out-going family for weeks in a shanty, 18 by 24 feet in a single apartment.

The lumberers and their hands soon discovered the quality of the lands, and settlements followed. The river was the boundary of North Gower on one side, and the survey of the town line on the north of Marlboro in the end of the last century marked out another. De Pensier had been the first surveyor, followed by Steadman, who laid out several townships around. Roads by which supplies were got to the shanties and timber roads connecting shanties with rivers and creeks, were long their only roads. Many brothers of the Eastmans settled in the township and built the first steam mill. Two of these brothers were killed with some of their men by the explosion of the boiler of the mill engine. Between 1822 and 1826 the Ewans, Christies, Covalls, Mains, Myers, Clarkes, Cassidays, Wallaces, came. Beaman brought with him Snay, Hazleton and Rielly. Mr. William Thompson had come to South Gower in 1817 and in 1826 came to North Gower. After residing some time here he visited old Scotland and sailed in the first steamer ever built on the Clyde. He had to bring from the South Gower his neighbors to help him to raise a frame barn, so few were the settlers around him: When he moved in, there was neither school nor church, mill nor smithy, store nor postoffice nearer than Richmond on the one side or Burritt's Rapids on the other.

James Lindsay came in 1829. Mr. Lindsay was born in Lanarkshire, Scotland in 1802. His father, brothers and sisters, a very numerous family, settled in Ramsay. James went to a store in Ogdensburg, N. Y., where he soon showed business capacity, was well liked and respected. The firm was so pleased with his management, business capacities and powers, that they built a store in Waddington, east of Ogdensburg on the St. Lawrence, and sent him there, and he made them profit for some years. The village and surroundings, a large Scotch settlement, kept their connections ecclesiastical with the church in Canada for a long time, and with great reluctance broke it up to connect with the American

Presbyterian church, had their ministers Mr. Morrison and then Mr. Robinson from Canada. The proclamation of free grants of lands by Governor Simcoe, and the building of the Rideau canal created an anxiety in people to visit the country through which the navigation was to be opened. Mr. James Lindsay came and explored, then considering that it would be a rising place, and determined to take part in its advancement, came with his wife and one child in the year 1831. He built what has long been known as Lindsay's wharf, and in connection with keeping the wharf he betook himself to farming with perseverance. The property lies south of Wellington and Steven's Creek. All his family except the eldest were born in North Gower. Of his four sons one is a merchant in Manotick, another a merchant in Kars. Two are farmers. One still looks after the wharf. One of his daughters is Mrs. W. T. Pierce of Marlboro. The other is Mrs. T. Martin of Kars. He lived to be 88 years of age and is buried in North Gower at the Presbyterian church close by the old home.

Rev. David Evans first attended to the Presbyterians in these parts, and Rev. John Flood to the Episcopalians, both living at Richmond. At the disruption the people allied themselves with the Free Church. William Thompson died at the age of 96. His son Gilbert became an elder and took an active interest in the Free Church. We often supplied them while a mere boy preacher and was entertained hospitably by Mr. G. Thompson. He was not very fond of read sermons, and told us of an old Scotch elder who wished much to cure his minister of the fault, so as he found the minister coming in to visit him, rushed to the table and began to look at the words of Isaiah. Well, John, said the minister what do I find you at? "Propheying, sar." "Oh! John you are only reading the prophet." Ah! then if you call it preaching when you are reading it off your paper, I may call it propheying when reading the prophet. Mr. Thompson was in fair worldly circumstances, but a good man and much happier than the worldling. After some years, Rev. W. Lockhead organized the church, and was succeeded by Mr. McKiblon, and he by Mr. Stewart, who was succeeded by Mr. Lochead the present pastor. Their first Methodist minister was Mr. Jones, then Mr. Farr, then Mr. Williams, but one cannot give the succession without searching up their records; they change so often one is tempted to quote the language of a young lady wit when asked what was her native place, said she had no native place. She was the daughter of a Methodist preacher.

Some school teachers got £25 a year and board around. Such as hailed from the Emerald Isle were deeply immersed in the mysteries of arithmetic. Hathaway was the name of another who wielded the birch, governing the motions and manners, as well as moulding the notions and minds of the youths of both sexes. The country seemed unhealthy for some years. Some died of small-pox, many of ague, which seems to have been very acute. The flooding of many parts of the Rideau by so many dams connected with docks on the canal, which killed the trees, caused so much decomposition of vegetable material, producing malaria of a marked type. A number suffered long and some succumbed to the disease, for instance, Reilly. Then remedies were little known, nor readily applicable in districts with few physicians, and so

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thinly peopled. Quinine, sulphate of iron, capsicum, were rarely within reach and not well known at that early time. The road from Richmond landing to Richmond village had been recently cut out connecting Bytown with Richmond. The road from Chapman's past Capt. Collins and the Dow settlement on the left bank of the Rideau, was opened and passible. The road from New Edinburgh by Cummings' Bridge and Billings' Bridge on the right bank of the Rideau to Capt. Wilson's and through Kemptville and Spencerville to Prescott was travelled, which is nearly saying enough for it as horses in the saddle could get over it, but the waggon wheels went deeper than was desirable in so many places, ditching being in its infancy, clearings very small and few, and so much of the country if not swampy at least very level in thick woods. Earlier the road from Burritt's Rapids to Kemptville had been opened and a scow ferry at the latter was available for crossing. The road through Marlboro by Pierce's to Kemptville was not such deep mud and was opened to Stevens' Creek and round a number of large swamps and by Brownlee's to Richmond.

There was now in the estimation of the people of those days good open communication between the St. Lawrence and the Ottawa on both sides of the Rideau. Before Bytown was thought of or Col. By had come to the country, Richmond was a village, the important centre of a new settlement, with hundreds of people, officers and men of the army, with Col. Burke, the Crown land agent, for the benefit and convenience of the settlers. A road was opened through the long swamp to Jackson Stitts' who was a soldier, and this road was prolonged as the third line of Huntley to the Chats. Hugh Bell's was connected with Stittsville by Robertsons and what is now Hazledean, though far from pleasant for man or beast, from the tough, thick, soft blue clay. But they were a vast improvement on the original blaze with a tree across a creek, which had served hitherto for the most daring as well as the most delicate of our rural population to cross where the wading was too deep for comfort, profit or pleasure. The lands are not too level but dry and fit for tillage. The creeks are small except Stevens' and no lakes or pond of any note. Does this in any way account for the entire absence of Baptists or river brethren in that locality? The Methodists, Episcopalians and Presbyterians seemed to absorb the inhabitants as there are very few of other denominations in the township.

It was now expected that Richmond having open connection with the surrounding settlements so fast filling up, would soon become a city, or at least a town of some magnitude. It had so many army officers and men of genius, intelligence and wealth, maintaining order, discipline and activity; the results were not fully realized. It failed to attract business people and to grow. Lumber absorbed the attention of every one, clearings enlarged and crops were raised, hay, oats, pork and flour, with the lumber market in view. Some fine houses have been recently erected, but the place looked nearly as well fifty years ago as to-day. There were some very energetic men among its early inhabitants. The Lyons, Mallochs, Hintons, Maxwells, Wilsons, McElroys and many others made their mark. Besides these were many very successful farmers in the environs of the young village. There were many hangers on and hard drinkers, men that never come to much anywhere. They

worship wealth and the shadows of greatness, bask in the smile of the great copy in a crude way their frivolities, and when their little ignoble race is run, they leave an example worthy of execration and are soon forgotten. Bytown grew slowly but went on without a boom, and but for the degradation from the drinking habits would have risen far above its attainments. Rum-sellers never rise to the dignity of respectability. No country can prosper that legislates to enrich the few at the expense of the many, or ever rise to a place of eminence. For the riches are obtained on principles of immorality and the possessors lie under the curse of the Lord that is in the house of the thief.

How can money, made by selling drink, do good? How can money made by fraud and injustice, thrive, increase and do good to its possessors? Society should put down the business of fraud in every form it takes, should refuse to employ men that drink, should refuse to elect not merely dishonest politicians but doubtful ones. Rulers profess great interest in education, but they would reduce our best systems to barbarism if permitted. Their places and emoluments are more to them than all else. The people deserve it, they are so pleased to be imposed on. Then we have the cry of the necessity of religion in the schools. We do need it there as it is so left out of the homes and only scientifically touched in the churches. But the so-called godly schools send forth the worst samples. We will have no education worth the name till a reformation is experienced in the family, and youths are trained to love truth and honesty instead of the young reprobates they now are, destroying property for their vicious amusement. There are some educated thinkers that are beneficial to their kind, others are ingeniously contriving the ways of imposing heavier burdens on the people, already galled with the weight of their yoke. Our cities are overloaded with paupers or idlers, so that with our extravagance in education, the many are unable to bear it, and the few keep them, deluded by very many ways and means. Our governments in city and country are a terror to well-doers. Richmond had two half yearly Fairs established at an early period, that were of signal service to all the farmers around, as they could there buy and sell cattle, sheep and horses to great advantage.

Towards evening these Fairs became the most noisy when fists and sticks and whip handles were freely used. Often the portly form of Father Smith, with or without a horse, but seldom without a whip, which he did not scruple to use in cases of necessity, (that were not few), but he managed to scatter those who delighted in war. Bytown was infested at the same time with the Shiner tribes under the same curse of whiskey. These gentlemen were employed in the lumber trade and during their visits here in summer with their rafts, and in winter to hire and go to the woods made no end of broils and quarrels at the bottom of all which was the liquor. We have seen accounts of these people written by those who never saw one of them, declaring them to be Orangemen, which they never were, but their antagonists. We had a treat to an account of them uniting with Orangmen to kill off the French Canadians, a statement which the Great Stretcher himself could hardly equal. One in sober reason asks why such unblushing contradictions of facts can be harbored in any rational mind, not to say get into print. The Shiners were raftsmen generally from the Emerald Isle, who were capable of a

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pretty good fight when half drunk, or as they said, "three sheets in the wind" They were a terror for years to people going to market in town. They were at enmity with the Canadian French nearly as much as with the Protestant fellow craftsmen, wishing the monopoly of the shanty business to be in their own hands, if that had been a possibility. These two races or the portions of them, not the most remarkable for their up-bringing, with a good sprinkling of rather loose Protestants, kept the place in a state of turmoil for years. Men and even horses carried for life the marks of these entertainments. An old horse of the redoubtable Dan Hobbs had both ears cropped and could be seen for many years after the quarrelling had been put down, by the force and strong hand of the law in some cases. There is yet room for improvement in these places. Drunkenness has diminished but lying has greatly increased. How about dishonesty? North Gower was not so much exposed to drink and rowdyism. Its villages were of a much later formation. Education was better attended to at an early date. The settlements were formed later. Men with better principles formed the basis of society, and there was less dregs among the strictly farming classes, than where so much promiscuous business was necessarily carried on. The lands were a little more rolling than other parts and so were dry and ready early for planting when clearings were small, and little of the forests was reclaimed. These lands were very productive.

The village of North Gower, one of the pretty villages of the township, was at the first begun by Mr. Johnston who opened a store and hotel, that for years he conducted with vigor and success. This induced others to get lots and build. Very soon there were carpenter, blacksmith, shoemaker shops in fine form and plenty of employment for workmen. Mr. Andrews, one of several brothers, introduced tin and sheet iron business, which, to the advantage of all, he has conducted with persevering success. The postoffice was early started, then a telegraph office, town hall, cheese factory, school and church accommodation has kept pace with the growth and requirements of the place. The churches, Methodist, Presbyterian and Episcopal are all respectable buildings, suited to the wants of the community, and in keeping with their means and general wealth. The Methodists had greatly the start in this township. Rev. Peter Jones among the first settlers preached to them, baptized the children, married the young people, securing the first and strongest claims on their attentions and affections. Rev. Mr. Farr first travelled the circuit, followed by Rev. Mr. Williams. The brethren in Huntley called him the blacksmith. His name sounds of Welsh extraction. His father worked in the business. The trade in Wales was very respectable, which every trade ought to be when properly conducted. Human pride drives men to disdain a lawful calling. Pride is dangerous, degrading and debasing the soul. It is of the Wicked One, was not made for man. The blacksmith made the weapons of war, and in princely banquets and festivals his seat was near those of the king and queen. The Welsh were a sensible people. A good blacksmith is better than a bad king or a bad clergyman. Pride is deeply bedded in fallen humanity. The prouder they are the less they have to be proud of. Governors, ministers and multitudes use this most objectionable term. In most of its applications gratitude would surely be preferable on the

lips of a ruler or from the sacred desk. The new woman was holding forth that when they got the reigns in their hands there would be no bribery at elections and they would have a fair 'count'. Her boy brother asked in his innocence: "Would not a fair 'duke' suit some of you as well?" Some clergymen are recommending to their brethren the religion of Shakespeare, and even caricatures of the religious experience of his pious countrymen and women by Ian McLaren, are strongly recommended to ministers, as well as Dickens and Thackeray, and many others quite as pious as these, so that if our young ministers follow these exhortations, what noble samples of piety our pulpits will soon exhibit? Welshes, Rutherfords and McChines!

After Mr. Evans left for Kitley's Corners and the people of North Gower espoused the cause of the Free Church. The Thompson brothers and sisters took a very active part and great interest in the little struggling station that could get only partial supplies, generally voluntary services, rendered by members of Presbytery. Congregations then willingly sent their ministers two to four Sundays in the three months between meetings of Presbytery. Home missionaries were so few as to be rarely available. These supplies though only keeping the places from utter destitution, were received with gratitude by the people. The meetings were well attended. Gilbert Thompson entertained the preachers, as we well remember staying with him often. The proper organization of the Presbyterians into a congregation was by the Rev. W. Lockhead at Gower Corners before it could be called a village. Wellington and Osgoode stations were united with it as a congregation. The first birth in the township was in the family of Peter Jones. The first marriage is in dispute. Some say Hugh McIntosh and Rhoda Eastman. Others say Levi Eastman and Margaret Buchanan by Rev. P. Jones, was the first in the township. The other couple went to live at Merrickville. The Eastmans were numerous.

The Beaman family was large, several of whom lost their lives by a boiler explosion in their steam mill. Several of their hands were killed at the same time. It was a great wreck, a lamentable affair. There were few settlers up to 1824, between that and 1828. The Christies, McEwans, Covells, Cassidays, Clarkes, Wallaces, Mains, Myers came in and filled up the place and assisted much in its progress and general early development. Wellington village on the left bank of the Rideau and north of Stevens' Creek has a respectable appearance, a fine site, a little rolling with a pretty sheet of water on its east side, between Lindsay's wharf and the bridge. Recently, an iron span has been put into the wooden bridge, greatly improving it for the communication with Osgoode. The common country roads here are good with the finest farms stretching out on every side. In business this village has had neither boom nor stagnancy. Its situation is such that its increase and growth can hardly conflict with the development of other places, occupying a kind of central position from North Gower village, Manotick, Richmond, Osgoode station, Kemptville and Burritt's Rapids. Its environs are favorable to its enlargement, and its shipping facilities far exceed most of its neighbors. In municipal affairs the Craigs, Callandars, Coles, Lindays, Fentons, McEwans, Andrews, Wallaces, Hartwells, Blakeleys, Paggs, Mackeys, Ronans, Grahams, and many others have been very

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familiar names figuring on their rolls for many years past. The village of Manotick, the Indian name for Long Island, is the youngest of the villages. It occupies the corners of four townships. Osgoode, Gloucester and Nepean have each a portion but North Gower the greatest part. It owes little to any of them. Clothier seemed the chief occupant of the Island, but did nothing to help the village till M. K. Dickenson, who found but one log house on the lower part of the Island, came and purchased the place. He was a vigorous member of the Forwarding Co., at Ottawa before he sat for Carleton in the House of Commons, or went to build his little city. He is grandson of the pioneer gentleman, who long ago gave his name to Dickenson's Landing at the Rapids on the St. Lawrence. He has been Mayor of our city and was always a man of success. His village is three miles from the Manotick station and about fifteen miles from the city.

The other inhabitants of the south of the Island, Tighes and Doughneys, did not take to town building. The place is fine for business and growth. The Presbyterian minister, Rev. James Whyte, labored here for some time and died here. Rev. Mr. Findlay is the present pastor. He came from Cantley and Portland. Mr. Dickenson's energy, enterprise and wealth drew others to the place, so that he is the source of its progress and business activity. Tree planting has not found much favor yet in North Gower but it will. Dr. Johnston is said to have written to some of the few papers of his time, after a visit to Edinburgh, how absurd it was for the Scotch to talk of hanging their criminals on trees; that he had not seen one between that city and the Tweed big enough to suspend a good sized boy on. The landed proprietors stoutly denied his statements, but began to plant profusely, and very soon the highways and farms were fringed on their borders with whatever would grow of oak, ash, yew, spruce, larch, birch and pine down to the poplar and sycamore of the vale. What a revolution to witness ! It is still told by the very old people that in those fine old times the criminal was mercifully permitted to enjoy the melancholy satisfaction of choosing the beautiful tree he was to adorn, dancing for a while with nothing under his feet. One young hopeful, when conducted by his faithful attendants to the happy spot, is said to have chosen a very young one, a mere twig; when remonstrated with by his friends to choose a fitter one for the purpose, as that was but a rod, and too young to bear his weight, stuck firmly to his choice assuring them that he was in no hurry and would wait with becoming patience till it grew up.

They should try the planting of trees in these parts for though we have not dreamed of their being used for such base and ignoble purposes as stated above, yet they may be found very useful before the end of the next century. They will fill up a gap widening every year between the demand and the supply. This yawning and widening must continue until the aluminum age is reached, when it will take the place of iron, tin and lumber. As it is about the specific gravity of heavy hardwood, it could be rolled as thin as sheet iron or tin nailed to studding, outside and inside, making the most beautiful walls, partitions and the roofing for flat roofs on girders of the same metal; even doors can be made of it. And by that time we will have glass, two-and-one-half or three inches thick for windows, or even doors, which the well-bred boys from our

most Christian schools, will not be able to smash without putting themselves to too much labor. What would transpire then; when our rapids and great falls have furnished light, heat and locomotion, dismissing the horse and cultivating the soil, perhaps propelling our bicycles to rest our feet? They will serve for ornament and cooling shade, attracting showers, arresting and breaking the force of wind currents, breathing out oxygen in the summer sunshine, exhaling nitrogen in the darkness to feed other plants, enriching the air and the earth, dividing the "lights and shades, whose well accorded strife gives all the strength and color of our life;" diffusing health, pleasure and beauty all around.

In all these parts the school accommodation is adequate to the demand and the increase of the population. The subject of education should hold a much higher place in the minds of parents than it has attained to. It is useless to call the attention of the clergy to it for they have too much to do to keep the attention of the people away from their own neglects of study by contriving meetings for every night—boy meetings, girl meetings, old women meetings, old men meetings, Christian Endeavor Societies, Christian associations that are sometimes secular under a fine name. Then, a subject so popular with legislatures and with the clergy; the workingman, his long hours and low wages. Did they give themselves to the training of the young in the principles of Christianity, they would have to learn it themselves and leave their popular subject, and the people might seek or go into other denominations, and their salaries take the dry rot. People are allowed to neglect their children, to hand them over to professional Sunday school teachers, whose theology is the latest fad, picked up in these Christian gatherings, where even preachers rail at old theology, and eulogize the descent of man, or the ascent of man, or the second probation, or the injustice of eternal punishment. All heathen, Pagan and Mohammaden nations hate Christianity, as many hate in Christian nations, and would with fire and sword rid the earth of it if they were able. Their conduct is enough to make Christian blood boil and indignation overflow in denunciations, when they restrain bullets and shells.

There are professing Christians who would affect to be shocked if you expressed a doubt in their hearing, of the final salvation of the bloodiest Kurd, coming from butchering old women and young infants in Armenia. They practice what they preach, professing the salvation of the heathen, they save their money from all missionary fads, leaving the Creator of these natural brute beasts to do with them as he pleases. The Greek church in Russia denounces and persecutes the Riscolnicks dissenters. The Catholics doubt the salvation of Protestants. Many Protestants, alas, pay them back. Some make a hobby of some rite to be observed after a particular manner or form. Others cling to some form of ordination or appointing its ministers. Some hang to theories about the rights, duties and powers of the civil magistrate. Others for or against lay patronage. Some delight in talkative meetings. Others in the frisky tramp, the fife and drum. What a pretty figure the human family cuts at present on the face of the world! How disgraceful to its name! Teachers are becoming extravagant in cities, and the outlay on them is becoming burdensome for what they give in return. The press is beginning to speak freely on it in Toronto and elsewhere. The

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extravagance in legislation, in the executive, in the administration of the laws, the Board of Works, everywhere, that the means of living to the most is greatly diminished. There is hardly a day of the week that there is not a beggar at my door, some days several. Politicians have cried up the working man so high that he regards himself as so precious that he cannot work on a farm but at a wage ruinous to the farmer, who is now resolving to work less land and do without them. Then the cities are crowded and no work of any note worth the outlay. They abhor soup kitchens, but would do useless snow shovelling well. There are many who are not parasites, whose hundreds and thousands are not filched out of the people's pockets, who are oppressed to keep up the parasites in the persons of cheating, renters, extortionate rates, or empty tenements, a property that will not sell as there are no buyers, and population is being thinned out of city and country.

Now a good education would do good to our rising youth, but judging from a number of samples we meet in the city, that education has been thrown away on, and has made them much worse than the most ignorant in the land. Our police force is like that of Montreal or New York. They can worry and annoy peaceable citizens, but cannot make an arrest of rowdies, for that would break the record of their measured tramp, and no moderate policeman would so disgrace himself. We suppose cities in their wisdom keep these forces, not because they are useful, but ornamental, and people will pay well for an ornament. We now remember a young teacher, Mr. Fannen, who impressed us on our first visit to his school. He was the right man. We asked him to hold a public examination on a fixed day. Many teachers came. The examination passed off so satisfactorily that the young teachers that were present saw fit to take hints from his plans and methods, and in three months evidences of improvement in the schools were visible.

The Hares, Bells, Watsons, Grahams and others were trained there. One of the Hares is at the head of a fine ladies' college at Whitby. One was an esteemed professor in Guelph Agricultural College. His widow, quite young yet, lives near by, and her brother, Dr. Graham, is a very distinguished and successful man in the South. Another brother is a partner of Bryson in the dry goods business, etc. Mr. John Robertson of Bells Corners wished for a man that could train two of his grandsons for commercial life. He proposed to give in addition to the salary of the section what he would have to pay for the board of the boys in the city, for the satisfaction of having them under his own inspection. We sent him the man who taught there nearly a quarter of a century, training a multitude for high positions in the business of society and the world. Several of his boys are doing business in the city among whom we may mention Mr. E. B. Brown on Sparks street, and Mr. F. A. Scott on Wellington street, the Messrs. Arnold, retired; Mr. Moody, blacksmith; Baker and his brother, Mr. Moody the undertaker and others, besides many enterprising farmers around Bells Corners. Many of the young ladies trained in these schools have taken high and honorable positions in the community. Teachers should encourage pupils to collect and bring with them to school botanical specimens, so many days in the month for comparison and general information in that department. They could lay under contribution grasses, herbs plants, flowers, shrubs, arbours,

orchards and forests, as well as fields, meadows and gardens. To these they might add geological specimens in abundance. The thing would be a training to the young minds so employed, and lose no time but wake up a curiosity in them as well as arouse their powers of observation, comparison and classification, that would in time astonish the teacher, and be of enduring benefit to all concerned, but especially to the young people.

There should be a little more freedom in the course of education. The state of grades is too much like a broken limb set in plaster of paris. A boy must take the course or quit the school. Exercises are good but most of the great runners, football players, curlers, etc., have a "kick in their gallop," quite unbecoming scholars not to mention the clergy. How many children we meet in the streets wearing glasses. The defect may be largely owing to neglect in tempering the light in the home and the school to suit them. Or it may arise from not educating the eyes to discern the tints and shades in colors, and in the light in their varieties and objects, in their varied shapes and forms, a development to the sense of sight, a training of no mean significance. People are often set down as ignorant, unthinking; few removes from barbarism or the savage state, simply from neglect in their early school days; a fault which was certainly not so much theirs as of the system that put them in the hands of poorly qualified guides. These very people with a little care bestowed on them at the proper time would have become ornaments of humanity, shedding light, lustre and refinement on large circles of society.

The child goes to school with qualities of mind capable of receiving treasures of learning, stores of information without which the soul, could not, well, could hardly at all, exercise its uncommon, its wonderful endowments. The manifest use of education is to enable us to improve our powers, to properly use the wealth at our disposal for the best of purposes, self-government and the perfect control of all our faculties, capacities, powers and endowments. These are the opposite of empty-headedness. Stores of facts treasured up in mind and memory, to be held in readiness for future use, when called up by the power of the association of our ideas. But this requires time, attention, application, memorising. No royal road to learning has yet been discovered. At least none has been set open to the race by the greatest geniuses it has ever brought forth. To have the right kind of teachers in the schools, the proper teachers in the church, might suppose judicious parents to keep children under proper control at home, to communicate information of the genuine stamp, in the most winning manner, at the most seasonable period, when the young mind is in the mood and season of investigation, with the brain flexible, the imagination budding into open activity, the memory retentive, and circumstances favorable for giving the start in the safe direction in early youth, and keep undeviatingly on the true path in early manhood, so preparing to bear the best fruit in old age, that in our brief passage across this globe, we may compel the testimony that we have done good as we had opportunity. Is there a possibility of doing better than by laying up corn in the years of plenty, against the time when blasted ears and lean kine, so properly picture the years of famine? Do we too strongly or elaborately set forth the advantages of a correct, liberal, truthful education? Its vast importance

is shown and established in so many ways by the necessities of our nature which otherwise can never be met or satisfied, that the energies of the soul, and the energies of life, should be aroused that it might spend its forces, its keenest attention, continued industry, its untiring application, to consummate a work so indispensable, so desirable, so profitable.

If there is a single subject within man's journey across this earth, in the description of which, unvarnished truth resembles rhetorical bombast, it is that of heaven-originating, heaven-inspiring and heaven-tending education. It is the work of a lifetime. We begin it with our first impressions and we learn till the last conscious hour of life. Can the mind be too early impressed with correct ideas, wisdom, the love of truth, when the price thereof is above rubies? Wealth may cast its eyes on another and desert us. The tarnished gold may take wings and fly from us. Diamonds may consume in the fire. But true learning shall have an endless reign in earth and Heaven. We can say this in the history of this township, which is at least not behind in the work of education. If our words of encouragement could stimulate the youths of our valley to reach the highest, brightest, noblest attainments in pure correct learning, it would be to us indeed, the highest gratification. Words cannot adequately set forth the worth of honesty. No line of argument can, with sufficient force, impress its importance on the young mind. To secure it early and then hold it fast with all our might, as our very life, that we may be able in old age to look back on a career of scores of years, spent in a world where there are some rough characters, speaking mildly, and be able to challenge them to produce an instance or case, in which you have neither cheated, over-reached, nor taken of any of them an undue advantage. You may say we have wronged no man, we have corrupted no man, we have defrauded no man, and wind up with the sublime exclamation, "Yet not I, but the grace of God which was within me." Thanks be to God there are some such men on the earth. What is there to hinder the millions to enter at an early stage on such a course and follow it to the end? There is more enjoyment to youth stored up in cultivating the love of truth and justice, than they know of yet. There is nothing but danger and positive dishonor and misery in vice, gambling, the love of lies and the course of the world. Why should youths suffer themselves to be fettered by these, when the ennobling gifts of heaven are held out to them for acceptance? Treasures so rich and imperishable should be the first things secured by our youth in the home and school, the first indelible impressions traced on the immortal mind, the first spiritual indentations made on the immaterial soul. Lying and stealing are the most despicable and contemptible traits in depraved man, alas, regarded only as defects, because they are almost universal. The love of truth planted within, will renovate and raise up our nature from its ruins, become at once the law of action, bursting our chains, establishing us in erect manhood, and giving to our words and actions the ring of the true metal. The opposite course may be expressed in the words of the poet: "Tyranny sends the chain that must abridge the noble sweep of all their privileges; gives liberty the last, the mortal shock, slips the slave's collar on and snaps the lock." Our young can be trained to speak truth one with another, and to be honest.

Marlboro lies southwest of North Gower and southeast of Goulbourn and is bounded on the southwest by Montague, in Lanark, and divided from Oxford on the southeast by the Rideau. A line drawn from its southern point northward to Graham's Bay, would cut the county into two almost equal parts. The best land in the township lies in two belts one on the river bank, the other along the line of North Gower. The Rideau belt was first settled by the adventurous sons of New England, who preferred loyalty to George III. to the new republic of the thirteen colonies under the Stars and Stripes. Surveyor Steadman seems to have surveyed or laid out its bounds, running its concessions parallel with the Rideau stream. Mr. Depencier appeared earlier than Steadman, who served under him. These U. E. L. gentlemen at that time must have had some acquaintance with the Jamaica, for they report having had a five gallon vessel with them to soften down and overcome the hardness of the work. A large part of the township is a flat rock bottom with a covering of earth rather light for deep ploughing. The survey of most of the place was made between 1790 and 1800.

In 1793 three brothers, Burritt, came and took up land along the bank of the river. They were refugees from Connecticut and became the founders of the Burritt's Rapids village and surrounding settlements of Marlboro. Mr. Hurd was with the Burritts in the army, lost his father in the war under General Burgoyne, commander on the side of the British. The Burritt family had divided like the Irish Hamiltons for King James and King William; some fought for others against the Revolution. Whatever king was victor the Hamilton estates were safe, and the others could be reconciled or pardoned, not exactly so with the Burritts. They all drew lands and farmed the Marlboro settlement, before Philemon Wright had explored the Chaudiere Falls, or any white man had cut a stick around its seething, foaming waters. We have heard from old people, or read in letters of Burritt with age, of the influence of the Burritts in those old times. They were a kind of rulers. Their monarchy of course was limited, as no white man was on the north of their community, except the servants of the Hudson Bay Co. If the multitude of people is the wealth of the king, their kingdom was small. They were highly respectable men, and if not loaded with riches, they were scholarly or capable of it, as their friend the learned blacksmith, Elihu Burritt, undoubtedly was.

Brockville was their nearest market, a small place then, and Prescott a mere hamlet. The tameless savage roamed through the pathless forest, or paddled his light canoe on lake and stream, but of white men they were the most advanced. Woodlands covered the sites of Hull and Ottawa, and the lumber for our prettiest and most superb dwellings, as well as the cherry, walnut, ash and the curly maple for our choicest furniture, were then in the live trees. Much of their visiting to market and store had to be made on foot. Or if Montreal or Kingston was to be reached, the light canoe or bateaux must do the work. We have been told of extreme cases where dry cedar logs formed a crib on which to cross the Ottawa. George Graham told of losing his paddle in his fierce fight with mosquitoes, and was then compelled to fold his coat under his chin, and, lying flat on his face, paddled the rest of the way with his hands, fearing every moment a wind rising to blow him some

other way, or off his crib if the waves rose high. Perhaps some of these narrations were gotten up to excite or minister to the marvellous in our wandering minds, who were inexperienced in such strange incidents. In 1796 Mr. Butler and Richard Olmsted, brothers-in-law, Americans, but not U. E. L's, hearing of the valuable lands offered in free grants by Governor Simcoe's proclamation, which was told all over the Mohawk Valley, came and settled down to make their fortune in the new country. A canny Scotchman, David Grant, girded himself to the task like hundreds of his countrymen that came into the Hudson Bay Company's service, came and settled down to farming in the year 1798.

Burnside, Lacey, Norton and Fisher were all that came for about a dozen years. The small community went on clearing, building, fencing and improving, and as they had little or no trouble with the Indians, who were generally peaceable, they had nothing to disturb their peaceful years. In 1799, if the report be correct, Stevens and Merrick went to explore the Chaudiere, with heads full of notions of mill sites, but were in doubt whether the place would attract settlers. This is the Stevens said to have been drowned in Stevens' Creek. Merrick returned from the Ottawa to settle on the Rideau Falls and found Merrickville. The Burritts and Hurds became captains, colonels and lieut.-colonels in the militia, that in all the townships of the county were in a measure organized and ready to be called to do service if necessity arose. Some of the young men of the country fell in the service or died of wounds received in battle. Municipal honors were conferred freely on these early hardy settlers, though none of them seem to have cared for parliamentary honors, which were alike open to them. Dr. Church, M. P., father of the popular Dr. Clarence Church of Ottawa, and brother of Peter H. Church, M. D., of Aylmer, resided in these parts. Clarence married the beautiful Miss Larue. The late Judge Church of Montreal, was born at Aylmer and was very popular in his short life. The Burritts and Hurds ruled many townships for many years.

Marlboro was top heavy with Justices of the Peace. Officers and U. E. Loyalists generally got the appointment. It pleased them and did no great harm to the people. The Government of that day thought it good to multiply these appointments though the qualifications were not always up to the mark. These exercised great influence over the newcomers. Most of these magistrates were of the old Tory policy. So were George Washington and most of the members of Congress of his time, though they rebelled against the Government of Britain. Both the rebels and the refugees or U. E. L's were of the same stripe. To oppose either branch of this loyal party was to be a rebel. Of course no other party could govern a country. No other party should pretend to be a thinker, a scholar, or anything but mere serfs. Burritt's Rapids began to rise into the appearance of a village. Mr. French, father-in-law of the late Robert Blackburn, Esq., M. P., built the first mills on these little rapids that gave so nice a water power. This gave an impulse to the business of the little place, supplying lumber and milling, but except in winter on the ice, the crossing had to be by ferry, scow, small boat or canoe, which was inconvenient. Consultations were held and bridge building became the theme of conversation at mills, hotels, and corners, and in the homes of the settlers generally. Thirty years had come and

gone since the Burritts came to the place and it was time a bridge should span the stream and put their little kingdom in communication with the tribes beyond the river. The people must build it by their own subscriptions so that all that were interested and able on both sides must give a helping hand if the thing was ever to be done.

In 1824 the first bridge was built on the Rideau by subscription, but the Court at Perth gave some assistance. The people soon became wards of the Government, and everything got in that manner was like a gift, as if it had not to be raised indirectly from the people. The municipal council became a vast improvement on the old plan. The bridge was of immense service to the settlers. People travelled up and down the river banks to get across with teams. Oxen were the teams for some time and jumpers the winter sleighs. Some enterprising young fellows thought they could plough among the stumps with horses. At first they harrowed the land with horses, whilst the oxen still did the ploughing. The first horses were light and swift for such work and in contrast with the pony built Canadian, known as Yankee horses, though the Americans themselves admit that their best trotters are traced back to Canadian sires. These again are traced to the Arabs and Barbs of the ages of the Crusades, when French, English and continental Europe were precipitated on Asia, and returned not only with Arab horses but with large experience otherwise collected, such as, urbanity of manners, better acquaintance with other branches of the race, the valor of Saracen soldiers under such leaders as Saladin.

There was very little attention paid to stock-raising in mediæval Europe, except that the French and English began to cultivate the race breeds that have in modern times come to such perfection. The Canadian horses must have had some strain of the imported Arabs as they were fast and very serviceable. They were very moderate priced. Thirty dollars would be an average price and forty was counted a high price for a fine horse then in Montreal. The first child born in Marlboro was Edmund the son of Stephen Burritt, and the first girl was Harriet, daughter of Edmund Burritt. These were the first children born in the county, which was then the Johnstown district. The Depencier family had left but a son returned and Mr. Harris came with him in 1816 and settled on lands. Mills from the Richmond colony, and their friends the Goods, about two years after located in Marlboro from Goulbourn.

Dempseys, Dimbars and Moores from the same place, up to 1820. John Pierce, a genuine Irishman, came in 1826, settled on a beautiful plain, but very far from other inhabitants. John Pierce, a son of his, was the first Reeve of Marlboro after the municipal act was passed, and came into force. They kept hotel from early times, a very respectable place to halt, rest and refresh at. Stephen Burritt was the first Justice of the Peace. He had authority to celebrate marriage. Mr. Olmsted, an American, had come and opened an hotel, and his two daughters, Polly and Charlotte, were the first that Burritt united with two Americans, Slocum and Seaton. The Mackeys were northern Irish, who came and settled not far from Pierce. One was reeve after Pierce. Some of them are in Nepean and elsewhere. They must have been intelligent and managing people. A son of one family in Marlboro studied for the Presbyterian church, a very promising young man, became a fine scholar

with abilities far above mediocrity. His life was brief, not living long enough to be settled in a congregation. He was highly esteemed, and his loss was much regretted by his fellow students as well as friends and acquaintances. Reeve Mackey, like his predecessors, was a man of talents and ability.

This township was then in advance of perhaps all others in stock-raising. At least they had introduced shorthorns and were improving the common stock by this introduction of new blood. As far back as 1851, a shorthorn sire was used and sold by auction, the society not wishing to keep him too long, Mr. Mackey bought him at a very moderate price. This news was conveyed by a Mr. Simpson of Goulbourn to a Mr. Gourlay of March, who at once drove up and secured him, Mr. Mackey generously handing him over at what he cost him at the sale. This fine animal greatly increased the value of stock to these March people, who had purchased some of the same kind from Didsbury in March, he having imported some from England. This was about the time John Thompson purchased the Langley stock and James Davidson bought the pure white Durham calf from Didsbury that he kept for years and then sold to John Thompson. It afterwards passed into the possession of John Clarke, Nepean, and was estimated as having increased the value of stock over ten thousand dollars in thirteen or fourteen years. Hon. Thomas McKay had introduced Ayrshires, but the finest animal of that family was brought from the Gilmours, Quebec, calved on the ship from Scotland, a savage creature, but the most beautiful that had ever appeared at the agricultural exhibitions in the county.

About 1830 the Harbesons came. Three gentlemen held the office of town clerk for nearly half a century, Burritt, Johnston and Wiggins. After the new municipal act the Reeves were: Pierce, Mackey, Kidd, Connor, Mills. Most of the Burritts have gone from their old home. One became county registrar in the city, some are in the woollen business in New Edinburgh. One or two remain in the old homes at the Rapids. The Reids, McCordicks, Waldos, came about the finishing of the canal. Sowle began the instruction of his neighbor youths in night schools. This could only be temporary and about the year 1822, a school house was built of logs of course. This was afterwards purchased for a dwelling by Major Campbell and a much better erected in its stead. Henry Burritt, a boy of 14, was the first teacher. The laws in that period were not very strict nor very rigidly enforced. But we have known boys far superior to advanced men in our experience of superintending school.

The first attempts at education outside the family circle was by night school, a method that has not received enough of attention. Half grown people that cannot be spared from farm or kitchen in the daytime, might receive great advantage from such short hours' training. The attention can be better cultivated, being more shut up to the subject in the lamplight from the surroundings. A politician in these lands whose principal offence was that he died poverty-stricken, which is worse than plundering the public purse and die rich, against whom the trials broke down in court, as he had the consent of his cabinet for his acts, which were not felonious; seeing the neglected condition of the young men of his province, encouraged night schools, and gave some public aid

to the teachers to help on the work. He compelled those in the employ of the Government to pay their bills or leave. His talents and good deeds went for nothing. The "less righteous" party was the stronger, and the greater plunderers prevailed. But from this small beginning in Marlboro public education rose with the necessity of the population, and has been kept in a state of efficiency. The Episcopalians built the first church, and they got occasional supplies from Mr. Patton of Kemptville. Merrick erected his saw mill at the Falls of Merrickville about the third year of the settlement, three or four years before the Wright mill in Hull. The Presbyterians of Marlboro have no church but come to North Gower. These townships are associated for court purposes. The canal has one lock at Burritt's Rapids, which is thirty-five miles from Ottawa and ten miles from Kemptville, the nearest railway station. It is no part of our business as a narrator of events to tell the farmers what they should sow or plant but from travels and observations we find forest trees diminishing and prices largely increasing. Suggestions are not dictations. Recommendations are not commands, free men can act as they please. If they are afraid of failure they will not try experiments.

Marlboro offers the fairest test to prove how that a thin soil on a limestone bottom, can be made to pay under forest and orchard. We have not got all the data to prove the point in either the fruit or the lumber, but we know of apple trees not twenty-five years planted, that net two dollars a tree in good years. This is good interest on the plant rent and trouble. The land can be cultivated close to the trees, and if fruit and forest trees were alternately planted in rows thirty-six feet, six feet every way under each tree may be left and kept clean with the hoe or buckwheat. The forest trees could be left till well grown except necessity demanded their being cut. It may cost twenty-five cents each to get a young forest tree raised and planted, black or white walnut, oak, hickory, maple, cherry, elm, pine or basswood. That at 5 per cent. compound interest will double, say in fifteen years 50 cents, in 30 years \$1, in 45 years \$2 and in 60 years \$4. This may appear like looking a long way ahead, but the capital laid out is small, and that, one's own labor. The rent of the land under the trees would be very little, not a cent a tree. Cultivation would secure a greater growth. But if not fit for cultivation, only forest land, the rent would be still less as grazing land. It is not easy to ascertain the growth of trees without measurement followed up for years.

Mr. John Nelson of Nepean on the Rideau banks, told us of a little oak he was going to cut for a train stake but his man remonstrated that it was too small stripped of its bark to fill an inch auger hole, and he let it stand. It is growing still and is about forty years old. He refused six dollars for it and it still grows. Hickory would be as valuable, and maple with its sugar producing qualities as well as its value as lumber for furniture, flooring and other things would equal butternut. Cherry, white pine, ash, cedar, all which grow well on rocky land might prove equally valuable. We are estimating on present prices. Who can tell what advance they will make in sixty years? You might content yourself with 4,000 or with 16,000 forest trees on 100 acres with some thousands of fruit trees among them, which would have their bearing powers exhausted ere the forest trees had reached their time of cutting.

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In sixty years these forest trees would on the present rate of prices be worth about \$30,000, and their cost, rent and labor about \$20,000, giving you the crops for the working. There is no danger of the supply exceeding the demand. It might easily in fruit trees but not in the forest varieties. It is unnecessary to dwell on this theme. A word is sufficient to the wise. But who will adopt it on even a small scale? A wise man would only cut from necessity, as trees when a good size grow much larger every year than when small as everyone knows. The finest forms and the choicest qualities should be selected as the most merchantable and the most profitable. The good, the beautiful and the useful could be cultivated to be enjoyed. Why should not men come to know the qualities of the soil and use the knowledge thus obtained to the best advantages and the most profitable ends? This is according to the order of nature and the fitness of things.

The soil alone can do nothing for itself or you, but would remain a Sahara for ever, or grow grass, weeds, shrubs, forests wild and irregular. Earth cannot transform itself into vegetable, but plant the vegetable seed or plant and it begins to dissolve the mineral and absorb it and convert it into vegetable forms and life, feeding itself on the very rocks that decompose under this vital power, are incorporated into and become vegetable. Chemistry has not told us how she would return the vegetable into the mineral. It belongs to a higher order, maintains its organization, nourishes itself, appropriates to its use what previous to experience and knowledge of the case, would have been pronounced impossible. The animal again consumes the vegetable, appropriating and distributing to every part of its whole organization. The plant incorporates the crystals, the animals the plants. Hence rocks fall to dust, and sloping hillsides dissolve into vegetable forms in beauty colors, figures evoking admiration, creating appetite and affording the greatest gratification.

The ambient atmosphere with its golden sunlight, genial heat and mollifying moisture acts on crystal, vegetable and animal, contributing to the onward progress of things, causing the most tender and delicate as well as the most hardy, rugged and robust specimens of vegetable life to germinate from their seeds, and bursting the clod to inhale with its leaves as lungs the air, light and heat, to circulate the sap as blood in the veins and dissolving and digesting with its roots as stomachs, the crystalline earth carrying on the process of development day and night incessantly. All these forms of life wither, decay and die and are translated into other forms or as the old Roman has it: "All things revolve into all things." They do not make themselves. Visiting the rocky hills around the Mattawa we saw red pines very tall standing on large rocks with so little earth that you would ask where is their visible means of support? There has been a great effort in our age by scientific philosophers to discover the origin of life, and so much has been said and written, that one looking at these trees on these rocks is thrown into reflections as to their derivation of nourishment to be able to exist in such unfavorable localities. You fall back on your readings of the productions of the savants of the modern schools of Europe as well as those of America, and ask what light they shed on these kingdoms of nature, if you may so call them, and what secrets have they brought into view by their hermeti-

cally sealed cucumbers and bottled hay tea, and you find the philosophers with all their instruments and fine terms unsatisfactory. Protoplasm, a delectable term the scientific philosophers glibly employ to cover an unknown quantity. About forty years ago an anxious enquirer wrote to *The Herald* and *Presbyter* of Cincinnati asking: "What is protoplasm?" The learned editor replied *ab ignorantio*. We do not know.

Prof. Huxley, pen in hand, sitting in his laboratory, with his big jar of protoplasm sealed up and labelled, "not to be opened," writes thus: "Life must proceed from life, and this idea is victorious along the whole line of modern biology." These gentlemen will not define protoplasm. They seem to have reached the lowest strata, the indefinable, the ne plus ultra, the foundation of creation. Yet the word must be plastic, mouldable, *some thing, of some kind*, even if it should be inaudible, intangible, invisible and incomprehensible, yet thinkable according to these scientific authorities. A Philadelphia chemist of some note thinks it must have been the origin of the earth, and of all creation, from the mite invisible to the most unwieldy elephant, or the greatest sea monster of the mighty deep. The thing would be worth investigating could it only be accomplished.

It resembles the soul of Socrates, which he wished his disciple not to confound with his carcase. Protoplasm is not the organism, soul, body, life, but something else which can not be discovered, detected or determined, at least by our senses. "The vulture's eye hath not seen it." Suppose a grain of wheat is placed in the earth at a favorable time when and where it will be susceptible of moisture, heat, air, light, some visible, some invisible, acting on the seed by which it puts forth a germ, goes down and forms rootlets in the soil, at the same time it pushes a bud into the air, bursting the clods and developing in the light. Is protoplasm the substance within the bran, hull, shell or envelope, or is it something without, above and beyond the starch, gluten, flour, that the seed contains? Is it one or all of the environments, elements so seemingly necessary to its existence? Or is protoplasm a romantic term evolved from the fertile protoplasmic brain of the learned scientific philosopher, a term invented to cover our profound ignorance and conceal the truth? Should we subject the animal kingdom to investigation the thing may be more complicated, but the reasoning will be nearly the same, considered analogically.

The female bird, whether it be the humming bird or the ostrich, lays an egg. That egg with the application of heat and other surroundings soon shows a living creature within, which in due time bursts the shell, issuing from its dark confinement into light and liberty. Protoplasm must be within the shell or without it. People of ordinary intelligence can admit that the little being is sustained by the substance within which no more solves the mystery of its creation than the starch of the grain of wheat solves that of its springing to life; but when the shell is broken and the bird picks up its nourishment they cannot see how it is fed by a protoplasm outside the shell or prison walls while they are unbroken, and to which hitherto it has been forbidden access. Seeds are, to all appearance, dead matter till placed in conditions where they are susceptible of vitality. The egg, if left a certain time, will become incapable of life in the most favored conditions. The same holds of the healthiest

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plant seeds, if proper conditions are wanting, though they may endure to a period more remote. The fact of possible vitality is not questioned in these cases. But where is protoplasm? What light does so learned a term throw on the origin of life? Is it the cause or the occasion of life? Is it any discovery? Such a dream of philosophers may remove the cause a little farther back into the dark mystery, but gives no solutions. The visible beginning of the chicken was the egg, of the plant was the seed. To trace these back a thousand generations throws no light on the origin. Protoplasm may serve as a little play of the imagination, but as none of our senses cognise it, and it gives no explanation, it cannot be science; for science professes to be knowledge, therefore protoplasm is fancy.

Investigations show protoplasm to be a nonentity. Creation confronts the protoplast and he is silent before the only wise, true, good, Omnipotent Creator in whom all beings have their existences. He makes, preserves, governs every creature and every act. All are his offspring. Their works are his. An invisible life-giving agency must be admitted and to call this protoplasm is low, vulgar, barbarous, utterly beneath and unworthy of the name of a scientific philosopher. It is not like the genius of an Englishman, nor of a Roman, nor even of a Scythian. Why attribute to plastic matter what it lays no claim to? It is not only pleasant and entertaining, but intensely interesting to sit and listen to the Huxleys, Tyndalls, Hamiltons, Murchisons, and an almost innumerable host of scholars, when they learnedly and eloquently talk on the phenomena of mind and matter and investigate the origin of life; but dreams are not science, the loftiest theories are not knowledge, the most sublime flights of fancy are not ascertained facts, however charming or delightful they may be to hear or read.

They say, like produces like, and men do not gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles, but if creative power be left out, all the efforts in the laboratory must ever be absolutely abortive. It is reported that when the bees lose a queen they will gather the essences of certain herbs and flowers and apply them to the egg in the comb during the state or time of incubation, and the young queen eventually appears. These are only the visible applications of materials, that without the aid of creative power would be utterly inadequate to accomplish the end in view. The mysterious communication of life no created man knows, perhaps no angels' eyes have ever witnessed the secret. Investigation is in many things legitimate, and in certain conditions not forbidden, and may increase our knowledge, even vivisection, though very unpleasant and to the poor animal painful, may not be a sin. But when we have hatched a theory and dreamed over it for years, then dogmatise over it as a certainty, we contribute nothing to science except to bring it into contempt. We have made this little digression because even in botany foundationless theories are laid before young students who are not prepared to oppose them, but whose tendency is to hide the glory of creation under some miserable subterfuge. Scientists are regarded as thinking men, by way of eminence; why should they lose themselves in idolatry, in a wilderness of speculation, and mere inventions about the origin of life, which they cannot discover in their alembics nor comprehend in the mightiest stretch of their intelligence, but which shine in the light of

Revelation to the eye of the soul. "Through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the Word of God, so that things which are seen were not made of things which do appear."

Man should use his understanding to employ the forces of nature, which his intelligence may direct to great advantage. The fissility of rocks shows that tree roots may penetrate them, shape themselves to the openings, and with no visible appearance of support, maintain themselves erect, wave their green flag all summer, grateful for the drenching deluge that washed their stems and leaves from insect pests, mollifying the soil and the very rocks on which they thrive and flourish. In the great laboratory of nature these workmen convert earth, crystal and rock into living vegetable fibre, adaptable to so many nameless purposes and uses in our business economy. The more congenial the soil, the greater the profits will be. We have no doubt that the workmen on the Central Canada railroad by their reckless fires consumed more than a million dollars' worth of forests in the year 1870, to the people of Carleton. But that absorbing, consuming forty cents on the dollar concern, never proposed them any recompense. Their vast traffic in freight from India and China has done wonders for this Dominion.

Judicious labor timely employed representing cash will be paid with compound interest in fruit and forest trees well planted and kept. For fences, plant a row of maples round the place 11 feet apart. This is not half the labor of planting posts, and the trees will grow where posts will not stand. Surround these with a wire fence attached to a strip one by two inches, six feet long, set against the trees, tied with a tarred cord, and a pad to save the tree bark and to hold the wire fence in place. The wind will not disturb the trees. Maples are sure growers and sugar producers. This mode of fencing is cheap and durable. Stone houses are the best for farm or city. They are less expensive than brick, and ten times as enduring. Clean cut rockwork, well built, three stories high and flat roof, well furred inside and carefully plastered, will never go out of style. It is slightly, salubrious, satisfactory, commodious and comfortable. The science of grafting is well known, and perhaps as old as antediluvian times. The husbandman Noah likely understood it well. Fit the growth of last year to the stock, wood to wood and bark to bark, carefully cut and make airtight with grafting wax, composed of an equal weight of tallow, beeswax and resin, dissolved together and applied to the wounds. The wax may be put on hot or cold. The Christian life is engrafting into the living stock, and its goal is the house not made with hands.

If one confines his planting to valuable forest trees, he may plant four times as many in the straight lines. Over 16,000 may grow well on 100 acres, and 33 feet between the lines. After ten years' cultivation the farm is enriched and the young trees well up. 100 acres may be cut into ten lots for pasture, each field to be eaten three days in the 30 days. 100 cows may be fed on it from May 15th till Oct. 15., provided that the dressing is scattered with a light harrow within a week after the cattle leave it. The great provincial park on the north may supply pine and other lumber as well as preserve game and a grand water supply. But how great will be the demand in the coming ages, of which ours is the precursor? We fancy there is a fortune in sight for the man who has

the genius and courage to work it out. Our early settlers possessed and cultivated a high moral tone and spirit. People seldom lied one to another. Charges of fraud or dishonesty were very few and rare. The usual percentage of the people would get into debt and perhaps not make the greatest effort to get free; move to another place, and be unable, or forget to liquidate if more prosperous. But with these few exceptions little fault could be found with the conduct of the people in general. They were kindly disposed to one another, and were generous and hospitable in their treatment of strangers from other lands. An open door, a friendly greeting and ample entertainment awaited the wayfarer, and when rested and refreshed and all the news he had was extracted he was forwarded on his journey and furnished with all the information respecting footpaths in the woods, new brushed out roads and way marks. Thieving, burglary, mob violence, were unheard of and whether it arose from our being so top-heavy with magistrates, but there were very few cases of assault.

Few misunderstandings arose among them. Too much whiskey might cause a free fight, but the quarrel was made up when the drink was out, and friendship at once restored. There was too much "harmless" Sabbath visiting. The sparse condition of the settlements accounted for this, for there were few or no ministers for a number of years, and the good morals cannot be attributed to that useful and necessary class of men. Families maintained their religion and morality that had not a visit from a clergymen in a quarter of a century. We had no cry about religion in the schools, and no mobs of those school religious scamps to injure person or property as now. It is amusing to hear of what city ministers have travelled on horse back, who perhaps never kept a horse two years of their lives, and elders telling of long rides that they made once in a twelve-month, or half a dozen times in a long life, whilst those who have had many long wearisome rides, say not a syllable about them. Some young writers delight to image out some wonderful minister who has done so and so. Editors should clip these ten feet long fox-tail stories, or the old ministers should correct the idolatry when imagination only has furnished the statements. Good morals were cultivated before the anxiously looked for ministers arrived.

In the absence of the clergy the Justices of the Peace performed the marriage ceremony. But the people and the magistrates themselves had little faith in these performances, for when a minister came, the fact that they were legal did not prevent a J. P. from having it repeated. There were some very head-strong or high strung people in that age, who thought that every Christian rite ought to belong exclusively to their party or favored denomination. Politicians are full of such an idea as well as religious sects. How could there be a thinker or one of any note outside of their favored circle? Would not the nation perish if their party were not its rulers? How would anyone dare to speak of piety existing outside the walls of their denomination. Of course they are the people, and wisdom will die with them. Loyalty is always associated with their policy. Loyalty to the nation and loyalty to the tyrannical ruler, are two things which some are unwilling to distinguish. Each party has the same right to charge rebellion on the other because loyalty is so ill defined.

Some would say Charles Stuart was very loyal when he was ruling without a Parliament and levying war on his people. Others would say Oliver Cromwell was loyal when he made the enemies of England quail before his "army, whose back no enemy ever saw." Little minds clad in the panoply of their own authority regard all differing from them as rebels and delight to call rebel vociferously. Granting these excellent men all they claim of loyalty in their own bosoms to what they deem the object of loyalty, they may not possess that superior principle that would grant equal rights to others who may be as anxious for the true prosperity of their country as themselves can be. Men may be clear-sighted, profound thinkers, much more loyal when necessity arises, than those haughty spirits whose throats and lips are ever booming forth their loyalty.

John Churchill, the undaunted warrior Duke of Marlboro, with whose title the township was honorably named, possessed a very peculiar kind of loyalty. The traitorous deeds of this uncompromising partisan were not known till long after his great name as a hero was established. "Tell me one good deed that Cromwell ever did?" said Dr. Johnston to the old laird, Boswell. "Gad sar, he gart kings ken that they had a lith i' ther neck. James Stuart had so revolutionized the army and navy, and even the universities by injudicious dismissals and appointments, that the best blood of his country, the ablest men of his empire took such a stand against, that he ignominiously abdicated his throne and kingdom. Loyalty to the despotic king and to the rights of free men, could not dwell together in the same mind. Marlboro preferred James to William the liberator, whom he regarded with the most uncompromising and deadly hatred. A politician of the mould and cast of James and Charles, he could see nothing to admire in the policy of the Dutch English William, and he carried his bitter enmity to such a pitch as to betray his country.

Learning that a small expedition was to be sent to the coast of France to try and regain what Mary Tudor had lost, he sent a messenger to notify the abdicated James, who at once communicated with Louis and preparations were made to slaughter the troops as they were being rowed in the boats from the squadron to the shore. A fire was opened on them with deadly effect from masked batteries and before they could return to the protection of the ships, many lost their lives. Marlboro in rendering the attempt a failure besmeared himself with the blood of his countrymen, and covered his memory with an infamous stain. This base act only saw the light when access was had to the papers of James after Marlboro had become a hero and fattened the plains of the low countries with the blood of almost countless thousands, and was himself numbered with the dead. Had one dared to hint that John Churchill was a traitor or disloyal, how many, ignorant of the fact, would have rushed to smash his head. What a cry, disloyalty? and traitor? But these have been used too often and by the wrong party. Limited monarchy is one of the mildest forms of government. Responsible government for the people by the people, is safest, but people require care and training to be able to maintain these sacred rights and privileges. There are so many mercenaries, venal souls that will take bribes, home-born slaves that are beneath contempt except for their votes. Their purchasers,

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slave-owners, shamelessly hold up their brazen faces as if bribery were a virtue. "Unreasoning," they apply freely to their liberal opponents. In what light are these bribers viewed by all honest men? They are low, mean, sneaking thieves that trade in souls and slaves of men. Honor, honesty, truthfulness, they abhor utterly unless their vile weapons cannot be employed to advantage. The men who act on this low, cunning putrid principle that debauches a human soul into such corruption, resemble church and barn burners, and the robbers of widows and orphans. Whether they buy the man, city, county, or whole province, it is the same rankling iniquity. Injustice is the same in little or much.

One infallible rule of faith denounces these as crimes. Hebrew morality forbids gifts as blinding the eyes. Even the old Trojan objects to the gift of the wooden horse as a dangerous and injurious present. The present is the special ground of fear. The man or party that offers the present or favor for support is surely far more than doubtful; he is dishonest. Is it strange that fire should consume such captains and their followers? It is not left to Hannibal to destroy all the knights. The people of Marlboro were a long time very few and one in politics, so that bribery was long unknown, and if the people of that age had been moderate, and not provoked and raised an opposition, there would have been no room for bribery, but now the thing has become intolerable, and if persisted in, will create a rebellion, such as the land should never have to witness, not to say endure. Beecher, in dealing in a sermon, with the New York judges, said if he held the gate of Heaven in his hands, and one of them came for admission, he would slam it in his face.

There was a minister in the Old World whose hired man used to dig the potatoes on Sunday to have them fresh for dinner. His brethren were disturbed about it, but how would they stop it. One said, let me try? So they were dining with him, and Dr. A— told a strange dream he had. "I had died," said he, "and was going to Heaven, and at the gate was asked, 'Who are you?' " "I said, Dr. A— and wish admission." "You cannot get in with that package." I looked and sure enough, there I had under my arm a bundle of manuscript sermons. On my way back I met yourself, Dr. T—, and said Dr. T— where are you going? You said, to Heaven. I said, you can never get in with that on your back. "What had I on my back?—a bag of potatoes. Will that gate be open to these impenitent sharpers who take every opportunity to humiliate their country and corrupt one another?

Such men as the heroic Duke have been used in the hands of an overruling Providence to destroy the power of the foes of Great Britain, but had such men been let carry out their own intentions, they would have been the greatest foes their country ever encountered; her tyranny would have been complete and the unrepented transgressions of her monarchs, and their aristocracy following in the footsteps of their wickedness, had called down the vengeance of Heaven for her ruin, whilst another nation had been raised up to take her place, leaving her in the degraded position of one of the basest of kingdoms. The men whose ancestors held their country together in defiance of her foes abroad and her tyrants and despots at home who set her name higher on the roll of fame than ancient Rome ever was, and made the name of an English man so much more respected abroad than a citizen of that republic who

are cursed at this day by those foxes in lambskins and wolves in sheep's clothing who are not ashamed to credit to their party all the fruits of the labors of others. Under the policy of the house of Stuart, England would have been a dependency of France or Spain, and far from leading the nations of the earth in her wake to elevation and improvement as at this day. The leading spirit in Brockville when Marlboro was laid out for settlement and was being filled up, was Sir Jonas Jones. The Sherwoods, Presbyterians, were leading people. Their young men, like the Shirriffs of Fitzroy, were educated engineers, and got large contracts of surveying townships from the Government.

Judge McLean came to Brockville after them and his grandson is a distinguished lawyer in the city. Rev. Mr. Smart from the Congregational church, England, was minister in the Presbyterian congregation of Brockville. A son of his was Judge Smart in Upper Canada. Rev. Robert Boyd, afterwards Dr. Boyd, was a student of Belfast, Ireland, who came a licentiate to Prescott, was called and ordained there and preached to them between fifty and sixty years ere he was called away to his rich reward. He was abundant in labors for the conversion and edification of souls. He travelled far and near over the new settlements preaching where he could collect an audience. He often married people in these tours. The law had let squires do the same. But it began to be whispered that Mr. Boyd's marriages were not legal. The same idea was mooted in Ireland. But the British Parliament put it down by legalizing Presbyterian marriages. Some audacious parties put one forward as a stalking horse to test the case by prosecuting Mr. Boyd, who took steps to defend himself. As the case was novel and time short, Mr. Boyd went to Brockville with such preparations as he could make. The judge evidently wishing to be fair and just, asked Mr. Boyd if he would refrain from performing marriages till the next sitting of court, to give time to consult authorities. The minister promptly complied with the proposition of His Honor the Judge. Some people asked Mr. Boyd to go to the Islands in the Lake as neutral ground, and marry them there. He refused saying, the word of a gentleman must not be broken. A great lawyer of Liberal mind in the west of Upper Canada, a U. E. L., heard of the case and was mortified that a good, hard working young minister should be caught in such a trap. This gentleman had never met Mr. Boyd, but his clear, honest legal mind was at once moved in his behalf to search up all the law points that might favor his case. He drew up and sent him a fine brief referring to enactments, court decisions, books and pages. Furnished with such a document, Mr. Boyd made himself master of the details, as far as he could have access to the works pointed out, and came up to court clad in armour to the teeth, to plead his own cause. The French proverb has it that a man who pleads his own case has a fool for his client. Dr. Boyd was no fool though at that time a young man. When the case was called and opened by the lawyer on the side of the prosecution, Dr. Boyd took up his defence and the papers carefully written with his own hand, with notes to keep to the points. (He always preached without notes, sermons of some length and well thought out.) He bowed to the Court took up and entered on his defence without a lawyer to the astonishment of some, stated his position, repeated some of the enactments and gave the references.

Some gentlemen of the law present, many were there from a distance as the thing was known, gave assistance; getting the books, looking the pages, sometimes reading to give him breathing time. For all this he was exceedingly grateful. The speech bristled with points, was in some parts exuberant with humor, of which he had a rich fund, he then summed up and left it to the court. The Judge congratulated him on his success, admitted that he had made good his claim, established his rights and accordingly decided in his favor. The fearless bravery, the manly bearing, yea, the magnanimity of the little man in the face of such a crowd, delighted almost every one present. His opponents were astonished. His friends were in transports with his able, eloquent defence; his free, ready use of the points of law, but above all the upright and kindly decision of the Judge, which set at rest the rights and legality of Presbyterian marriages ever after. They warmly congratulated him as having achieved a triumph. Six marriages that had been arranged in the interval awaited him. We have noticed before in this history the purpose of marriage written out, dated three weeks back, nailed to a large birch tree that long stood on the third line of March. It was posted at 11 o'clock on Saturday night, and the couple married next morning to save time and sent home through the woods doubled or the two made one. All very legitimate, not one called it in question. But to compel a young Presbyterian minister who had spent eight of the best years of his life in cultivating talents for the mission work of his Master, to take the oath of allegiance before he could legally celebrate matrimony, when an Episcopal minister or a Roman Catholic priest was not required to do so, all three being born British subjects, is rather arbitrary, to say the very least of it.

If you doubt our statement you can find a record in the handwriting of the late Col. Burke in the Registry office of the county of Carleton in the spring of 1851. If the thing were a competition before competent judges, then let the best charger clear the hedge and no more be said. But to impose burdens on one whilst another is eased is contrary to Scripture, which Christian nations and peoples profess to respect, and contrary to reason, which distinguishes man from brutes. The man who will not recognize his obligation to Scripture and reason, is a *ferre naturae* in humanity, a wild beast, a persecutor, a Moslem in civilization. But Presbyterians were not rebellious. They were loyal. They were Monarchists under British rule. They waited patiently for brighter and better days. Unhappily they are politically divided. This arises from their freedom. The clergy do not, dare not coerce, except in individual cases or cliques, sometimes formed to the great detriment of the church. Churches discover that domineering is unprofitable. Politicians will find it unremunerative some day.

The atmosphere has greatly cleared in the last fifty years. Prejudices die hard yet they die, and never can be resurrected. Humanity rarely recedes from its conquests. The savages of the New Hebrides could not believe that water could be found by digging, but when they saw the clear water, they drank it, and when Dr. Paten told them the water was for them they got him coral rocks to build it up. All the Presbyterians in the world are not much short of 100,000,000. If they were one in politics in every nation they could have a healthy influence on

governments. For years the tax collected in a township at first was little. There was no opposition to it, but to its application, especially when those proposing it were men of standing. Men of wealth generally lead. The crowds do not reason, they only follow. The wisdom of a poor man is not esteemed. Neither is there a more arbitrary tyrant than custom, nor anything worse to be got rid of than a fixed habit either of body or mind.

Sixty years ago or more there were men proposing to assess or value lands according to their natural qualities, and let that remain permanent. If one man underdrains, removes boulders, levels fields, makes good buildings and fences, his industry should not be taxed; and the property of the careless, indolent, escape its due share of the necessary public expenditure. There is no more reason for repeating the valuation every year than every month. Land near a city is of more value than the same quality more remote from it. The same holds with localities in the city, town or village. Every one taxed should pay the treasurer, whose powers should be well defined. Why should we resist reform? A fixed value would save frauds, lying, perjury, permitting society to enjoy a healthy moral tone. Direct taxation for all necessary outlay is far the most economical, as well as the just method of raising the necessary expenses of a nation, province or township. It would give us knowledge of the outlay, rid us of the leeches, discourage the race for office, diminish the tramps, encourage honest industry, genius and invention, set proper limits to ambition, and conduce mightily to the peace, progress and moral welfare of human society. Farmers, mechanics, day laborers cannot retire at the age of forty-five or fifty on a pension—no they work till eighty to pension the well paid employee.

The aristocracy, the plutocracy, the clergy, the ambitious, the schemers, idlers and others of a place or country wish to govern, especially if money can be obtained through it. The history of every country we know of proves that men of honesty should be on their guard lest these cunning men wheedle them out of their rights, which they hesitate not to do when opportunity offers. There are honorable exceptions in most of these classes, but they are not the majority. If we express ourselves strongly, you will see our warrant for it in the reigning corruption and fraud everywhere. We would pension all dismissed from office, say on one-third of their present salary, that pension to diminish $3\frac{1}{3}$ per cent. per annum till ended. If they raise a cry we meet it. They went voluntarily into office, and they have the time, their head and hands to work for support; whilst the toiling farmer, and day laborer are not making annually what their pension equals, and they are not bound to slave eternally, to keep these idlers imitating the dignity and display of the vain aristocrat. The average salary of the best educated clergyman in any sect is not equal to the commonest employee. Some of the former do not earn a third of what they get, whilst others do not get a third of what they earn. Of the latter, the less said the better, about their earnings. We witnessed the threshing of wheat on the Experimental Farm, that must have cost \$5 or \$6 a bushel picked off with the fingers. Can 5,000,000 of people bear that with a debt of \$300,000,000 and \$38,000,000 annual outlay with 12,500,000 interest? Ten dollars a year paid on every soul in the Dominion, except these

hirelings that pay no taxes. The system has made millionaires and mendicants. Tupperism dies with violence. Such legislators are not fit to be pound-keepers.

THE NORTH SHORE OF THE OTTAWA.

We have mentioned in a preceding page the arrival of Mr. Philemon Wright in Hull. Afterwards he was appointed to a seat in the Parliament in Quebec; for there was scarcely an election as the county had only his own little colony of less than a hundred souls, and judges, etc., were appointed to sit in the Legislature in those times. He reported to the Government that he had between 1796 and 1799 explored both banks of the St. Lawrence and the Ottawa as far as the Chaudiere Falls. His report is the history of Hull in its beginnings and progress. Mr. Wright, after considerable difficulty, secured two respectable men to accompany him on the exploration. They halted at the great falls and went back to examine the quality of the land, cutting long small trees and lodging them in large ones that they might climb and get a view of the country. Had they climbed the barrack hill or Rockcliff they could have seen the level country to the mountains. The tall thick forest hid the mountain range out of view from the level of the shore of the river. They must have come in a canoe, though he does not describe it but he speaks of the smoothness and depth of the river.

From Montreal he could not have come on foot to the Chaudiere for there were so many rivers to cross, not fordable anywhere near their outlet at the Ottawa. Had they brushed and blazed a road from the Falls north, they could have had a panoramic view of the whole valley and the river from the Chats to Grenville, as we have often seen it. From the heights of our city you can take in the range of your vision nearly a hundred miles of mountain, river and valley. They returned to Montreal, reported their discoveries to the gratified people and went on to Woburn, Mass., where the narratives of the men made such impressions that he was able to employ without difficulty twenty-five men and induce five families to begin the settlement. They left Woburn, February 2nd, 1800 and on the 13th reached Montreal. After a short stay they proceeded about 15 miles a day, sleeping at the houses of the habitants at nights. They had considerable trouble with teams and their wide double sleighs on the train roads, keeping one animal in the snow alternately to keep from wearying one out. The trip to the head of the Long Sault is minutely described, and how they camped out with great fires, and the woman slept in covered sleighs, the men with blankets over them around the blazing fires. The men were happy without a landlord to collect fees or complain of extravagance.

The former journey had been by water, and they knew nothing of the ice, and so kept some running on before them, cutting to make sure of their safety. He speaks very highly of an Indian, a good savage with his wife and child, who wondered at the animals, having seen nothing but wild ones before that time. He left his wife and child in the woods and became their guide to Hull. They camped on the bank in the open air about six or seven nights. The banks were twenty feet high, so they had to leave their teams and sleighs on the ice and climb the banks, cut the wood for their fires, cook supper and breakfast and

enough for dinner on the way. They arrived on the 7th of March, a month and five days from the start. The belt of table land between the river and the range of mountains on the north, is perhaps, unsurpassed in beauty and fertility on this continent. The rich, dark, deep, alluvial soil with its clay bottom, protected by a chain of hills, 1,750 feet above the sea level, according to Sir William Logan, with available passes into the back country, a land so likely to reward the toil of the cultivators must have appeared to one brought up in the hills and narrow valleys of New England, as the shadow at least of an agricultural paradise. It was an untouched, unbroken forest of the finest lumber; white pine, white oak, cherry, white walnut, spruce and maple, (bird's eye and curly,) in groves enough to delight the eye and fill the mind of a sharp lumberer with dreams of wealth fairly incalculable.

This was the enchanting scene presenting itself to the eye and mind of Mr. Philemon Wright, a man between 36 and 40, in the very prime of life and mature judgment. The timber on the stump was worth four times the price of clearing the land, and the ashes of the refuse worth twice the clearing and fencing. His practiced eye took in the whole as equalling the broad acres of an English dukedom. Obstacles there were seemingly insuperable, but to the descendant of the Kents that followed Harold, the second to the defeat of Dane and Norwegian, yielding at last, it is true, on the field of Hastings, but not so much vanquished as wearied with conquest; was not to be deterred with difficulties. He was of Kentish blood though somewhat Americanized. Valor is not lacking in his posterity for everyone knows that the Gatineau's monarch, if an insult were offered, could sway his sceptre with undaunted unconcern, in calm defiance of the foe. He reports that everyone took a hand at cutting down the first tree. Thus began and continued the clearing away of the woods and building habitations for man and beast. The sounds of the axe and falling of trees brought the Indians from their sugar making.

Two chiefs from tribes on the Lake of Two Mountains, looked on everything with astonishment, got treated to a good horn, as Conroy would say, of Jamaica rum, and all returned to their sugar making full or glorious. They made friendly visits for about ten days, receiving presents and returning others of sugar and venison. Gifts blind the eyes. There was no old Anchises to interpose his "*Timeo Danaos et dona ferentis*." The unlimited maple forests ran sugar for the evaporation, deer flocked in plenty to be shot for the occasion. This pleasant state of things was not of long duration for the aborigines began to see that their sugar groves would disappear and the deer become thinned out and become less familiar; so the chiefs assembled and taking George Brown, a former clerk in the Indian department or Hudson Bay Co., who had a squaw for his wife, as an interpreter, marched in procession to demand the reason of these innovations, cutting their woods and possessing their lands. Mr. Wright was up to the exigency giving his authority for everything. They expressed their astonishment that their great father King George over the waters, would, without consulting them, permit anyone to cut down their sugar plantations and chase away their game. They had possessed these lakes, rivers and falls, for the past generations, and their families wanted support as well as his—all

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reasonable. He stated that he had documents showing his right to everything and if disturbed Sir John Johnston would pay him out of their pensions. They feared his hunting and fishing would injure them. He showed them his tools and convinced them that they were not for these purposes and that he would protect their wild animals. They objected to his guns. He showed them that hawks, squirrels, bears and wolves must be killed, to save fowls and domestic animals. Maintaining some dignity, and using soft answers and assuring them of a market at Hull, free from the dangerous navigation to distant Montreal; for the sugar and venison, fish, etc., with the advantage of his mills for their provisions. The Indian as well as the Grit saw the advantage of the nearest market without competition, so to save labor and rations they agreed. They were supplied once more with the Jamaica and went home happy. They brought him a lot of sugar and other things and took twenty dollars, offering him all their lands for thirty dollars, which he refused. They held that the lands were as merchantable as the sugar, but he denied their rights to lands as wandering tribes. After going to Montreal and consulting Sir John Johnston and others, he brought back the reply, that the yearly presents were the pay for their lands and they must not disturb the colony. They then made him a chief, that with the other chiefs all disputes could be settled.

The savages preferred arbitration to hostilities. Mr. Wright was put through the form of coronation by these barbarians. All kissed one another on the cheek, with a great number of other ceremonies, after which they dined together; and Mr. Wright records it, that for twenty years they had regarded justice and equity beyond any people of his acquaintance. We accept this testimony of Mr. Wright as correct. Could such be said of the politicians of Quebec and the Dominion for as long a period, our people had not been submerged in a deluge of unparalleled corruption, so disastrous to our prosperity. Unblushing falsehoods would not as thick vapour fill our atmosphere, and the land would be to day \$200,000,000 less in debt. The writer of the Atlas with his usual recklessness says: "The Indians feasted Mr. Wright and party for a week on all the delicacies of an aboriginal cuisine from roast dog and muskrat to broiled rattlesnake and skunk." This author must have been an expert in natural history, or the tribes like St. Patrick, must have exhausted the stock, or imported them for that state occasion, as rattlesnakes have not been common in the province of Quebec since or before that time.

Mr. Wright says it cost \$3 a day for men to go up and down the river to Montreal for provisions, describes the Rapids and the toil of towing up the sides of these among the rocks, as no easy task for men. He spent the year 1800 in chopping, raising vegetables and roots, and lost 1,000 bushels of potatoes by rot in too deep covering in winter. In 1800 he sowed 70 acres of fall wheat and prepared 30 for spring wheat and peas. He took his hired men home to Woburn, but they returned that winter and took up good land in Hull from choice, and he sowed his spring wheat in March. This was very early for this latitude. One year only in the 70 or 80 succeeding years could that have been done. We remember in the fall of 1833 the first snow fell on the 1st of December and about the 22nd of March in the year following, cows were

picking up something in the fields but there was no seeding for a month later. Ploughing has once since that been done in March and only once, whilst once or twice ploughs have been going in December. He reckoned 3,000 bushels of wheat off 100 acres, and one measured acre threshed a yield of 40 bushels. He encouraged settlement by selling lands. He began to build mills, as there were none nearer than 80 miles. He also spent about £800 on the survey of the township, containing nearly 82,500 acres. Saw mill and other buildings cost him £1,300 and a hemp mill £300 more, and lost by fire the same year £1,000. Some of his hemp grew 14 feet high, sold a 100 bushels of hemp seed in Montreal at a fair price, but had to send the hemp to Halifax to get it sold.

His first blacksmith shop was built in 1804. Next year from Massachusetts, he brought in some valuable stock and spent as much taking his flour to Montreal on ox sleighs as the flour brought him. He built distilleries and breweries, but having no export market, and had now exhausted his wealth, he lent seed grain, and exchanged it for work, but his home market was insufficient. The south of the Ottawa river opposite him was an unknown forest for at least 30 miles. No raft had been taken down to Quebec, and as he explored, talked with the inhabitants, who declared it impossible ever to do the like. He prepared his timber and spending 36 days on what he could have run down in 36 hours, when they understood how to run in bands clear of the rocks, but got to market, made sale, and returned to spend the proceeds in rebuilding what had been burned down. 3,000 bushels of wheat cost him \$2,000 to raise and on account of war prices he was offered \$9,000 for it. He continued to lumber in winter and float to Quebec, and keep the farms operated by placing some in one department and some in another. White pine and oak were of the finest qualities. Oak squared had to be withed up by the ends to keep it afloat with lighter materials because of its specific gravity, or loaded on white pine cribs. Very many cases of drowning were reported at first from the unimproved state of the rivers, and so few were acquainted with the dangers. Pilots had to be trained on the river, and it took time and practice to get sufficient acquaintance with the dangerous parts to steer clear of them, but this was overcome by patience and perseverance. Great risks were taken for high rewards and pilots became plentiful.

As the rivers became improved and better known, the loss of human life became yearly much lessened. In 1808 his mills were burned with much sawed lumber ready to take to market. There was no insurance yet, and the loss was a sad blow, not only to the proprietor, but threatened the ruin of the settlement; as so much flour and grain of every kind was consumed and so little saved that famine seemed to stare them in the face. So many settlers depended on Mr. Wright for employment to earn provision for their families, and seed to sow and plant on their lands; but it threw them back more upon their own resources, to preserve seed, corn and seed of every kind. The square timber, of course being afloat could not be injured by the fire, was hastened to market and with the proceeds he soon rebuilt mills and houses in better style and adaptation to their end than were their predecessors. Mr. Wright was irrepressible, his energy and determination

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and with the labors of so many hands well directed, the place soon ap-
peared superior and more prosperous than before. With so many
houses built for his people, the place soon began to be known as the
village of Wright; or Wright's village. Some fine stone houses built for
his sons are fine houses still. Had they been brick they would have
shown a strong trend towards turning to clay, and wooden houses would
have looked very old, frail and warped, but the stone structures remain
as the workmen left them, safe, solid and enduring. This was the em-
bryo of the city of Hull, but many years elapsed ere it took on the
appearance of town or city. Some of Mr. Wright's sons afterwards
built on beautiful sites on the Gatineau, on both sides of the river.
Some of the grandsons occupy lovely spots up the river as far as North-
field; opposite Mr. Hastie, whose farm and buildings, like theirs, are
very excellent, well cultivated and productive. Mr. Philemon Wright
built his own dwelling house on a pretty elevated spot, with the Ottawa
in front on the south, and an outlet of the river that runs to the Gatineau
on the east, as the Hull road ran westward from the Gatineau point to
the head of the turnpike, afterwards Aylmer.

This was long the finest house in the township, and was occupied in
after years by Mrs. Judge Scott, the granddaughter of the pioneer. Her
father, Mr. Tiberius Wright had six sons, Alonzo, "king of the Gatineau"
was one. Their mother was a Miss Ricard, sister of Mrs. Charles
Synnmes of Aylmer. Mrs. Scott was his only daughter, a very highly
esteemed lady. From the Gatineau Point you had as hotels Bedards,
Williamsons and Mooseaus stretching westward. Mr. Philemon Wright,
according to accounts, drew from Government 13,000 acres of land. He
brought with him several families; Allens, Morrisons, Rouleys, Brighams,
and others, all loyalists as distinguished from the rebels, revolutionists
that formed the United States—all these drew large portions of lands.
Loyalist was a splendid title in our early history, and has been claimed
by many most exclusively, and who most falsely and knavishly, hurl
the term rebel and annexationist at the heads of men who oppose them
in some things, but whose honesty and loyalty dare not be called in
question, except by men that have themselves signed annexation mani-
festoes, burnt parliament houses, and led mobs to pelt with eggs and
stones the best of Governors. It had a deterrent influence for a time,
but the folly has been carried so far that it is useless, and has ceased to
frighten children. If you give the lazy designing wretches plenty of
money, they will roar out loyalty by the ton, but they would be the
first to skulk to the woods if real danger threatened the country.

A hundred years ago in Governor Simcoe's time, land was worth
little, and there was not much limit set to draughts of land. Eight
hundred, one thousand, or more acres could be drawn by an officer.
Women drew largely at that time: It was a common custom for a man
working for Mr. Wright to cut some brush and poles, build a small
shanty, then get his title, and sell to Mr. Wright for a small sum or a
few things from the store for use. Mr. Wright is said to have owned
in all about sixty-three thousand acres. On your way westward you
ascend the hill on the top of which is the old cemetery, in which many
of the Wrights, old Mr. Sparks and many others sleep. It was long the
place of sepulture for the settlements on both sides of the river. Here

stood the tollgate after the road was macadamized, and as the ministers passed free the keeper was very polite to them. A brother of one of these used to drive his young lady friends in a double rig very frequently and as he resembled the minister the old gentleman would politely touch his hat to let him pass, although sometimes did, always paying on his return, which so impressed the tollkeeper, that he not only entertained the highest opinion of his honesty, but became a medium to impress it on many others.

The next house on the right going west was the old Benedict building, a frame structure, built very early, but yet standing weather-beaten and warped by wind storms. Here Mrs. Robert Stewart was brought up. On the same side further on Messrs David and Job Moore resided. The most magnificent dwelling house and grounds, beautified with evergreen trees, etc., the work of the late David Moore, the richest of the lumberers on the Ottawa, that now remain outside the city, will not only delight the eye of the passer by, but stand a monument of the wealth, taste, skill and enterprise of the younger David Moore. The thinking man may ask in passing, why expend so much on a single object that at the hammer would not bring one fourth of the outlay? Such a building requires more wealth to keep it up than falls to the lot of one member of a family. It may gratify the taste or the pride of humanity, but it is not commendable. Most men condemn it as their own folly at last.

The middle aged Tory blundering of the Earl of Bute, Premier of George III. had lost the thirteen colonies to the Empire in spite of the remonstrances of the best friends of England, the Chathams, Burkes, Sherridans, Broughams and such like men, who told them they could not conquer America, but their conciliatory councils were cast to the winds by the brute majority, led secretly by proud churchmen; as the brute majority so led in our days, has ruined the country, plunged us overwhelmingly in debt for great works, which are given away to irresponsible corporations, who would, if suffered, soon remove the last vestiges of our liberties. It was considered the best disposition that could be made of wild lands, worthless without settlers, but rich in forest treasures, to make grants of it to hardy colonists, whose grandsons and great grandsons have suffered themselves to be led by designing political cunning foxes, with all kinds of false issues to delude them, and themselves millionaires, bring us to the verge of ruin. The most wretched land policy has been pursued—our wild lands given to corporations or ranchers, large portions taken back at four times their value and left unoccupied, our country put in debt for the cash borrowed and given away; that is, divided among our borrowers. It was not so in the early days. The lands were freely given to actual settlers or such men as encouraged such and did much to improve the country. Mr. Wright being a member of the house had deservedly much influence with the Government, and materially helped the settlers. Very many got their lands and patents from the Crown through his hands. There was an immense amount of treasure in the living forest which if only sold as the land was cleared must have realized great sums. This led to spending freely, no thought of hard times coming. Now the people tell plainly that they were better off 40 years ago than to-day with all their clear-

ings, improvements, crops, stock and buildings. The Dominion Government for nearly two decades have as good as given away our timber limits, helped the favored few at the expense of the toiling many, and encouraged pauperism.

West of Mooseau's spread along dwell the Allens', Edward Wright, Willie Wright that married Miss Skead, Thomas Roberts the Welshman. Mr. Latchford, a genuine Irishman, finely instructed in gardening and agricultural business, conducted a large farm in all branches of its operations for many years with great satisfaction and success for Mr. Ruggles Wright. Mr. James Wadsworth, lumberer, lived on the north of the turnpike. The famous preacher of Philadelphia, Dr. Wadsworth, was a cousin. His sermons published after his death are the most readable compositions of the age, rich in gospel truths, full of illustrations of the higher type. Suffice it to say of these discourses that they were to the reading world of America what the sermons of Dr. Guthrie were to the British Isles—richly instructive and entertaining. Mr. Wadsworth had one daughter by his first wife. His second wife he rescued from the nunnery. She had been sent to this city, and contrived to get him word, and between them she made her escape and he married her immediately. They are both dead some time, and are said to have made a charitable use of their wealth. Miss Wadsworth was afterwards Mrs. Thomas McKord, a son of Mr. Justice McKord of Aylmer. The Judge was very talented and full of humor. Meeting me one day in a violent snow storm at the post office, calling my attention to the contrast in the color of our noses, said that his was so saturated with brandy that the flakes fizzled off it like raindrops off a hot iron, whilst they stuck to mine till thawed off by the natural heat. He had passed a judgment on a case of some importance and wished me to write an editorial notice of it in the *Times* and sent a volume of Chitty with the places marked on which he based his decision, and the book was to remain until he sent for it. The notice was satisfactory, but the book was forgotten. Meeting sometime after, we remarked that we hoped he would not consider that he had lost the right to claim the book because he had left it so long; when he said abruptly: "Did you see the notice in the window of my office that whoever had the first volume of Chitty should come and take the second, as it was useless alone." We expressed great sorrow that we had not seen it in time.

Shortly after Pontiac was erected into a county, an election was held when Thomas Fenwick and Thomas McKord were both scrutineers for one of the candidates, whom the people did not admire, and as in that period of our history an election was not hurried through in one day with indecent haste, but lasted several days, the boys thought of giving an entertainment to the two young lawyers; so with baskets of fowl and decanters of brandy they set off, the lawyers suspecting nothing, and found a fine tent in the thick cedar swamp. After the repast and their thirst assuaged with the brandy, of which poor Fenwick had a delicate fondness, they found they were prisoners with pickets to guard them well armed. Thinking discretion the better part of valor, they submitted with a good grace, knowing well that the member would be elected without them, though not the one they came to aid and secure. The report soon came down and there must be some notice of it in the most

modest style in *The Times*, and as they had been complimenting each other in the court in a tough case some time before, and the judge, W. K. McKord, Esq., was the father of the one, and greatly admired the talents of the other, he let them have it out, so they were a little distant for a few weeks, but *The Times* declared that Pilate and Herod were made friends. When they got free and came down they saluted each other as Pilate and Herod till the novelty wore off. Mr. Thos. McKord supplied his readers with a finely written digest of the laws of Quebec. He died a young man. Miss McKord, daughter of the Judge, whose mother was an Arnaldi, married Judge Powlett. To return to our local course: The great Conroy farm lay south of Sheriff Courtlies down to the Rapids where their large sawmills and lumber yards stand. Mrs. Conroy, who was the daughter of William McConnell, managed this great farm with marked ability for many years, securing from it large profits. Mr. Robert Conroy was from Maharafelt, Ireland. He said that was "his calf ground." He was very extensively and successfully employed in lumber, merchandise, hotel-keeping, and other public-spirited undertakings, went often to Quebec and made much wealth. They lived in a fine house in the village, where they built several houses, had a magnificent garden and fine grounds, and were both long-lived.

North of this were the Hurdmans' farms and dwellings. They lumbered extensively and with much success. William married Miss Smith, a daughter of Col. Smith of Gloucester, and owns the fine set of saw mill buildings on the rocks between Eddy's and the "Kettle," as the great falls was formerly called. Some of the younger brothers married daughters of Mr. Thomas Fraser of Fitzroy. A sister of the Hurdmans' married Mr. Robert Fraser of Cumberland, a woman of fine qualities and an excellent wife and mother. Robert Fraser is a man of genius and undoubted talents; though not among the wealthy, yet far superior to many in the truthfulness and honesty which are such rare graces among the rich and great. North of the Hurdmans were the Aylwin family, whose brother was the able politician and judge whom we often saw at Aylmer at court before the appointment of Judge McKord. East of his farm were Mr. Radmir, and Routleys, Fitsimmons, Curries, Moffets, Pinks, Haworths and McHarveys, covering a large space to the mountain side. Coming east of these you pass the farms of Duncans, Benedicts, Hon. R. W. Scott, till you reach the large Brigham stone house and farm. The old English gentleman, Mr. Farmer, lived close by here a considerable time in the early history of the place, famous for the cattle and horses he imported from England and introduced here, and the stone-wall fences he built, improvements which even then cost too much to pay in the line of agriculture. Returning up the Aylmer Road westward to Mr. Foran's large stone house, Olmsteads and Renaldo McConnell on the river front, an honorable man, whose wife was a daughter of Rev. Meech, some time the minister of the old Presbyterian Church, the first of the family in the Ottawa County. Mr. McConnell went to the Mattawa and was drowned; his widow still survives, and his son is an excellent business man, dwelling in a lovely spot on the river bank, looking on the elevated range of the Laurentians across the river. The house is in a red pine grove, and Mrs. McConnell is a fine sample of a good looking-lady, wife and housekeeper.

Richard McConnell built like his neighbor (John Foran) a fine stone house, with a beautiful foreground to the road, well planted, now a fine grove. He lumbered extensively in square timber, white and red pine, whilst Mr. Renaldo and his brother-in-law Mr. Meach, sometimes took out a whole raft of red pine spars, which they some years sold at an average of thirty dollar each at other times as low as ten, one year make largely then other years heavily. Judge LaFontaine lived west of Mr. R. McConnell, then Ben, the Grimses, Chamberlain, Heath, Egan and Wright, one of whose sons was an esteemed physician, lately deceased. Above these on the next line was Robert Kenney, a very strong farmer, lumberer, man of general business, a gentleman well informed on most subjects, especially on agriculture and stock raising, at which he led the way in his county in almost every department. Mr. Kenney was well read and of sound mind on most religious subjects, and a great friend to education, ready with sound advice and open purse when necessary. He was for some years confined to his home, being rather fleshy and unable to get about. He did not lose control of his locomotive powers, although inclined to be rheumatic. It has afforded the writer great pleasure in having the opportunity of spending whole Sunday afternoons with him in discussing great truths. He died recently at a good old age leaving a good reputation behind him. John Gordon's farm and R. Klock's lie behind these.

Simon Hill, whose farm is north of the village, was very aged in my young days. He lumbered in early life and furnished lime to builders in after times. His son William went to Australia. His daughter married first Mr. Kenny, then after his death, Mr. Joseph Neil. They have the old farm since her father's demise. Mr. Charles Symmes owned the land on which most of the village of Aylmer is built. He was very popular, held many offices being mayor of the village and county. He sold many of his village lots in Constituents. You paid interest at 6 per cent. on the value, and redeem when you please or never if you paid the interest. If you left, the buildings and improvements remained the property of the first party that sold. As a citizen he was much esteemed. Miss Symmes married her cousin, Henry Symmes, who with his brother lumbered. They had a large family. The second Miss Symmes was Mrs. P. Aylen, whose sons are doing well in various professions. The third daughter was Mrs. Cruise, whose daughters married gentlemen in the employ of the Government.

One son is, as was his father, a very distinguished lawyer in Hull. Some of his brothers are civil engineers and were long years in the survey of the Canadian Pacific Railway. One of Mr. Charles Symmes' sons resides in Ottawa and holds a government appointment at the slides. Three others reside in Aylmer. Edmond spent some years in British Columbia and returned to his old home in preference to the wilds of the west. Thomas is on the north of the village, largely employed in gardening and supplying the city with fruits of various descriptions. Tiberius occupies the pleasant old homestead in the centre of the village. The youngest sister died very young. They are all like their parents, highly respected and esteemed and very inoffensive citizens. On the west of the village Mr. Harvey Parker had a farm. He was twice married, had a number of children and lived to be far advanced in

years. Beside him was Peter Aylen's farm. We have seen him before in the settlement of Nepean. He was known as king of the Shiners during his lumbering operations. Originally a sailor, we do not know from what part of the British Isles he hailed, but he was a well-read old gentleman when we made his acquaintance; a thinker and not deficient in natural oratory, that sometimes came out on the hustings at election contests and never failed to make an impression. But he belonged to the party that had long and up hill work ere it got much foothold in this country, if yet it may be said to have attained such a position. The hereditary policy of the Stuarts, intensified by the inhumanity of the *Me lici*, which separated society into the two very natural divisions, despotic, absolute tyrants, and abject, unreasoning, soulless slaves; had so deeply burned itself into men as to be almost irradically established. Power, wealth and display always on the side of the oppressor, carry the unthinking, mostly the many, against the lovers of freedom and fair play, so that it requires eternal vigilance to keep nations from descending into the rude conditions of barbarism.

Were the Stuarts and the Bourbons and the Bonapartes happy in the spoliation of the races? Are the plunderers of a people happy in surveying the ruins they have made? The flourishing, peaceful prosperity of a country or a people, helped by the consciousness that you have done your duty in aiding them to that enjoyment, ought to be considered the highest rewards by rulers, politicians, teachers and the people themselves, who embark in these developments in the progress of nations, society, and felicity of humanity in general. The contrast between Kossuth and Georgy, between Napoleon Bonaparte and Guizot, Cromwell and Charles Stuart, William Henry Nassau Prince of Orange and Louis XIV Bourbon of France; the contrast between Catharine de Medici and Mary Stuart of the Revolution, show clearly if anything can, that the lover of truth, justice and honor, occupies an elevation immeasurably above that of the low thieves that plunder the nation through the public treasury, trample on the liberties of their own flesh and blood, inhumanly butcher men made in the image of God, if they stand in the way of their ambitious designs.

The "Austrian butcher", as they termed the General Hanau, who by the aid of Russia, had then overcome the patriot Maygars, in his visit to England, had to be protected by the police from the brooms of the factory hands as His brutal Excellency inspected the places of business, distilleries, breweries and workshops. Their brutal violence provokes revenge in the minds of the most peaceably disposed. The Abimelecks, Absaloms, Zimris, in Jewish history with Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, were not set forth to be copied any more than the Richlieus, Borgeas and the Jeffries, or the Beaton, Sharps and Lauders. Many of the first settlers, though not claiming perfection for themselves, were mightily opposed to the principles that composed these characters, and were very little afraid to express their views.

Among these people there were several ladies well trained as well as highly educated, who were models in many ways. They were the wives of professional men, and their taste, tact, management and matronly movements so silent, so pleasant, of husband and household placed them, if we be permitted the expression, more among the angels, than

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among the refined sinners of our race. Attend a party at one of their houses and you could see and judge for yourself. The lady would be in the place, and at the time, to receive and warmly welcome every guest, and order the attentions necessary. The guests would be so selected as to be delighted to meet in such a congenial atmosphere. The leaders in the conversation were well chosen and freighted with interesting subjects, free from controversial tinge and tendency. That harmony, humor, healthy instruction and improvement were the natural inevitable result. Then at the table she would contrive to place a lady modestly talkative and silver-tongued, by the side of a taciturn gentleman. She would mate a voluble gentleman with a sweet amiable lady of not too great a flow of words. In such arrangements there were no feelings of restraint, but a flow of soul-gentle and genial as a river with a free current without a cataract in its whole course. When we resided in Indiana we remember a display not unlike the above. We were very shaky with the "chills" fever and ague, and going to a meeting of the Presbytery, our steps were tottering truly, but a young man just a short time before ordained to the ministry, saw, and rushing up seized our satchel and carried it off against our but feeble remonstrance. When seated most of the members came to enquire after the health, frightened we suppose by the evidence given by the countenance, an act of kindness that left indelible impressions. Two of our doctors were sent to the best house in the little place as the custom is to show the greatest kindness to the best established and richest ministers, which no doubt their superior talents command. One of the doctors was a man of great weight in the church, (300 lbs avoird.) but he was a great audible respirator. The other doctor was thin, delicate, sensitive and nervous, who could not sleep beside such a man. The next day after so sleepless a night he was poorly and as the train was to pass down he asked leave of absence which was kindly given. Your humble servant also got early leave for the same just reason.

So the moment we were clear of the place, going to the station, he told us his grievance in which we cordially sympathized. He had been frightened sleeping with an old clergyman, who was often entertained at his father's. It was moonlight and the old gentleman's hair being long scattered over the pillow in the silver light, and his snore corresponded in the like longitudes, the boy fled in terror to his mother's room, and could never get over his horror at the awe-inspiring verberations of the uvula in the air current rushing from the lungs. Now, said the Dr., it may be my weakness, but you have invited to your city the Presbytery to hold its next meeting. How can you arrange for these strong breathers? Oh! we can meet the case. So for this indomitable snorer we got a room in the best house of our people, this great Dr., and if need be mated him with a fine old elder, who always was at meetings with his ear trumpet. Dr. M—— came to our house and found these two had been located, and declared it the most fitting of arrangements as he said: "The elder could not hear thunder and Dr. F—— could not wake him nor prevent his going to sleep by his loudest reverberations. The arrangement was so complete that it never called forth a remark and Dr. M—— remained with us during the meeting which lasted for some days.

Mr. John Gordon, a very original character, was a shoemaker. His wife was a daughter of the Presbyterian minister, Mr. Meach, a very peaceable and amiable woman. Their large family were all gently disposed as they grew up and betook themselves to various employments. The daughters married well, one became the wife of a Presbyterian clergyman. Mr. Gordon, being brought up a Presbyterian thought the Presbyterians of Hull too frigid for his own somewhat fiery temperament to be congenial companions in ecclesiastical fellowship, and Methodism, being then, as it were, grown up from an infancy a quarter of a century before, he threw himself into it with the rapt enthusiasm of a Savanarola or a Luther, embracing with it the temperance cause, then in its swaddling bands. He labored as a layman and artisan indefatigably in both these fields the greater part of a long life. He was sometimes carried away by appearances, as some good people are, and when they are undeceived are very sorry they cannot repair the injuries they have done the sincere but unostentatious. Shallow people cannot detect sincerity but they hail the easily assumed appearance if there is money in the background. John was not shallow nor cowardly. He filled the office of constable of the superior courts and overtook many a swift-footed fugitive from justice. With both hands so full of business he could not always please his brethren in everything and was at times subjected to church trials or discipline, but it generally happened that if one court punished, the higher to which he appealed reversed it.

We have this on the authority of his talented son, who distinguished himself in McGill College, and continues to do so in his practice at the Bar. The following, however, we have from a superior source of information, which we are at liberty to disclose if it is contradicted or called in question. His brethren ecclesiastically pressed a point and would have him brought to trial; he modestly declined their jurisdiction, but said he would not be unwilling to be tried by outsiders. So it was decided to elect a court to consist of a sheriff and two lawyers. The sheriff was a Roman Catholic, one lawyer was a kind of Universalist professedly, the other professed nothing except perhaps French infidelity. The first gentleman, on hearing the accusations and the defence, said he thought the sin was pardonable, and his church, the Catholic, had a broad breast, and if he would cast himself into the bosom of that church and confess his faults they would absolve him, confirm to him all the profound affection of that church in all its length, breadth and depth; The second referee or judge in the case said he concurred in the opinion of the first and believing in the salvation of all men, even the worst, he concluded that if the subject was penitent, he was not beyond the reach of forgiveness. The third said that he once sympathized with French infidels of a particular school, but he had been converted from that to Calvinism, and he now believed in eternal punishment. John Calvin had barned *servetus* (which he was not then bound to prove) and he thought some sinners merited that and should get their deserving. The case before them was such. He was a great transgressor and justly merited everlasting burnings. This could only be regarded as a demurrer or a protest as the other two agreed. Though this whole farce trial seems incredible, yet to those who knew the parties, it is perfectly characteristic of every one of them. If he went through this mock trial

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was to confound his accusers; for we know him too intimately, to believe that he would caricature religion. We visited him in his last illness and were impressed with the clearness of his religious views. He spoke, it is true, against the despotism of the clergy but a message he sent by us to a special friend of his in the city, is of some note. "Tell—that there is no more of John Gordon here now, there is nothing but the grace of God, no self-righteousness left, no looking for salvation but through the great sacrifice of the only Saviour and mediator."

With some faults, and who is faultless, he had many fine points in his character. Peter H. Church, M.D., was long a leading character, exercising great influence, besides the healing art, of which he was a master. His father was a U. E. L. from New England. Mr. Wright induced him and Dr. DeCell, his student, to come from Merrickville to Hull. Mrs. Church was a Merrick, a sensible, excellent woman. The Dr. told us as many tales of those early times as would fill a volume. He was so poorly supported at first as to discourage him much, and he concluded to move away, but the news got out and they subscribed at once to prevent the move. The Wrights, Captain Dey, who resided near where Sheriff Coutley has long lived, Esterbrooks, the McConnells, Eadies, Grimes, in short the whole settlement subscribed an annual rate on every man, whether they were sick or whole, needed him or not. This induced him to remain, and put his services at their disposal night or day for a long time. He was a generous soul, a fine sample of a man. He used to say that many a doctor came and "hung out his shingle," but soon left, as Church was everybody's physician. He became very rich in the long run and had three fine sons educated for his own profession. We called on him for a subscription for a church then being built. He said he had spent his life building up churches, but he gave a good subscription in piles of stones ready quarried. Color, his eldest, married Miss Hodgins and they raised a large family of doctors and dentists. Levi Ruggles, at his mother's instigation, added the study of law to his other eminent attainment, and though one of the finest of surgeons went into the practice of law in connection with Mr. Carter, of Montreal. Carter & Church was the law firm in Aylmer, where he practiced successfully for years. He married the highly educated and refined Miss Bell, of London, England, daughter of a gentleman of the law and niece of General Bell. She was of pleasing manner, refined taste and elegance. The young talented lawyer soon entered politics and became a cabinet minister in the Quebec Government, which post he filled (the law firm in Montreal was Chappleau and Church) with ability and credit for many years. He was created a judge and adorned the bench as talented, upright and impartial. He died comparatively young leaving two daughters and a son with their bereaved mother to lament their loss amid the sympathy of the multitudes. Howard Church, a very whole-souled young man had married and settled down to his practice in Aylmer, when he was taken with typhoid fever, a disease he so much dreaded in his youth, and died long before his father and mother. Robert A. Young was a gentleman of refinement and notary who contributed much to the advancement of society in the rising village. Mrs. Young was Miss Norman, daughter of Richard Norman, a retired banker of London, England. Dr. Church was in the habit of

saying that she was the nearest perfection of any woman he ever saw, sweet in temper, amiable and kind and good. Her only brother is Cannon Norman, of Quebec and Montreal, very highly esteemed as a gentleman and a divine. Mrs. Young was dying of consumption and Mr. Young ruptured a blood vessel, and both were buried together in the Mountain cemetery of Montreal. It was a great bereavement to a large family of very young children whom they left very rich.

Captain James Blackburn came into Hull about 1832. He was the first to navigate a steam boat, between Aylmer and the Chats, calling at March, Torbolton and Quyon, and some other places on the route, but would land a passenger almost anywhere, sending a boat to the shore. The Lady Colbourn, the Emerald, and one or two others, before and after these have plied on that fine sheet of water. Captain Walter Findlay and Capt. Leech were some time in the service. Capt. Cumming was a long time in the employ of the Union Forwarding Company, and like the others, his predecessors, was very popular. Mrs. Cumming was from Kingston, esteemed a great beauty when she came to Aylmer. She still survives by many years her husband, and with her children; some of whom are married here, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Henry, another is in Montreal. We remember a beautiful boy died in Aylmer, and one son, we think, survives. Mrs. Capt. Findlay was a Miss McCaskill, daughter of the very popular merchant of Bell's Corners and Stittsville, Capt. Blackburn had a turn for politics and was elected in 1834 two years after he came to the country with a Mr. Bowman. Jas. Johnston, Daniel O'Conner, and Peter Aylmer, sr., were the principal speakers on the hustings, and made it very hot for the other side. Politics ran high just then, for about that time J. L. Papineau, the patriot, with some, the arch rebel in the estimation of others was in the zenith of his power and manhood. The Captain was a genial soul fond of games, giving them a kind of respectability, initiating old and young into their mysteries. He was very popular on the lake and on the land. Glasgow was his birthplace in July 22, 1799. After being merchant, river captain and M.P., he went to Illinois and died of cholera in Bairdstown, of that state in 1851, and was buried there. Mrs. Blackburn was a sister of the late Sir James Campbell, firm of J. and W. Campbell, of Glasgow. He never forgot the captain's widow or her family. She died in Ottawa not long ago, after residing some years with her daughter, Mrs. Cheppell, whose polite husband was Henry Cheppell, son of an English church clergyman. A daughter Jesse was a Mrs. Hamilton. He was drowned, and she went to the western states and married there. Our acquaintance with them was of the pleasantest kind for years. One daughter was a Mrs. Atrill, whose little daughter Bessie went to the Ladies' school taught by the Misses Fenwick in Aylmer, a dear gentle amiable child. We believe they left Ottawa years ago for Montreal. Mrs. Capt. Blackburn's nephew is Mr. Campbell Bannerman, which latter name he took as great wealth accrued to him by his mother's family in the name Bannerman. He is a member of Mr. Gladstone's cabinet, and said to be the most able and pains-taking war minister England has had for years. We wish him a long and peaceful reign for the happiness and the fame and the glory of the grand old mother land, to which we wish profound peace for long ages to come.

Bowman, Jas. are the principal members. Politics the patriot, with the zenith of his fond of games. Young into their land. Glasgow, a river captain, Bairdstown, of was a sister of all, of Glasgow, died in Ottawa, Mrs. Chen, of an English ton. He was ed there. Our years. One sie went to the a dear gentle for Montreal's an, which latter her's family in s cabinet, and ngland has had e happiness, to which we

James Walker, Thomas Smith and the Blewitt brothers were long the men of the anvil, hammer and sledge, attending to the wants of man and horse to the entire satisfaction of the large community. Mr. M. Marion, blacksmith of French-Canadian parentage, made fine use of his anvil at the corner of Aylmer and Deschenes roads, for on the visit of the first Governor-General to Aylmer they fired from it the royal salute of the twenty-one guns. We hear that he is now hale and hearty at Edmonton, N. W. T. Mr. Smith is now deceased. Capt. Dey left, his son became a judge in Montreal before we were grown up enough to cross the river, and we thought he was succeeded in the place by Mr. Snow, but we have been corrected on that by Mr. W. Hurdman, who was a near neighbor. It is Sheriff Coutlee who occupies the old Dey place and has enjoyed it a long time, and cultivated with much good taste fruits and flowers, especially the latter, naturalizing wild flowers and sending them for decoration to parties where they were greatly admired. He was also a kindly distributor of such curiosities. Mrs. Coutlee was a Miss Clegg, and they brought up a fine intelligent family. James Bailey, a long time the undertaker, "shaved the dead into their last dresses." He was very ingenious as a cabinet maker, extensively read and a man of thought. One of his sons is a clergyman now in the United States. Several of his daughters married clergymen. One was Mrs. Bristol. One was some time in Richmond, now in Toronto. When treating of Richmond we entirely omitted to mention Rev. Mr. Lindsay, who married Miss McElroy, and was a number of years pastor there; also Mr. Bennet who owns the old Lyon mill and farm, a great stock raiser in heavy draught horses as well as cattle and sheep, etc. J. J. Roney was long the superintendent of schools for Ottawa

county, but even men grow old and wear out. He was succeeded by Boulton McGrath, a great mathematician, full of originality, almost to explosiveness. His field is nearly as large as a European kingdom and to the shame of the Government be it spoken, his salary is as meagre as his labor is immense.

The summer of 1854 Aylmer was threatened with fire from the woods, which brought all the male inhabitants to the rescue, with all the Frenchmen who had ponies and water barrels. A large belt was carefully watered and watched, and the danger passed away or was avoided. This brought the thinkers of the place together, and several questions were asked, considered and answered. One said, Why is nothing better than a common school in a thriving village like this? Before the people returned home it was resolved to call a meeting and try to organize an academy. Meetings were called, well attended, and many things considered—adjourned and met again—so during the winter a great lecturer came there, Rev. Dr. West, who, when consulted, gave great encouragement to the enterprise. Finally a governing body was organized, consisting of C. C. Symmes, Esq., mayor of the village; Peter Aylen, jr., Robert Kenny, T. B. Prentiss, R. A. Young, Richard McConnell and J. L. Gourlay. The last was elected president, and Mr. Symmes secretary-treasurer. Application was made to the Government of Upper and Lower Canada for an act of incorporation which was granted, and an endowment of £100 annually or \$400. It was called the "Aylmer Academy." It was not a separate school, yet the Hon. Mr. Chanveau persisted in so calling it in his reports, against all remonstrances on our part. Roman Catholics availed themselves of its advantages. The object and aim was to make it a proper connecting link between the common school and the college or university. The higher branches of arithmetic, algebra, geometry, English grammar and the Latin and Greek classics and elocution, etc., were taught efficiently and most carefully and steadily since it was opened, and we hope will long continue to be so taught.

They employed a succession of well qualified teachers. Among others may be mentioned Messrs. Sheldon, Lothead, McGrath, Reid, Sheldon again after he had become a lawyer, Miss Lizzie Symmes and others, all well qualified and very careful, painstaking and faithful in the execution of their work. A great amount was expended, and an effort made and well sustained to get the building in order, which commended the instruction far and wide beyond the bounds of the county. It was to be a place of thorough training and it fully met the expectations. By the persistent efforts of the directors and kindly responses of the people, or as Mr. R. McConnell, one of its efficient managers, said: "by the perseverance of the saints," it was got out of debt. We never could learn in thirteen years reporting and drawing the endowment and paying it over to the teacher, why the educational department persisted in keeping that word "Protestant" in their printed annual reports. Nor can we see to this day how the knowledge of arts, sciences, languages, etc., can be affected by the religion of the teacher, whether Protestant or Catholic. There must be some other reason for that settled determined disposition to maintain separate schools. Quebec has no national schools, they are either Catholic or separate. The Government should

not have anything to do with them. Let the churches look after them. This would remove a great bone of contention from the state, and effect a great economy in the outlay of the funds. Six thousand years have not been a sufficient time to teach the millions, that the money comes out of their own pockets, to make princely merchants, bloated speculators, Knights, Baronets, railway kings, fat lawyers; that give the great endowments to colleges, and the extravagantly high salaries to cabinets and their far too numerous employees, that make cunning, crafty, easy-going clergymen increase to 200 lbs., sometimes 300 lbs. a void, so that they have great weight in the courts of the church, and wonderful popularity among the fashionable, pleasure-loving multitudes of nominal Christians.

If ten men can agree on a truth, why not ten thousand or ten thousand million? If there is ground for one man disagreeing from the multitude the same holds of every other man of that multitude, consequently there can be nothing certain. We are all afloat. If men do not bring the same qualifications to the study, is that the fault of the truth? Is not truth ever the same? Ever new, always a representation of things as they are, never otherwise. The very highest authority in the Catholic Church, the Pope himself, instructs his people in the United States to abandon the feeble separate school for the national, and that the strong schools must have teachers qualified as public national teachers. This is good common sense. It is far reaching if properly carried out, and will abolish all separate schools the world over. If the children of the feeble schools will not be injured, neither will they of the strong. How profitable would union be instead of division in education, politics or religion? It would imply the breaking up of habits long cherished, deep-rooted, in which men are brought up from generation to generation. It would dissipate to the winds, prejudices that have festered and eaten like cankers in the souls of millions—relax the firmest grip on money bags, open the tightest fist, unlock the miser's hoards, and with the diffusion of knowledge would be the increase of love and enjoyment. How many little things irritate and injure when they do no good; but rivet the chains of slavery in some of its myriad forms on so many that should be free to follow a life-long career of education and industry. We have recommended the Protestants of Quebec to give up their separate schools and insist on all schools being national, as the only practical thing for a country so thinly settled. It would be a great saving. Schools are within speaking distance of one another, whilst those in attendance are by the very system taught hatred to one another. We recommend the same to the Catholics of Ontario. It applies to Manitoba and every other province. The votaries of separate schools may grind their teeth and shut their hard fists and knock down our recommendations, and turn and kick them for falling, but facts remain the same. The mind is not nourished on foundationless fabrications, fictions and paganish prejudices. Education, the moulding of the infant mind, is largely in the hands of the parents. It is always found that through whatever vicissitudes man passes he never loses the mould, mental or spiritual, impressed on him by the hands of his mother. She should therefore be capable of giving the right form of mind, suited to the obligations of the present as well as to be capable of the joys of the future.

Education is an essential work, a work of life, and when men are willing to meet the expenses of giving youth the start, is it not mortal sin to retard the progress or to sow seeds of discord in youthful minds, just budding into a useful development? Theatrical fooleries were kept out of the Aylmer Academy. Solid learning was the aim. Vices were punished with suspension. Penitence procured a restoration. Everything was required to be done decently and in order, and the results have been most encouraging. Aylmer, when we first saw it in winter snows, was a very little place, with unpretentious wooden buildings, no churches, schoolhouses, court house, no grand stone structures to decorate or adorn, or convey to the visitor, such an idea of wealth, comfort and refinement as those of the present day. The wharf, to which the small steamer, Lady Colbourn was tied up, was scarcely visible above the ice and snow. That beautiful macadamized road, affording such a fine drive to Sabbath breakers and gamblers from the city, had not been hatched in the brain of any of its wealthy promoters. It was however, the centre of young energetic men, indicating powers sufficient for great development.

The Symmes, Conroys, Aylens, Chamberlains, Hills, Heaths, Wrights, Holts, Boultons, McLeans, Egans, Eadies, Kennys, Grimes, Prentiss, Thompson, Klocks, Parkers, Dr. Church, Richies; some earlier, some later, either lumbered, or kept store or hotel, tanned or made mocassins. We were under a mistake about Mrs. Conroy; she was not the sister but the cousin of Mr. R. McConnell, a daughter of Mr. William McConnell, who lived where Bell afterwards lived. Bell was of French extraction, descended probably from a British soldier of that name as many of them married French wives like W. B. Bradley of Huntley. Most of the first houses were logs that anyone could hew in a day or two's practice, but many were left round and anyone could chink and plaster the spaces between. No Pat Mularkey of the trowel craft was needed; no John Whelan to build chimneys. The stovepipe could be put through the roof, scoops or shingles. Mark Cuzner was required to make tin or sheet iron stoves and pipes, even from the first dawn of its civilization. Shingles were made by hand and so good as to last 30 years.

On the west of Aylmer were the Parkers, Holts, Breckenridges, Moores, McCooks, Taylors, Neils, Cars, Merifields, Lusks, and ranging north of these, the Ferris, Maxwells, McClellands, Erone, Duncans, and near the mountains, Haworths, Moffetts, Pinks, Currys, Davies, Blairs. Hurdmans lived east as well as west of the village. Olmsted, Allens, and Roberts the butcher, first in the village then beside the graveyard of Hull, then the oldest in the valley west of the city. Roberts came from Wales to Huntley, then Aylmer and Hull. His sons lived at the Carp, in Ottawa, and Montreal. Mr. J. F. Taylor when a young man, was bookkeeper for Mr. Wright. A good story is told of him. Mr. Wright came in very much annoyed at a man vapouring round insulting everyone. He had been evidently "set up" as the fumes were quite distinguishable. Mr. Wright mentioned what he deserved. Young Taylor thought he was in some measure bound to see his master's wishes carried out, and asked if he wished him "laced." Wright nodded in the affirmative. Taylor hung up his coat, walked out and laid him over a

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few times till he "caved in", cried, "enough" and promised to reform his manners. Taylor came in, put on his coat and returned to his pen with as much composure as if he had been assisting his sweetheart down the steps of Holt's old stage. After this was known, the most obstreperous subsided if only threatened with a visit from James F. Taylor. When the writer became acquainted with him, he was a very quiet, sober registrar, living with his second wife, a very agreeable lady, formerly Miss Eady. Mr. Taylor was a member of the Methodist church, but too sober for that proverbially restless, energetic community. For ages what is now, the province of Quebec, had no registry office for deeds or mortgages. We think Mr. Taylor was the first of the race of registrars in the county of Ottawa. Hitherto all conveyancing was done by notaries, or as the Scotch would have it, "writers to the signet."

Twenty mortgages might be piled upon a place and the purchaser could not know unless the notary gave him the information, which was rarely vouchsafed. English men bought farms from the French owners, not suspecting mortgages, and after paying the principle a mortgage would turn up, and they would pay it rather than lose their investment. Then another would crop out and be paid likewise. Soon the grievance was discovered, and the legislature was compelled to provide the remedy. After this all had to be recorded to give them validity. Aylmer had a large number of French in its population, but they did not take to farming in the beautiful lands lying between it and the mountain. As you go past Radmers and Simmond's to the mountain, nothing can be more inviting to the lover of agriculture than such a soil. In all that fine belt of country from below Lochaber to Portage du Fort, the farmers became rich while lumbering lasted. Their hay brought them from \$15 to \$20 a ton more or less; their oats 40 to 50 cents a bushel. Teams drew in the shanty at \$1.50 and their keep, and men drove their oats and hay to the shanties, covering three or four dollars a day and upwards when they furnished their own provisions. We had not then reached the pitches of refinement we have reached and left in the rear since. Tariffs were moderate and the much talked of family compact was mild compared with the party that succeeded them. The little finger of the present is thicker than the whole body of that administration.

Eardley township, the west of Aylmer, may be regarded as a continuation of the settlement begun in Hull. Some names already mentioned belong to this region. Additional names may be given as the Findlays, Kidders, Walkers, McAlisters. Prominent among these as a central figure was Colonel McLean, an old Hudson's Bay Co. man, Highlander by birth, in figure tall, erect and majestic, a genial friend, highly intellectual, and brimful of stories of the ice-bound north, its fur-hunting fraternities, wild goose chases, fishing, canoeing, esquimaux dog sledging and snowshoeing, in all of which he had been trained and experienced from his initiation until his becoming a factor in the company. He settled down to farming in Eardley, tried some experiments, discussed with his neighbors the depth of ploughing, the quantities of seeds to the acre. He set the example of doubling the quantity of clover seed to the acre, and found that it grew finer and taller, the stems supporting one another, so that a chip basket thrown on it was upheld without sinking perceptibly down, that the animals would eat it without

rejecting any, and that the roots if dug up and cleared of the earth would in some cases produce 20 tons weight to an acre, unfolding the value of so much vegetable to be decomposed by ploughing down in the soil. He told us of a journey he once made on snowshoes from Hudson's Bay to Lachine in 14 days. His weapons were a light fowling piece, tomahawk and jackknife with flint, watch and compass, soft deer-skin clothing and mocassins and mitts protected him from the weather. When he found at night a dry pole or tree he set it on fire and camped beside it, sleeping in boughs for the night. The burning tree was a protection against wolves, though he seems to have met with none, and bears were then in their caves, as they generally are during winter weather. He sometimes had to turn from his direct route on account of hills too steep to climb on snowshoes, or streams dashing over precipitous rocks, and that sometimes for a long way, did not form ice strong enough to bear his weight to cross over. Game was by no means abundant, and he had to economize his pemican and other provisions. The reader may form an estimate of such a trip. A strong man, in addition to his weapons, loaded with two weeks' provision, and alone on such an excursion, through an unbroken forest for fourteen days and nights. The object was to bring a message to Governor Simpson, of impending dangers to the company, that steps might be taken to avoid. Men had not dreamed of telegraph wires or ocean cables, and the St. Lawrence was as little navigable in winter as Hudson's or Davie's straits. Col. McLean had four sons and one daughter who married my old school-mate and warm friend, Mr. Charles Stewart.

He was born at Vankleek Hill, a nephew of William Stewart, Esq., M. P. for Ottawa, Mr. Roderick Stewart and Mrs. John Durie, sr. He possessed undoubted talents, but was a little too fond of amusements with the boys, letting slip the time which might otherwise have been utilized, but he generally managed to navigate through. Rev. John Robb, the teacher, though gifted with a critical ear, was dull of hearing, and Charlie never failed to take advantage of a whisper, especially in translating a perplexing complicated sentence of Livi, describing Hannibal's climbing and crossing the Alps. He would manage the construction and translation with energy and sometimes elegance. He was a true and trusty friend in those young days and would warn you faithfully to beware of those who met you with a bland smile, when they are back-biters and detractors. Anyone who has noted carefully the condition and actings of his fellow-men, can hardly refuse to endorse the idea in the words of Thomas Boston: "That this world is a wilderness, in which the clearest light men can carry with them, will not frighten away the wild beasts that inhabit it, and simply because they, are men and not wild beasts." He detested hypocrisy as we ever did and honestly warned you against being deceived. He went to Chicago during our college days, and, sorry to say, we never saw him afterwards. The Col's eldest son, John Warren McLean, married Miss Bolton of Aylmer, and died in middle age leaving the young widow and some children. The young widow afterwards married Irvine Allen, a young lawyer, whose brother Sam was drowned in the Lievre, found with his feet entangled in the brush of a fallen tree top and his head in the water. He had gone on a survey.

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William, the eldest, met his death by drowning likewise. He was the original proprietor of the *Aylmer Times*. His sons publish a spirited paper in Carleton Place. James Allen, the youngest brother, went to the Fraser river or British Columbia to dig gold, and we hear, made money and lost it over and over again. Mr. Hector McLean lives in the old homestead. He ran as one of three for the Commons, and when the election was voided, people said had he run again he would have been successful. Mr. Bryson of Coulange carried it. One of the sons lives in Ottawa, and one is in British Columbia, whilst his wife and two very nice children reside in Ottawa. Farther west and about the line of Onslow lived some brothers, Frenchmen, named Veleau. Wm. Veleau was a shoemaker. His wife said: "My Willyam he smart, he very smart man, that time he's not sick." Joe, however, was the pink of the family. He kept a "bush tavern" and did the honors right lordly. Mrs. Joe Veleau was of Indian blood as pure as could be. Introducing her to Dr. Church, or speaking of her excellencies to the fine old physician, he said: "Dr. Church, my wife some lady, some squaw," evidently meaning that she was a lady even if she was a squaw. The place was a great resort of the French engaged in making timber for the Quebec market and for the Irish Shiners. Shantymen of all creeds patronized Joe Veleau, who did a striking credit business in the whiskey line. Sometimes he succeeded in getting from the boss what the men owed him, but not always. The bulk of the hands employed were unmarried and the rest of them had left their wives in the Old Country till they could be brought over the sea. Most of them were never troubled with money on their persons. They got their pay generally on the raft at Quebec and spent the most of it there. Some of them did not save enough to pay Dr. Van Courtlandt or De Celle or Church, to cure them and fit them to go back to the woods in September. In passing up and returning they drank deep potations at Joe Veleau's tavern. One would raise his glass and say, "Well Joe, here's luck." Another, Joe here's fortune. But the silver was not forthcoming and Joe assured the callers that luck and fortune had broken him.

Just west of this in Onslow lived a man whose name we did not learn, known as Andrew, the Swede. We have seen some of his family. One daughter was drowned, although reckoned a great and daring swimmer. The Quyon village was not then founded, except a house or two, but it has gradually grown to a nice village. It was helped a little by that crazy extravagant folly of the government in giving A. P. McDonald a contract to build a ship canal at the Chats Rapids and waste about a million. Strong inducements were held out to build houses, to be used as boarding houses for the workingmen, and then when the county was pleased with the bright prospects of a ship canal the whole thing was dropped and the people remained, and betook themselves to other callings. It recovered in time, the effects of the wet blanket thrown over it, and became a healthy, enterprising, little community. Two years ago in passing through it, we observed many shops, hotels, and very neat commodious dwelling houses, indicating a healthy progressing people. At an early date the Union Forwarding Company built a warehouse, and freight and baggage were elevated by a pony turning a shaft up to the level of the R. R. track on which they



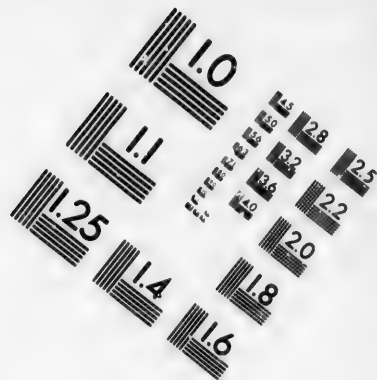
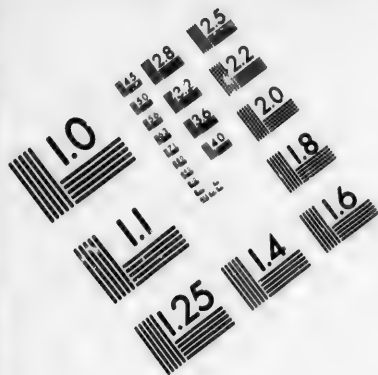


**IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



were taken by a tandem horse team on an elevated picturesque railway to the ferry boat that crossed to Arnprior and up to Portage du Fort, whence they were conveyed over land to Musk Rat Lake, and by steamer to Pembroke. Three parallel lines of railways cover the same country now. On the north shore the Chapleau & Church Railway. On the south shore the C. P. R. and the Parry Sound Railway. The soil on both sides of the Ottawa is rich, deep and of excellent quality up to the Laurentian hills on the north shore and to Fort William. But it requires deep draining and a high style of cultivation to make it as productive as it is capable of becoming under such treatment. Open drains are common on both sides of the river but only careful farmers are making covered drains. These keep the run of water all winter, changing the nature of the soil, and enabling the hands to work two full weeks earlier than on the undrained land. It must be honestly admitted that farmers are very severely tried with the badness of the times, the low prices for produce, and the outrageous prices they pay for coal oil, binding twine and machinery. They should, however, drain a field every year in the best possible manner. Of course we are bound up in winter and our summer season is short and crowded with business. Cheap drains can be made, but deep ones are far the most profitable. One of six feet deep will take away twice as much water as two, four feet deep, or perhaps as much as three. The land will endure drought much better and even heavy summer rains, the soil being so much more porous will absorb from the atmosphere or drink in the rains without injury to the crops. The lands are well adapted to raising all kinds of grain, and of the best quality for clovers and grasses of almost every description. Cattle, sheep, hogs and horses, have done well from the earliest settlements to the present time. Few diseases trouble them, and they can be bred or grown to as fine a size and form as in any country in the world, and at as reasonable a cost or expenditure.

It was a long time after the first settlement before what is now the city of Hull was even a village. Its growth was very slow. The pioneers took to clearing land and making farms, Mr. Wright carrying on all the business. Having so much land, he was as it were, located in the midst of the earth, and except to house workmen and helpers, he was not disposed to trouble himself about building a city. Very few houses were built for many years. We recollect when only two houses stood on what is now the principal street. The people wanted land they could call their own forever. Mr. Wright's own dwelling, then the most beautiful house in the country, was on that pretty elevation above the present tollgate. Mrs. Judge Scott, whose husband was a very distinguished gentleman of the law for some time in Bytown, resided in it with her daughter for years. Mrs. Ruggles Wright lived in one of the new stone houses built as the beginning of the city of Hull. Mr. Tiberius Wright was on the east side of the Gatineau, where his son Alonzo occupied. Mr. Christopher Wright dwelt near Chelsea on the hill above what was called the rafting ground, this side of which stands the little village of Ironsides. Mrs. C. Wright, his second wife, was a daughter of Mr. James Armstrong of March, our next neighbor. He was a clear-headed man, full of entertaining stories of the early history of the settlements, as well as that of his native Cavan, Ireland. He was no dishonor

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to the land either of his birth or of his adoption. He and my father were great adepts in the science of numbers. Discovering my growing fondness for the same, his genius led him to search and send us many a puzzler, and was tickled and pleased to get the solution written out and sent him. Mrs. Tiberius Wright, Jr., has a fine large family of children and live south of the homestead. The home of Mr. Alonzo Wright, M. P. for a long time in Ottawa county, is well-known to rich and poor. A magnificent frame house with a large well-stocked conservatory, and the most beautiful surroundings, well becoming the monarch of the Gatineau, who dispenses the hospitalities in a style and manner little short of princely grandeur. The large farm on the east bank of the river is very fine indeed, exhibiting several natural terraces, all facing the southwest, and whether garden or orchard, cultivated fields or pastures and meadows, present an aspect so picturesque, on so grand a scale, and with such taste, showing as it were the artificial finish of a master's hand. His fields of the finest cows, his stables of blood horses, and what some greatly admire (though we never could), a perfect stock of dogs—some lion-like in their huge size, all indicating immense wealth.

The Sparks's wealth was prodigious. North of Mr. Wright the Main family reside, grandchildren of the late Mr. Andrew Main, so long a successful merchant in Ottawa. They lost their father years ago and a son was drowned below Eaton Chute. The widow was a Miss Hamilton. She has a large and fine family. They did not belong to the early inhabitants. On the west side opposite the Wrights, were the Steeles, Brooks, Hudsons, Churches, Sheffields, Chamberlains and many others had taken lands on which afterwards the villages of Chelsea and Ironsides were formed. Andrew and David Blackburn migrated to Hull in 1829 and settled above Chelsea, Andrew on the west side. David took lot No. 11 on the 11th range and 11 on the 12th range. They sailed from Glasgow on the 9th of July of that year on the brig Amity; Captain E. Roy, and in fifty-one days reached Montreal. In two days more they got to Bytown. Col. By was then on the canal works. They made application to the land agent, Burrows, and furnished with a list of vacant lots, were directed to Mr. Chamberlain. They were ferried over in a log canoe to see and take the lands. The next year Andrew assisted the Chamberlain brothers to make their first timber, floated down the river above the bridge. Andrew's wife was a Miss Pollock, and they raised a fine family of sons and daughters. One daughter is Mrs. Thomas Brown, who has two beautiful children. Her husband is a fine prosperous man, besides a legacy is left her in the old land. Twenty-seven of the relatives are buried in the cemetery at Cantley. David Blackburn the only surviving brother, is in wonderfully good health, considering his broken limbs and his difficulties of locomotion. He is a cheerful, good old Christian, with a high appreciation of the value of religion. When a boy preacher, we remember meeting him at Wakefield, to which he walked or rode, and led the singing many a day. He is the only elder in the congregation in Cantley at the present time of writing. He told us he and his people were the only family six miles north of Mr. Tiberius Wright and wife, who were then healthy, vigorous people, living where their son now resides. In the year 1831 Horace King brought a gang of hands to cut logs for the Hamilton mills at Hawkes

bury. Mr. Justice Hamilton and son were a lifetime lumbering. Lumbering now began to be pushed with a vengeance on the Gatineau. Wright, Chamberlain, Hall, Hamilton, Leamy, McGoey, Gilmour and many smaller concerns, secured all the limits thought to be worth taking up; and bought from the Government all the best of the lands available, to make farms for horses and oxen in summer time. Afterwards to raise shorthorns and others for beef, these farms were well cultivated. Dwellings, stores and all necessary buildings were erected, giving to each establishment the aspect of a village. Mr. James McLaren, then a young, intelligent, aspiring man, saw a mill site, with a little thing in the way of a saw mill, which he purchased from a Frenchman, and began his millionaire career. He bought logs from farmers along the river banks for 75 miles, or as far as he could procure them, giving a fair price in cash or goods as they chose. He soon furnished flour and then oatmeal for the whole region above him on the river, and then drygoods and groceries. Next he set to spinning and weaving, becoming in a few years an extensive manufacturer, long before protection, for he was a Liberal, and was generally if not always successful. He died at Buckingham some time ago leaving \$6,000,000 or over and daily increasing. He built the great mills at New Edinburgh, which were burned before his demise. He purchased the Buckingham mills and acquired very large timber limits on the Lievre as well as the Gatineau. He stood very high in the estimation of men whose opinions were of much value.

According to the account of Mr. David Blackburn, his father, Mr. Andrew Blackburn, was born at Kilbarchan, Renfrewshire, Scotland, December 9th, 1770; and his mother, Miss Isabella Lenox, born in Sterling, August, 1775. He died 29th April, 1855, and his wife in January, 1860, buried in Cantley cemetery. The father and two sons, Andrew and David, came out the same year together, and the mother and a younger brother, father of Lenox, came out the next year, 1830. James, the M. P., and the Capt. came out in 1832, the year of the first great outburst of cholera in the British Isles. James was born in Glasgow, July 22, 1799. He married Miss Campbell, sister of Sir James Campbell of Glasgow, as we have already narrated. The Blackburns were the highest up white settlers on the Gatineau in their time of location. John Knox Blackburn and his cousin, Lenox Blackburn, very excellent and intelligent young men, are yet unmarried. Mr. Robert Blackburn, now deceased, resided in New Edinburgh, where his family still reside. He was the wealthiest of all the relatives of that name.

Mr. Ash was one of the early teachers in Chelsea. We baptized some of his children. He is long dead but his widow survives. Most of his children are married and in different parts of the country. Mr. Elder and his wife were early in among the settlers of Hull. He is dead some years, but she was alive at the house of her son-in-law, Mr. McIntyre, near the Sixes, when we used to meet there. She is the mother of Mrs. Reid, who has the post office above Eaton chute. Mrs. Elder must be nearly one hundred years old. About the year 1830, a Mr. William Davis came to the Gatineau beside Mr. David Blackburn. He had five sons and three daughters, one of whom Mr. Blackburn married. She is some time dead, but her son has a fine family of sons

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and daughters with whom Mr. David lives very happily in his old age. He persists in hoeing in the garden in summer, and following up the old honest industry. William Davis, the oldest son of the family got lost in the woods shortly after they located there and the people turned out with guns and horns to search for him but were unsuccessful in their hunt. In his wanderings he came at last on a creek bank and turning down the stream till he reached the Gatineau, following it till he came out at Mr. Tiberius Wright's. An old writer says if you want to find the ocean, "take a river by the hand and follow it down." William must have had a rough passage over fallen trees and through brushwood but he seems to have seen no wild beasts, nor met with any accident; but his kind reception and ready refreshments from the hospitable hands of Mrs. T. Wright must have been sweet after about sixty hours fasting and exercise. A vigorous young Englishman can endure a good deal. We are willing to accord the like powers to a Scotch or Irishman.

Mrs. Blackburn, the present daughter-in-law of David, was the widow of his nephew before his son married her, which shows the estimate in which she was held by the Blackburn family. Her sister is the wife of Mr. Davis, a son of the old pioneer, with a large family of nice children. Mr. Thomas Kirk from Londonderry, Ireland, came to the Gatineau shortly after the Blackburns and got land on both sides of the river and at a place where the stream is flat and placid for some distance, a thing not very common on that rapid river; there he established what was long known as Kirk's ferry. Teams and loads were ferried on a scow. That seems to have ceased as nothing larger than a small boat has been seen there for years. Mrs. Kirk was a Miss Green, whose brother was a shipping merchant of Londonderry. Their family consisted of eight daughters and two sons. The eldest son was a surveyor and dwelt at Stratford, Ontario. On a visit there we met a son of his, an intelligent young man; his father was out of town at the time.

John Kirk, the other son, married a Miss Brooks and lived on the right bank of the river opposite his father. They are both dead some years. Two daughters of theirs are married to two brothers by the name of Green, their grandmother's maiden name. One lives in Hull city, the other in Chelsea. They are very intelligent young men, employed in the lumber at present but well qualified for any employment. The ladies are very accomplished and pleasant women. Another sister is Mrs. Brooks at Lowe. One of their brothers lives near Desert and the other at Detriot, Michigan, U.S. Mr. Kirk's eldest daughter was Mrs. Eaton, now in the United States. The second was Mrs. John Stevenson who had nine daughters and three sons. The sons are on and near the homestead. One daughter is Mrs. Hutton near Desert with a fine family, one is Mrs. Samuel McClelland also a fine family, another is Mrs. Blyth of the city. Some young members are at home yet unmarried. Mr. Hutton was in the employ of the McLarens in the lumber business. He is now a very successful farmer.

Another of John Stevenson's daughters is Mrs. Paterson, who lives on the river bank a few miles east of the Pêche, where a son is now a merchant. The third daughter of T. Kirk became Mrs. Ricar aunt by marriage to Mr. Wright ex-M.P. The family we believe live in the U.S. The fourth daughter became Mrs. William Strachan. She is the

mother of seven sons and three daughters. Two of the sons are dead. One was brought home ill and died. Another was superintending a large gang in a quarry and was blown up and his remains brought home for burial. Two brothers and one sister live with their mother, now a widow. One is doing well in the Western States. Two live east of Cantley. Thomas is married to Miss Church, and Alexander to Miss Earle of Wakefield. One daughter is Mrs. Charles Pink, at the mountain, Hull; the other lives up the Ottawa. Widow Carman is the fifth Kirk daughter, has five sons and four daughters, all married but one and live in various parts around about. Mrs. Heney was the sixth. Mr. Heney is one of our wealthy citizens. Their eldest daughter died very young, very highly spoken of, and one son was drowned, a young man of fine parts and very much esteemed. The other son is lately married to Miss Street, daughter of the well-known John Street, son of the old Captain of March. One married daughter lives in New Brunswick, one in the eastern townships, and we think two at the St. Lawrence, whilst the youngest, best and beautiful one is but recently married. The seventh daughter of Thomas Kirk was drowned in the Gatineau, a dangerous river, from its steep rugged banks. "She was the loved of all, yet none o'er her low bed may weep." The eighth was Mrs. Chamberlain, lived as Kazabazua, died young. Mr. Chamberlain afterwards married Miss Stevenson, daughter of Thomas Stevenson. She is now a widow with a son and a daughter, both young.

On the same side of the river with the Eaton chute, between and opposite Mrs. Reid's post office, Mr. Paterson resided, who died recently. He began life on the Gatineau as a teacher, and followed it for years successfully, and then settled down as a farmer. One of his sons is at McGill College preparing to be a Presbyterian Minister. One lives at Buckingham. One on the homestead with his mother and two sisters and his wife, with a daughter and two sons, very pretty, well behaved children, and their mother, grandmother and aunts are all very superior women. The family are all very liberal in their views regarding other demoninations, but distinguished Presbyterians never disturbed by the short-lived spasmodic efforts of others trying to get a foothold where they have none, and almost no people without profiting. A young energetic farmer and miner, Mr. Wilson lives near them and the Messrs. Blackburn. He has built a fine house and seems very prosperous. His wife is a Miss Cooper of the neighborhood. They have several children. Mr. Davis, a son of the old pioneer, lives close by on the main road from the city. Mr. Prudhomme keeps store and hotel close by, a very obliging Frenchman. Some years ago a Mr. Brown lost his life and drowned his team attempting to cross at one of these ferries. The banks are as we have said very steep, and Mr. Brown drove his team down and the horses got on the scow, and the wheels struck with force but did not get on, and the ferry-man either had not made it very secure, or the shock drove it from its moorings, the waggon went down between the bank and the boat, taking horses and man with it, and there was not help or means to save the life of either man or animals.

There is a fine macadamized road on the west side of the river from Hull to Wakefield; and a fairly passable road on the east side and both prolonged over a hundred miles north; but the river is bridgeless to

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source except the one bridge at Mr. Alonzo Wright's, two miles this side of Chelsea. The people think it too expensive to build bridges even where they are much needed. The government of Quebec are so greedy, that all that can be raised in revenue cannot half satisfy that greed, and since it was a province the men of all shades in politics, brought up in the same extravagant school, have run it so hopelessly in debt that nothing of any consequence can be obtained for roads or bridges excepting where the creamy rich milk-producing contractors can afford to nourish the sucklings of the legislature. The helpless people cannot be taught that public works done by governments cost double what they would by private enterprise.

We should have said William and Andrew Blackburn are unmarried. John Knox Blackburn has a fine wife and a fine boy. We made a mistake in the name. At Cantley proper the store "is run" by the Messrs. Brown, a blacksmith shop by a Mr. Brown, married to a Miss Brown, daughter of Andrew on the river bank. The widow Brown is a sister of Mr. James Walker, formerly of Aylmer. David and Andrew Brown are brothers of Thomas, noted above, the wealthiest, but the others are good comfortable farmers. Mr. McNeil is a mill owner. The Gows, Thompsons and Mulligans are good farmers. East of these is the Catholic church. A large French and Irish settlement is extended towards the Lievre. North east of it Portland has a few settlers and a Presbyterian church that was supplied some years by Rev. Mr. Borthwick, afterwards by Rev. Mr. Findlay in connection with Cantley Presbyterian church. These have been more recent than some others in the county that will come in for consideration in good time if we are well and able to do it.

Several brothers named McClelland, very intelligent and comfortable farmers, with large well brought up families, strictly temperate, youths of both sexes, that must do well and make the world the better for having lived in it. John Smith keeps a nice little store beside the church facing to the west towards Mr. Cooper's. Mr. Smith is reputed as most honest in his line of business, and the least disposed to extortionate prices. Good men ought to pray that such men may be multiplied by the thousand. We have many times visited the United States, eastern, middle and western, and we have been over this Dominion from the City of Quebec to Sarnia many times, and the impression made upon us is indelible that the percentage charged by most merchants and traders in the United States and British America, are, when compared with that of the like business men in the British Isles, simply extortionate. If a fortune is not made in 25 or 30 years, it is a dead failure. Now if one man can accumulate \$100,000 or \$500,000 or \$1,000,000 or ten millions in a few years, how many are kept grinding in poverty to permit such amassing of wealth in one or a few men's hands? Extortion is in men's esteem generally confined in money lenders and bankers and companies proverbially soulless. Does it not appear very conspicuous in lumber merchants, dry goods men, railroad men, speculators in stocks, men not at all defective in the feelings of humanity but formed by habit to these high charges, and when the choice comes between loosing or selling others out of house and home, it takes them a very short time to decide. They see as clearly as noon day the hardships, self-denials, and even sufferings people endure, compelled to live

from year to year without becoming a dollar richer, but often many poorer; but the thing is too common to be noticed or make any impression. We have referred to a few callings, but it applies everywhere lawyers, doctors, mechanics, any man who charges more than a living profit on his labor and risks. It is true of men who are able and do not aid according to the requirements, good objects as well as give in charities and counsel to industry when they are not able to aid. Does it add to the happiness of humanity, that a few are unreasonably wealthy, and a million unreasonably pinched with distressing poverty? We hail as a heaven-given boon to society the man or the woman, the lady or gentleman who can with quiet calm, loose or cut the gordian knot, that the tyrant custom has formed and help with their gentle, or their strong hands, or contrive, invent or in any wise legitimately encourage to a bettering of the condition, by finding employment or starting new industries, so that people can make a living, and at the same time cultivate in their souls a higher ideal, of the dignity of an intelligent being formed in the image of the glorious Creator.

Thank heaven there are samples of the race coming to the front, who are destined to give a new trend to the world's history, and a new aspect to human society. This wisdom that stimulates to honest labor, or that invents time and labor-saving instruments is from God, and should be respected as His gift. But the talent to rob, to deprive of the means of living, to impoverish, or prevent men from making ends meet, paying lawful debts, rising honestly in the world, is to pervert the God-given talents from their proper use, and to employ them in the service of the enemy. Shall we take the talents that God gives herewith to work for Satan? Is this not to pervert the history of the race. Is it not to inflict untold misery on the race? What multitudes of parasites the race exhibits, leeches that would prefer to explode rather than not extract the last pound from the victims? If this should be considered a digression, we make no apology for it; since myriad voices over the earth call so loudly for it as a remonstrance of the million against the hundred. Going northward on the east of the river you pass the Story settlement and Easy's, all reliable and good industrious farmers. Mr. and Mrs. Story are well advanced in years, but active for their time. Most of the family are married and settled around. These old people, like the Widow Smith and the several others, were among the pioneers in this quarter. Wilson's Corners is so named from Mr. Wilson, who keeps a little store there. Mr. Wilson is from the Chats, son of one of the earliest settlers of that place, and a connection of the Sheriff's, the first possessors of the bank of the river at that beautiful falls.

Mr. Story carries on a blacksmith business, and Mr. McGlashan carriage-making at the Corners, both successful men in business. Mrs. Wilson was a Miss Boucher from March, Ontario; Mrs. Storey was a Miss Smith from Aylmer, and Mrs. McGlashan was Miss Brown from Cantley, each possessing considerable merit as wives and mothers. We ascend a high hill and are in the Stevenson neighborhood, and they are a host and occupy both sides of the Gatineau for miles. Opposite Mrs. Reed's post office resided a very honest, honorable man, Mr. Patterson, who died recently. He began his career as a teacher and followed it up with perseverance and success for several years. Mrs. Patterson though

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well advanced in years only died lately. They have had a large family most of whom survive. One son with his wife, a little daughter, and two sons live with his mother and two sisters in the old homestead, a beautiful place on the river side below Eaton Chute. One son lives in Buckingham, and one is at McGill College preparing for the Presbyterian ministry. He is a studious young man of talent. The family were sober-minded Presbyterians, never carried away by the noisy demonstrations sometimes got up in their surroundings. Mrs. Patterson and Mrs. Smith were sisters. Mrs. Boon with a large family of daughters and some sons, was among the early settlers up the Gatineau. Her husband with several relatives are buried at Cantley cemetery, where very recently Mrs. Boon ~~sr.~~ was interred, a very old lady. Mrs. Stevenson and Mrs. Cooper are sisters, whose brothers, the Maxwells, occupy the west bank of the river not far from the Cascades. Mr. James Reid now resides at the Cascades and one of his sons keeps store there, another is on the old homestead.

Mr. Reid is one of the few that first associated together to form a congregation of Presbyterians in Wakefield. Masham was at first a preaching station in connection with Wakefield, which has the honor of being the first organized Presbyterian church in the county of Ottawa. Hull had a Congregational church. The Kirks, Reids, Gordons, Maxwells, Strachans, Pattersons, Stevensons, Moncriefs, McLarins, Fairbairns, Pritchards, Nesbitts, Gibsons, McNairs, Duncans, and a multitude of others we could mention, formed the congregation at first about the year 1846. That is about 46 or 47 years of age. The eldership was composed of strong men who were well read in Scripture and the principles of the Presbyterian church. James Reid, Thomas Stevenson, John Pritchard, Foster Moncrief, John McNair, Thomas Duncan, M. Kennedy. Their first pastor was Rev. John Corbett, a student of Belfast, the school of Cook, Edgar, Hannah Cairns and others. Mr. Corbett's attainments were of the moderate order, yet the church grew under his ministry. Masham from a little station developed into a large one. Wakefield church at the Peche was a long time the largest portion. Now Masham is the greater. It is a fine church and a wealthy congregation in appearance.

The settlement has good land, well cultivated and exhibiting all signs of prosperity. The great disruption of 1844 in Scotland was carried to Canada and a series of services were held by deputations from the Kirk and the Free Church. Wm. Burns, afterwards the first missionary to China, travelled over the provinces, preaching everywhere, he could, not so much as a Free Church man, as a great revivalist, for which there was necessity and his faithful labors were greatly blessed to many. Rev. John McT. ish preached in English and Gaelic and was a great success. Rev. John McDonald also Rev. Thomas McLachlan and many others came. The result was that at the next meeting of the Synod, the thing was discussed, and they divided, 39 remaining with the establishment and 23 leaving and forming the Free Church of Canada. Mr. Thomas Wardrope, a student of Queen's, Kingston, who had not completed his course, but was then teaching the Grammar school just founded in Bytown, and united with the Free Church, and was called by that party to be pastor of Sandy Hill church, Daly street. He was

ordained in (the little stone church then owned by the Methodists in Upper Town as it was then called) by the Presbytery of Kingston. Two ministers from that Presbytery, Rev. Mr. Gordon of Ganarogue, and Rev. Mr. Smart of Brockville, with Dr. Robert Burns from Toronto, and Rev. Andrew Melville, just arrived from the Free Church of Scotland formed the Ordaining Presbytery. Dr. Burns preached, presided and put the questions to the young minister, Mr. Melville offered the ordination prayer, which Dr. Burns afterwards commented on for its peculiar excellencies, Mr. Smart gave the charge to the minister, Mr. Gordon to the people. Dr. Burns took great care that everything was done to avoid the possibility of litigation. When the minister signified his acceptance of the call, Dr. Burns, at the proper time, requested Mr. Smart to go outside the door and proclaim three times that if any one objected to the ordination he must do it then. The gentleman being English, and from the Congregational Church originally, and unacquainted with the Scotch mode of procedure, returned and reported that he found no one at the door to address. The Dr. told him to go and make his proclamation even if he found no one, which he did, and returned to attend to his other duties. In his address to the pastor he said you are not to be a sheep thief stealing out of other men's folds. It was our privilege to be a school-boy in By-Town then, and be present at this meeting. No thought was taken of the organization of congregations. The first Free Church Presbytery formed here was that of Perth, and the first ordination in it was the Rev. John Corbett. He had been called to Pembroke and preached there a day or two, but some one had made a remark that reached him, and he ran away to By-Town without giving them time to make a respectable opposition to his qualifications. He was taken to task by the Presbytery for his precipitancy. Mr. Wardrope had to act as a kind of Episcopos, directing the movements of such ministers as came his way, so Mr. Corbett was sent to Wakefield and was accepted there. Mr. Wardrope moderated his call as he afterwards did one for me at Ashton, and another after that at Aylmer. Mr. Johnston of Ramsay, Mr. Melville of Perth, and Mr. Findlay of Dalhousie, (having come from the U. S.) formed the Presbytery for Mr. Corbett's ordination, Mr. Wardrope, the clerk, being absent. It was the usual custom to put the salary promised the minister in the call. In twenty years experience in that Presbytery we never knew it to be omitted. Such a call would not be sustained, but sent back to be completed, or would be rejected by the Presbytery altogether. The salary was four hundred dollars, a small amount compared with our days. The congregation never got any aid in raising the ministers salary. There was nothing provided yet by the church to assist the feeble. Mr. Corbett told us that John Supple of Pembroke, when they met, always left ten dollars rolled up in his (Mr. Corbett's) hand at parting, which was thoughtful and kind, being much needed, as his salary was very small for years, or during his stay with them. The settlers were not wealthy for some years, and they had much hard work clearing land, cutting saw logs, making timber, securing clothing and provisions for young numerous families. The place was healthy and prolific in raising loyal subjects to her British Majesty. Some of the people, like the Pritchards and Curries, had come frequently if not pretty regularly to St. Andrew's to hear the Rev. John Cruickshanks in By-Town. For the new minister the people

could raise only a very limited salary, but they seemed always to do their best. Mr. James McLaren always did a great deal of good for the congregation and very much for the ministers salary. One advantage they always had a good working session. Some of these yet live but are far worn, like Messrs. Reid, Kennedy, Stevenson, whose days are nearly at an end, but their fidelity to their Great —aster and his glorious cause, will soon be far more than rewarded with crowns of glory. Some have died recently, though many are still yet alive. Abraham Pritchard is an elder in Hull. Thomas Stevenson is still about; his wife is a Pritchard and there are two or three generations we can point out that seem to be worthy of such a pious ancestry. We wish them and their excellent, sound and generous-hearted minister and his very superior wife, the greatest spiritual and temporal prosperity. Having so often met so many of these people, elders and members, and knowing their soundness of views in redemption through the blood of the Lamb, we can freely indulge in such wishes. It is quite a desirable locality. The scenery is picturesque in the extreme, hills and dales, mountains and valleys, table lands and plains, lakes and streams, abounding with the finny tribes, a rich diversified *flora* and *fauna* of the region, fertile soils, salubrious climate, all these in the possession of a race of Britons; healthy, hardy, intelligent, and by the way, good-looking. Such is Wakefield. Such is Masham. Can it be controverted. The Gatineau Valley railroad forced through so rough a country, is supposed to be of great service. It will carry freight and passengers more speedily than the old plan, but there is not much to transport south so long as lumbering continues.

It would not pay to carry lumber as the river is such that it costs little to float down logs and not one of them need be lost. The current of the water will perhaps average five miles an hour. Merchants will get their freight quickly, but they will be kept high and dry of customers unless they sell near the Ottawa prices. One can come down in the morning and make his purchases in the city and return in the evening. The farmers used to keep many horses sometimes waggoning and sleighing up goods, then in the winter drawing logs, whilst in the summer they did their farm work. These are no more on the road, and blacksmiths get no such amount of horse-shoeing and waggon repairing and sleigh-shoeing as formerly. Many workmen are dismissed, and things are tamed down from the busy bustle of other days, when the public roads were almost double tracked with heavy teams. New modes of farming must be adopted to suit the great changes.

North Wakefield is a neat little village on the river bank with the store of Andrew Pritchard latterly in the hands of his son-in-law Blair, very lately deceased, a fine young man who was highly esteemed. The hotel is kept by Mr. Moore. There are some churches. Rev. Boyd, a Calvinistic Episcopalian, resides south of the village, a very well informed and friendly gentleman, who assures us that most of the ministers of that denomination are Calvinists. Mrs. Andrew Pritchard and some of her numerous family still reside in the place. She was an Eady from Hull, or Ayimer. Above this on the west side is the old McAfee settlement. The father was a great friend of ours in youthful days, and his son in Alwin was not less so. The next place of halting is Farrelton,

directly north of Mr. McGoe's home, with a fine stone Catholic Church. South of this is a scattered settlement penetrating into the hills taking up such lands as are arable, and with what aid they get from the lumbering, carving out a living as best they can. The girls as they grow up come to the city and get employment in various ways, and the boys go to the United States in many, if not most cases, thus depleting the country of its vigorous healthy young citizens, to build up a fortune for themselves, whilst they make as far as they can a prosperous country for our neighbors. We have in these hills iron, phosphate and mica. We dig no iron now, nor phosphate, but what comes with mica and the latter is not taken out so briskly as some time ago. What is the matter? No market. War without peace in tariffs, has shut the markets. Would a typhoon or a cyclone wake up our government?

The Early settlers of Wakefield and Masham were nearly all raised and trained in the Irish Presbyterian church, one of the best schools for forming the minds of orderly Christians. The Scotch element was small but good. The congregation was self-sustaining from the first. There was no Home Mission fund to draw on and no station to associate them with but the shanties above them and the new formations of settlements. Grouping congregations was the plan to secure a living to the minister, but they had no station available. The modern plan of grouping in some cases is to secure the more money from the Home—mission, or the augmentation funds.

Mr. James McLaren's milling, store-keeping and manufacturing, brought in a goodly number that still remain and give good aid, but Mr. David McLaren has moved his family to Ottawa since his father's death, which diminishes the number in attendance. The Episcopalians and Methodists have churches in these villages in a flourishing condition. The whole region of country is well adapted for summer residences and for tourists and painters. They could hardly light on a spot that would not afford a sketch of scenery worthy of the best developed talents. The scenery on the Baltimore & Ohio, the Panhandle, the Catawissa and the blue ridge of Virginia are greatly admired, so are the hills of New Hampshire, the green mountains of Vermont and the Banks of the Androscogan, but we question if any of these could take the palm from the Gatineau country hills, lakes and streams for over a hundred miles. We have not crossed the Rockies, but we have seen nothing so wild in all states this side the father of waters as to excel the beauty of these northern acclivities.

Health seekers will soon discover that it is the land for them to visit. Its splendid springs, fine lake fishing, and shooting in the mountains, the healthy nutritious vegetables, and the mutton and beef, turkeys, geese, ducks, and poultry of all kinds, with fresh eggs, milk and the best butter and cheese are enough to attract in great numbers. Houses of entertainment are plentiful, but ere long far superior structures will be prepared, and their visitors and occupants will not be few. Then the doctors must not be left out. To begin with Chelsea, which is fairly among the hills, Dr. Davies stands so high in his profession with all that know him, that it suffices to say that he is physician to the King of the Gatineau, who has deservedly passed on him the highest encomiums. The doctor is a hard working man, with wide range of travel and a vast

practice. Mrs. Dr. Davis is a Pritchard and well sustains the unobtrusive respectability of her ancestry. They have at Wakefield Dr. Stevenson, a son of elder Thomas Stevenson, whose good old lady is Pritchard and aunt of Mrs. Dr. Davis. Dr. Stevenson stands very high in his calling and in the esteem of the multitude. He is favorably known far and near as an excellent and a safe and skilful practitioner. The honest well-established reputation of these physicians makes it safe for strangers who may have to consult them. The hotels of Mr. Moore and Mr. Dunn and others at Chelsea, and Mrs. Johnstone and others at Peche furnish the best entertainment.

Our first visit to this region above North Wakefield was made on horseback about the September of 1856 in company with John Corbett. The occupants were thinly spread out between Farrels and old Mr. Brooks, the father of the multitude of that name now settled round about the old place in Lowe. The old gentleman and his good old lady entertained us very kindly, and utterly refused to take any remuneration as we were on a mission to the upper settlements. Many of these people were our old neighbors. Having spoken before a great audience in our boyhood or college days, and been reported to the papers in rather a colored style by a young friend who now lives in New Edinburgh: A notice that created a summer's controversy between the Bytown papers, a poetic defender referred to us as the boy preacher. When the Upper Gatineau people heard of the boy preacher being available for a visit, sent him the politest kind of invitation to come and spend some days among them. We were in the habit of playfully speaking of our friend and travelling companion as the vicar. Well, the vicar rode a pony larger of course, than a Cotswold sheep, with a profuse decoration of hair. The little fellow ambled along at the Irishman's "three feet gallop" whilst ours was a dark grey, tall and lengthy from a "Messenger" sire and a French-Canadian dam. He was a very fast but rough trotter, and was sold to one who loved the turf and became a great prize-winner.

Lowe then was a forest with few patches cleared. In rainy weather it is yet very deep and dirty in places; then it was nearly impassible, one held the horses at the gully whilst the other got through on logs and roots. One horse was sent through and caught by the first man, the other sent after at a safe distance, and followed not too closely by the other man. The little horse half waded, half swam, the tall one threw mud high and far in his passage through. The saddles had to be carefully wiped with leaves to allow a remount; sometimes we took the narrow path round these deep pits, through the tall brush, pushing through pretty near the ears of the horses to keep from being rubbed off. Fire often flashed from the shoes as the horses climbed the steep rocks. We reached the Gilmour farm and took tea with Mr. Lunam, now an elder near Campbell's Bay, a very aged man by this time but still living. We reached the Hamilton farm before dark and spent the night with a very hospitable couple with no family, Mr. William Leslie and his wife, a Miss Gibson from Masham. A few settlers like the Keeleys, Chamberlains, Gabies, were thinly drawn out along the road from Stag Creek and Lowe.

Kazubazua was only the stream with its natural stone bridge. The present site of the village was not cleared then, but was a beautiful pine forest, with unlimited supply of blue-berries on the sandy plains, Mr. Andrew Pritchard built a mill and dwelling on the little river bank where his son Andrew now does business. He is a very kind, obliging, good business man. His wife is the handsome daughter of Sergt. Brock of Aylwin and they have very pretty children. We can speak personally of their kindness and polite attention when we lived near them. We remember calling the attention of the Vicar to a tree standing on a bare stone and that sitting on a large flat rock. The roots went down around the stone and entered the fissures of the rock, mooring it there in the most secure manner to the soil, if such it can be called. There it stood waving its green flag in lights and shades, in storm and calm, living and thriving in health and vigor in spite of such hard and harsh nursing. Such a lesson in botany. We did not speculate on how the seed germinated on the cold barren stone and struck its rootlets around it without dying in the drought, or whether the earth once covered it but was washed off by the rains of years. That remarkable tree had inhaled the heat of many a summer, imbibed its rains and dews, weathered many a wintry blast and pelting ice storm. The cold bare stone on which it sat could not be removed without cutting away more than half its roots; then a sudden squall would have laid its head in the dust. It suggests how the branches of the race who have received revealed religion, have held with the most unrelaxing grasp the sacred Scriptures. Without these the living preacher would be a shorn Sampson or a dead branch in the vine. It is the oil to his lamp. It is the fire to his genius, the life or his life, his spiritual wealth, his treasury. It can decide controversies for those who would not admit human authority. It inspires with the love of freedom and development. Without it the most elevated, civilized races would descend from the fair and healthy regions of enlightenment, to the fetid, dismal, deep swamps of barbarism. Truly to receive it is to receive its Divine Author. We could not now point out the locality of that peculiar tree. The mountains and hills of this region were then covered from base to summit with the gummy balsam, the curved knotty spruce and the evergreen pine.

Years ago the devouring fire ran over and consumed those lovely scenes laying bare the rocks, strewing them with black burned brands, stumps and shattered fragments, leaving them for a time a perfect desolation. But nature has kindly come to the rescue, and clothed the naked waste with balm of Gilead and poplars, pretending to rival neither in beauty nor value their predecessors, but a vast improvement on the bare jagged rocks and rugged cliffs, and if not again consumed, will become forests of pulpwood, when the spruce and fir families have been exhausted. Leaving Pritchards you pass Chamberlain's house and smith-shop and across the chasm into the village with its little Methodist church and the stores of Irwin and Grace; the hotels of Barton, a Huntley man, and Marks, a Fitzroy man, and Snub, a liberal-minded French Canadian.

Mr. James Robb, whose wife is a daughter of Elder Thomas Stevenson, purchased the east portion of the Gilmour farm, and the Joint brothers the west part. Both these families were very obliging and

the bridge. The beautiful pine plains, Mr. Overbank where obliging, good bergt. Brock of speak personally ar them. We dding on a bare t down around t there in the There it stood im, living and harsh nursing. the seed ger- round it with- ered it but was ad inhaled the hered many a on which it sat half its roots; t. It suggests religion, have res. Without dead branch genius, the life e controversies ires with the elevated, civil- s of enlighten, ruly to receive nt out the lo- is region were a, the curved

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accommodating We held meetings on Sabbath afternoons and week evenings in the school house on their lot. From this in the break-up of the roads we were taken to visit a sick man up near Thorn, and having come on wheels without our furs in the sunshine, Mr. Marks generously wrapped us in his huge coon coat and at 3 o'clock in the morning after the roughest of drives that we remember, we reached the home and found the inmates old hearers from Ashton, Simpson by name. We talked long and pleasantly. We had to write his will, having some vocation in that line, but he revived and we understand he is still alive. A Mr. Anderson from Fitzroy has raised a large family of sons and daughters in the village. One son married a Miss Pritchard and has built a pretty house in the place. The other sons are farmers and mechanics living around Mr. Shipman's; the last house on the north side. Mr. Reid who had kept store in Lowe for some time has commenced at the new station.

The railway gives such accommodation to travel that these merchants must meet the emergency of the people coming to town for bargains. T. Lindsay, fresh from the country, is drawing crowds on Wellington street. They must encourage the growth and make the villages meet soon though they be on the sandy plains where the dead pines are swept off in the early winter for fuel, and the blueberries do so abound in their proper season and time. Going west from the railway you soon reach the bank of the Danford Creek, a branch or a tributary of the Kazubazua. Along this creek the road runs for miles. The settlement is pretty old for that part of the country. Shipman is a grandson of the Shipman, the first owner of a mill on the falls at Almonte 60 years ago, when Wylie was long the only storekeeper in Ramsay at that place, both reputed honest and honorable men in their times and employments. The Wiggins are connections of the local preacher of Aylwin. Heney's are related to those of the city. The McKinnons, Mitchells and Camerons from that side also. The Milfords from Huntley and the Howards and Hodgins are from Fitzroy. Then you have the Minors, Johnstons, Jamiesons and Cluffs, all from Ontario and farther southwest the Simpsons from Ashton. The farms have passably good buildings, respectable, and the fields generally in a good state of cultivation. Crops often fine, hay in all the samples of hardy grasses is very abundant, oats, barley, rye, even spring wheat and Indian corn can be made profitable crops on the elevated table lands and fertile valleys. This kind of country gives the greatest facilities for underdraining without which the fairest soils under the sun do not yield their full strength. A species of tile for which there is ample material could be made, for covering a drain hollowed in the centre, say ten inches wide, twenty-four inches long, slightly arched and to lap at the ends ready to take the earth filling. Should men start industries of this kind to advantage the farmer and pay the tilemaker, and develop the resources of the soil in their fulness or drag along for another cycle without deviation from the old beaten paths? The numberless streams, outlets of countless lakes, that with swift currents have cut deep their channels, giving such facilities, surely the genius of the people, stimulated by necessity will make the demand and the provision to supply the demand. Such a tile could be made flat on each side, say about two inches, to lie on the earth bank,

and arched up by say two inches high in the middle. The centre of the drain could be pared out two or three inches below the sides and leave space for a good current of water to flow all winter. The fields would be in condition for cultivating two weeks earlier, the nature of the soil changed and the results of careful labor perfectly surprising.

Opposite the region we have taken our readers over, and east of the river, John Robert McConnell and his wife a Miss Adams, own a farm of three or four hundred acres of fine land with thousands of acres of rocky pasture that can never be purchased except it contains mineral. The McConnells are like most of the people around them, northern Irish, though many of her people are in good government offices in England. He was sick all the first winter we spent there and being a worthy and honored elder in the congregation we saw them very often and were most favorably impressed with the excellency of their character and upright Christian principles. Mr. McConnell was agent in the north of Ireland for a nobleman there, doing a good business, travelling often to England, making sales of cattle and the like at which he was an expert. When they came to this quarter they bought the fine farm on which they have dwelt for several years. They would willingly sell it as they cannot manage it but by hired help which is too costly a luxury in our times. The restrictions put on commerce are such that what the farmer sells brings him nothing in return. What he uses or consumes has to make the fat livings for others who fatten on our revenues whilst the toiler slaves away on an income for his labors that his tormentors laugh at. Will the day of these poor old "hayseeds" ever come? Or are the farmers forever to be the hereditary bondsmen for political tricksters? Well, we think Mr. McConnell would be as happy as secretary for Lord Londonderry as the independent freeholder of the county of Ottawa, with an estate free for ever which in some places would be worth an independent fortune. His farm to a man with a family of boys would be a great boon, a very fine thing. Mrs. McConnell is a finely balanced woman, gifted with poetic humour and not only educated but trained. Her retiring nature prevents her from being known among poetical writers. At the urgent instigation of her husband she read me some of her pieces—paintings of events and occurrences in the surroundings, which were true poetry, really beautiful. They would not disgrace some of the most highly esteemed poets in genius and choice of language, not only in the "*Bonus Homerus dormital*" moods, but in their brighter, more elastic and ecstatic states of mind, when the afflatus is the more happily felt and acted upon. "The Burial of Sir John Moore", "The Fall of Senecharib" or "Lord Lochinvar", would not outshine some of her modest pieces that few have ever heard. She would not have let them appear but at the urgent request of her husband. Hers resembles the genius of Burns in working up little occurrences, that every one might do, but that scarcely any but those gifted in that particular line ever can. The poetic vein is admirable but the fine conjugal care bestowed on her husband in his feeble health, was most endearing and commanded the respect and esteem of every one.

We regarded these people as those that would have been of signal aid in other societies but so far from every one where they are located as to be shut off from doing the good in their power, in other circumstances

Several people on that river are alike thrown out of circles they might so well adorn, and offices they might so eminently fill. But it may be for the good of some, even many, that they are there. They keep a large rowboat for a ferry but the banks are very steep in the winter to take loads up and down. The ice is generally good as the current is not swift. There are several places where the river could be bridged, but the cost to the farmers would be very heavy and the province is hopelessly in debt by the squandering of senseless politicians, that no such thing can be expected of them. Government aid is always a questionable plan as the money must in the long run come out of the pockets of the people, and on the indirect imbecile plans our people have been so long trained into, and they are so stagnant as not to be capable of seeing that it costs them now three times as much to furnish the means indirectly as directly, but they are so cast iron in mind that they cannot be induced to look at their own interest, or that of their country so blinded are they by party prejudice. They can give no reason for their conduct yet each cultivates more self-importance than twenty men that can give a reason.

Mr. McConnell has been very useful as an elder in the congregation in the days of his vigor. We regarded him as a "primus inter pares" in that field where such men were much needed. He knows how to produce the best of crops and raise the best of cattle, but he is near the time when the grasshopper becomes a burden, when the strong men bow themselves and those that look out of the windows be darkened. He is a man of extensive reading and thought, converses well on most subjects and is very social in disposition. His acquaintance with religious principles is extensive but his hearing is defective which is against the free flow of conversation, and troubles him a good deal in the church meetings. There is nothing narrow or contracted about him. His reading is from the best sources on both sides in politics and his heart is large enough to love his neighbor as himself and with a pure heart fervently. He and his wife are the most enlightened and devoted Christians we had the pleasure of being acquainted with in that mission field. When in his vigor he must have been a model man as his wife is a very superior woman.

West of the river northward is the fine farm of Mr. Heney, a comfortable farmer, whose lands extend to the road joining Sergeant Brock on the old Hamilton farm. He has been successful in raising a stock of Shetland ponies, very pretty and fine little drivers. There is but one farm occupied between Kazabazua and his place that of the late Robert, Reid, an elder in the church at Aylwin. Only one daughter survives of Mr. Reid's family. West of Mr. Brock towards the new railroad the land is good. The first farm is that of Mr. Robert McAfee, an estimable elder in the church, a man of very liberal disposition and a trusty friend. His kindly wife is a Miss Nelson from Masham, a connection of the Nelsons of Nepean. They have a fine family of sons and daughters. The eldest son is married, has a nice wife and children. A son is in Wakefield in the McLaren store, and another at McGill College. Above him on the next range Mr. Morrison, wife and some fine healthy boys. On one side of them Mr. Anderson, wife and one fine boy. His father-in-law Mr. McCambly, wife and granddaughter, Miss Cooke, are very

musical. One son of Mr. McCambly is on the same clearing. Farther north, Mr. McNally and large family inclining to learning and teaching. Stephen Orr, brought up in March, moved and settled there with a large family. He is in good circumstances. Mr. John McAfee and a large family of sons and daughters, some of them settled around him, an honest old couple they are. One son is a blacksmith in the village. Some other mechanics occupy the village. All of them keep cows. Hay is easily procured which is a great convenience betimes. On the south side of these is Mr. Molyneaux, whose brother fell in the American Civil War, and whose father after untiring efforts, got a pension from the United States. He has been twice married and has a large family. Mr. Erwin is another farmer close by. Then Mr. Bigley, with three beautiful girls and some fine boys. A Mr. Draper from March went early to locate in that quarter with a large family of sons and daughters, most of them married, such as Mrs. Graham, Mrs. McConnell, Mrs. Wigans.

Mr. Ellard of Pickanock, has a store in Wigan's place. But Mr. Ben Reid has been the leading business man in the place, with a large family of sons and one daughter married, and residing in the city. The sons nearly all take to the mercantile life, and are very successful too. Ben Reid's is about the only farm we know there, level from end to end and not broken by rocks and mountains. W. Reid, his brother, is a farmer, but his very excellent wife was taken from him some time ago. They had three sons and a daughter. She is Mrs. Dr. Gordon, a very beautiful and good woman, with nice children. The Doctor is a very successful physician, stands deservedly high in his profession, and is also a kind, worthy, friendly gentleman. W. McConnell is now very advanced in years and has several sons and daughters married and living round about him. A fine settlement is beyond the river opposite Aylwin. Ogilvie, McCanns, Mulligans, sons of Thomas Mulligan of March who died lately, form part of it. Then further south is Mr. Quinn who is now rich through mica mines, sold at a fine advantage. Opposite Mr. Quinn lived an Episcopal clergyman, who went home to England at 70 or more and brought out a young wife. We believe he is removed. There is an island in the river between them, where a bridge might be stretched across to great advantage.

The Littles beside the Aylwin church are very substantial farmers and generous, kind, obliging men. One of their sisters, an industrious young woman, is married to Mr. Moody, a connection of the Moodys in this city and Nepean. They reside near the Pickanock on fine land. Some beautiful hills stand round in sight from Aylwin. The place is a paradise for health. What John McMahon said of Aylmer to a newly-come resident is very applicable to this region: "Aylmer is a very healthy place. No priest ever died here yet." In our excursion there nearly 40 years ago we started up in a bark canoe and landing on the point at a bend or curve in the stream, we saw a whole fleet of both bark and log canoes after the service in a little log church. Mr. Thos. Mulligan invited all present to dine with him and have a service afterwards. We sailed up, and Mrs. Mulligan, a very kind, hospitable lady, had dinner waiting; splendid potatoes of large growth, and Down's mutton, with a fine variety of all other good things, to which, it seemed to us, they did very ample justice. After the large crowd was served,

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the religious services began, many standing outside for want of room. Then we sailed down to Aylwin in rain, landed in darkness, found many in the schoolhouse who stood on the benches, affording as much accommodation as possible, but when the desks were covered with youths, their was limited standing room for the wet subjects from the canoes. The light was one dip, a sixteen, like a dim religious light, but it was very interesting to meet so many old acquaintances. No injury was sustained by the rains. Looking over the audience old Mr. Draper's tall figure was towering above the rest. The greetings were long and pleasant at the close as we scattered to their homes for the night. The most lasting impressions were made upon us by that visit. The wild grandeur of the scenery, the deep interest of the settlers that brought them far and near to the meetings; above all, the opportunity of telling them the story of Redemption were all most delightful.

Leaving Aylwin and passing the McAfee place, lives Hugh Bigley, whose wife is a daughter of Mr. John McNair, formerly elder in Masham or Wakefield. They have a good-sized family, chiefly girls, some married. Mr. Bigley is a scholar and does some surveying, not legally, but for the accommodation of those who wish to know the bounds of their lands to locate the discoveries of minerals and such like. North of this settlement is the little church building of the Episcopal church, and beside it a Scotch family. Cram from Beckwith region, a successful farmer, with a large family. Still further north above the schoolhouse is James Stanger, for whom we signed papers to secure a free grant farm, as he had twelve children alive. He got the location papers, we do not know where he secured the lot. Isbister, an old Hudson's Bay man, lives near him. A. Marks keeps hotel further north in the hills. He is a brother of Marks at Kazabazua and must do a good deal of business, having no competition. North east of this Mr. W. Mitchell from Huntley with a large family. His eldest daughter is a Mrs. Mulligan, and has a fine family of sons and daughters. They have a fine place and are very successful in farming, bee-keeping and general business.

The Pickanock is a rough-looking creek running east into the Gatineau. There is a great high log bridge leading to the hill top, where the great hotel stands. Mr. Ellard is the stirring spirit who gives vitality to most movements and enterprises at the Pickanock. His first wife was a widow Wright. His second and present wife was a Miss Miller a sister of Mrs. Hastey, whose husband is a brother of Mr. Hastey in the city and a cousin of Mr. Thomas Patterson, of Her Majesty's Customs. Mr. Ellard's family are all of the second marriage. Everyone you talk to there calls him the most enterprising man on the river. His policy seems to be not to build a village round his store and hotel, as he permits only one of a trade to live near him. One blacksmith, one carpenter, one shoemaker, one tailor only he tolerates. Some that built on this lot without deeds can neither get the deed nor sell the houses when they leave except to someone of their own craft. He might rent them houses or give them a reasonable sum for indemnity for their outlay when they have to leave him. He has opened a new store in competition with the Reids at Aylwin, where Wiggins lately had his store and harness shop. This will make it lively at Aylwin. At Pickanock the roads diverge to Desert, running nearly parallel. One on the west is by a lake called

the Blue Sea or a series of lakes. The other is more or less on the river bank. Take which you will you would soon, like the Yankee, wish you had taken the other. The country is thinly occupied on both sides. Mr. Ellard has not encouraged a village around him, perhaps for the reason that there is one a mile or two from him. He has a little Episcopal church near him. But there is a large Catholic church in the Victoria village close by. The Grace store and post office seems the principal store but there are many workshops, and the village has the appearance of cleanness, activity and thrift about it, a pleasant place to drive through.

Beyond this is a long range of country considerably broken but occupied. Sometimes the residents are in sight of each other, in other parts not so near, and the vision obscured by hills around which the road takes many a wind and turn. We observed some very pretty young white oaks at intervals on the sides of the highway, which we greatly admired as we rode past. Why do farmers and others neglect to plant and cultivate oaks, hickories, elms and maples on the roadside? A gentleman remarked of a young lady visitor, who found some of his family indisposed, and took an interest in helping them to convalescence, that she was not only useful but highly ornamental. These trees would be decorative first of all and farms would sell better if their borders were so fringed with these vigorous growers. Then their lumber would be of great value in time. We could point out some oaks that a friend had taken great care of and that have grown rapidly in late years. They have not all grown alike but some of them in forty years, from rods, have become fine trees 50 to 60 inches girth a foot above the ground. One of these would rip up into a great many pieces for a carriage-maker or the sidings of the but cuts would make the choicest panneling for windows, doors, wainscoting for dining-rooms of solid stone houses. Buildings that with people of understanding must become a thousand times more popular than prejudice has suffered them to become hitherto. Maples in a few years would become as valuable as milk cows in spring time. Plant gentlemen! You cannot regret it in a country stripped for fuel and denuded by forest fires, of its wealth and glory, and guard against fires as you would your fields of ripe grain.

On the wayside beyond Victoria, in a little square enclosed on three sides, stands a great cedar cross where we are told many prayers were said in times past. It seems to have fallen into disuse; one arm is gone and the rest looks very dilapidated, almost ready to fall. It suggested the story told of the Duke of Gordon, and an old tenant of his who came to plead with him against his bailiffs who had been giving Sandy endless trouble. The Duke was out when he called, but the Duchess being a lady of great excellency and kind-heartedness invited the respectable looking old farmer to wait till the Duke came in. The Dukes of Gordon are said to have been very happy in their marriages. Well, the Duke came in and heard of the old tenant's trouble and promptly promised redress. Then the kind Duke invited him to stay and dine, an invitation which he thankfully accepted. So after dinner the Duke took him to see the rooms and in one apartment was an image of a saint, for the Duke had not yet joined the Reformers, so the old farmer asked for explanations which my Lord Duke freely gave him, alleging that the

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worship was not of the saint, but to get her intercession. Ah! said the old Reformer, "that was gist my trouble. I gaed to little Sany Gordon and to muccele Sany Gordon, and if I had na come to yer Great Grace yer sel, I would ha been driven out of house an hame. Go to Christ himsel, never mind tna interlopers." The story runs that the Duke took the matter into consideration and joined the Reformers forthwith. If the prayer reached the proper place it matters little about the rotting stick; great benefits will result to the earnest petitioners according to His riches in glory. The watering places are abundant, not to be driven through as in some parts but where you dip your pail and refresh man and beast. Teamsters nearly all carry their pails with them. We have seen where a pipe has been laid in a bank and connected with a box where a supply was kept up the year round at a very trifling expense: A wooden box pipe 2x2 inside with an iron pipe to connect it with the box or watering trough. The water runs over and down the ditch of the road. It is a great accommodation, and calls forth the gratitude of most travellers. Having taken you past these artificial wells that exist in our imagination but whose originals in nature are abundant for the opening up, we take some pleasure in bringing you to the habitation of a Scotchman, a Mr. Bean, whose store and post office you pass, and whose little children are among the prettiest, most sprightly, intellectual and kindly, we have met with for their years and opportunities. Mr. Bean has lost a first and second wife and is still a young man. He is very successful in trading, having spent years in Montreal and gained a varied experience, he came here and established a business and a reputation. It is a little Presbyterian settlement.

McGee, McIntyre, and the Thompson brothers are across the river, also Wilsons, Shouldices and others. Fifty people could be convened at 7 p. m. on Sabbath evenings, of the most attentive hearers. Two or three miles bring you past as many dwellings and a French hotel, and you reach Mr. D. Brock's, a fine old gentleman of few words, being dull of hearing. Mrs. Brock and Miss Brock are among the most agreeable and energetic of that whole region. The snow-white table linen, the tastily-served-up viands, and the good grace with which you were invited would create an appetite independent of the rolling hills, the Cascades, the wild woods, and the muscular exercise in steadily holding your seat secure behind your nettled steed. This is the place, say travellers, for the best dinner on the road. It will be a grand place for summer tourists as there can be no healthier spot on the American continent. Here the valley begins to widen on each side of the stream.

Mr. James Wright, who when a boy at school, was for years our next door neighbor, occupies with some of his brothers a most pleasant stretch of land, on the east side. The Wrights, Clellands and Grants and some others have their fine farms on the plain, stretching miles in length and some depth to the hills which embosom them on the east, north and south, while the valley dips towards the west to the river bank. The soil is alluvial, deep, and fertile. Mr. James Wright lost his excellent wife some time ago, and has no family except by adoption. We made reference to the Gordon name above. We had a grandmother Mary Gordon on the paternal side and a grandmother, Rebecca Gordon on the maternal side, whom we never saw, but they are reported to us

as having been the most earnest Christians in their congregations. Two of our great grandfathers were John Gordon and James Gordon, sound intellectual seceders, and so liberal and so far removed from bigotry as to be church-wardens in the English churches in their parishes, Presbyterians being sometimes the majority. This order of things kept peace on the detested tithe question which they were through long ages compelled to endure. They were Whigs, hard, level-headed, admiring a policy which Chatham, Burke, Fox and Sheridan and other great intellects were not ashamed of. Call them foal-eaters if you will, but even rat soup was a luxury before the boom was broken in the Foyle below the maiden city. They hailed the advent of Dutch William and that rarest and best of princesses, whose true history has yet to be given to the reading world. Motley calls special attention to the battered helmet of Williams (in the Netherlands), whose stingy Queen would not replace it by a new one. The Gordons from Aberdeen and their friends of those times endured many a privation, suffered many a hard blow and lost many a fine colt and fat steer, in turning lands into smiling gardens and fields of verdure and fertility, on the inhospitable slopes of the black, and till their coming, barren north of the Green Isle.

We are grateful that we can look back to men worthy of so much honor who were lovers of freedom almost to idolatry. We look in vain for perfection in any man but the men of this name have obtained as high a position as any others in all the walks of life, literature, legislation and religion in the empire. Lord George said some hard things against the Government of his day and against the French Queen, but he was not then himself, his great talents were blighted and he deserved better treatment than he received. Had an Oliver not the despotism of his times and compelled respect at home and abroad for the name of an Englishman; had William not taught them toleration and lifted them to empire and above the fear of enemies, England would have been to day a fourth-rate power instead of holding the destinies of the nations in her hands as she does. The Gordon of our day who has only touched our soil is proving himself to be among the most elevated of intellects and the best ballasted of statesmen. The wisest and most talented and upright government on earth, under the most powerful and best beloved of sovereigns, in choosing such a man to govern the Dominion, has said to the world:

"This is the man the British Empire delights to honor. He has thus far shown that he is worthy, and there is not a man in this Dominion who has seen him, heard him or read of him, but endorses the wisdom of the choice and delights to honor the man as the most fit and suitable for the situation. It is also very gratifying to see in the press of our neighbors that they hold the same estimate of the noble Earl of Aberdeen. Then the Countess of Aberdeen is the image of health and happiness, so humane and so queenly, so gifted and so affable, with the endowment that would grace an Empress, and yet the gentleness that so deeply sympathizes with the daughters of toil, that she can without descending, inspire their minds and teach them how to better their conditions and rise with the progress of civilization and refinement. Of this magnanimous self-denying Countess it may be truly said in the words of a distinguished nobleman:

"Polite as all her life in courts has been,
And good as she the world had never seen."

When we look at the system of the universe, lift up our eyes to the myriads of stars so hidden from the day, and ask ourselves were we on the most distant of these now within our range of vision, perched on its loftiest mountain summit, could we see other worlds as far beyond, that are now hidden from our view? If so, in whatever direction we roam, and wherever we turn our eyes, unlimited space occupied by archipelagoes of starry worlds, unfolds itself, then how inconceivably infinite and glorious must the Creator be whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain? How infinitely great beyond conception are the perfections of that Being who can form countless (at least by us) millions of intellects like those we have faintly attempted to describe, bring them together, qualify them for the supreme work of government and providentially confer them on a people so little deserving of such favors! We hail their advent among us as a luminous epoch in the history of our young Dominion. Could our humble pen give an adequate description of their excellent qualities or do full justice to their heads and their hearts, it would be the most luminous page in our feeble effort to write a correct history of the Ottawa Valley, to which their Excellencies have come to sojourn and from this centre to govern, influence and bless 5,000,000 of people. If in the sacred words of the sublime prophets our governments would "cease to do evil and learn to do well," if our people would influence their friends in other lands, we might have accessions to our numbers during the administration of the Earl of Aberdeen, as would actually increase us by millions. Hearing daily the statements of the people freely expressed—there is but one wish, one hope, one desire, one prayer, that His Excellency's government during his term of office may outshine that of all his predecessors in the happiness of his noble family, honest government in this Dominion, and having done their work well, may retire in health and wealth, bearing with them the blessings of a grateful people to fill the highest place and enjoy the highest honors within the gift of the exalted sovereign of our great empire; and when full of days and a glorious career of doing good has been run, and their offspring has been fitted to take their place, that they "shall shine as the brightness of the firmament and as the stars for ever and ever."

Returning from our pleasant ramble among the Gordons, many of whom occupy your river banks, we introduce you to Mr. Hastey, whose pleasant family hospitably entertained us. He has a fine large farm of beautiful fertile lands, and he cultivates extensively. He has a great stock of fine cows. He took us through his fields where the crops were very abundant. He lives about twenty miles from the Desert, the highest up village as a market place or depot for trading on the Gatineau river. At this place the sensible growth of the river and the wearing away of its banks are very visible. The banks must be hundreds of feet further apart than they were when the first buildings were erected by the lumberers. At Aylwin they have had to bridge several cuts in the banks that carried parts of the public highway into the stream. Quick-sand abounds in the bottoms of the banks, easily dislodged and the overflow in the spring and rapid current carries away the deposits.

From this farm northward the settlers are few till you reach Bouchette, a pretty little village, chiefly French, with a large well built Catholic church at the south end of the high hill top. The priest has a very fine, well-kept garden before his house, the best garden along the river, showing a commendable taste, an extensive knowledge of small fruits and flowers, and great care and painstaking in designing and setting them off to the best advantage. If John Milton taught the English gardening, the priest of Bouchette teaches his people practically the same, and the passers-by carry off a good impression of the intelligence and industry of the priest, as well as a conviction that even very far north many valuable things can be raised in gardens to the best advantage. The village occupies a great elevation above the river, the houses, being nearly all frame, are well painted, and the little place seems to be alive with artisans and mechanics. One solitary house passed, nearly a mile north of the village, and you enter a place of rocky woods like a defile and emerge on the clearing of that fine old farm at Sixes, known as the Hamilton farm. Now it is the Edwards farm, well cleared, well fenced, and wrought up to the highest state of cultivation, at least for these parts. The stock was originally the red, long and small horned Devons, quiet feeders, good milkers, moderate-sized cattle. Latterly by crossing with short-horned Durhams they have grown to be large, well-formed and fleshy. The steers at 3 to 4 years old made splendid beef for the shanties. A few hogs only appear but poultry of all kinds from the large turkey and goose to the smallest chicken, seem to be extensively raised. These with calves, yearlings, etc., looked very fine, showing great care and attention.

A friend travelled with us once who examined the very large stock of all ages, and pronounced them as in fine condition and highly creditable to those who had them in charge. Mr. McCallum of Cumberland spent some time on the farm; some time in the woods superintending operations both summer and winter. He is a man of intelligence, adapted to the position. Mr. Roddick is always there having charge of the store, post office, farm, and all else in the establishment. He is a gentleman thoroughly qualified at home in every department. He possesses high attainments, a reader and thinker; everything on the place exhibits his skill, taste and refinement. Miss Clelland was housekeeper, with a younger assistant, who has since married her brother. A better choice has rarely been made as everything seemed as orderly kept as if they expected company or the proprietor to drop in at any moment. Everything seemed to indicate that it was one of the pleasantest of dwelling places. Mr. Roddick is a brother of Dr. Roddick, a very successful physician in Montreal. One would naturally ask why this bachelor brother exiles himself from the society and the employments of a city for which he seems so well adapted, to the solitude of a farm and little store, away from church and almost from the habitations of men. He has of course very active employment, so many callers at the store, and so many hands on the farm, with all the management necessary at such a depot. We admired his Christmas decorations of the parlor that remained for weeks on exhibition, chiefly colored prints pinned up; his choice of books for select reading proving the companionship he chooses. When D'Arcy McGee was told by an ignorant opponent in our House

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of Commons, that his eloquent speech was copied or plagiarised from Sheridan; he, when an opportunity offered for defence, told the hon. gentleman that his statement was unfortunate as Sheridan had only three speeches reported or printed, and these were delivered in connection with the trial of Warren Hastings and would not apply; but that in any case he preferred the company of good books to that of middling men. Mr. Roddick's spare time could be well employed though it seemed to us that his time was largely if not completely mortgaged before it came into his hands. The books were within easy reach, so that the odds and ends of time could be well employed. A son of Mr. McCallums's, an active young fellow, was then on the farm assisting in the management of the large stock that appeared in so healthy and thriving a condition. We could not help thinking that W. C. Edwards & Co. were to be congratulated on having so many reliable Presbyterians in so many places of trust and importance in so extensive a business. Leaving this Edwards farm, in a little time you are again in the rocky hills, sandy, gravelly, much broken, in a word, useless, unless the hills contain minerals not yet discovered.

Passing these you come out on a level plain of some extent with good farms extending from Mr. Hutton's on the east, on the river bank to the west side of the block of table land, where Mr. Murphy keeps hotel and general entertainment for travellers. This land is like the Hastey and Wright farms, very good and productive. Creeks are numerous but not deep gorges, in many parts easily reached by stock in the pastures, clear limpid running streams. The surrounding swamps furnish cedar in abundance for the best of fencing. Everything is easily taken to market here, as the Desert is only an hour's drive from this locality. The country beyond is hilly, rocky and barren for some distance and the farms of sandy land are occupied chiefly by French people and Indians as the country round the Desert is an Indian reserve land regulated in sales chiefly by the priests of the Catholic church to which the Indians belong, or such of them as have made any move from their original savage superstitions. The soil is poor, not fit to produce grey peas, but the aspect is not uneven, no hills of note for several miles. What the ground fails to produce is made up by the employment in the lumber business during winter months when wages are good and there is plenty of employment.

Situated 100 miles north of the Ottawa river, it could not be thought likely to raise cereals to great advantage, but much farther up on good land, patches of which can be found here and there, every kind of crops are produced giving good returns per acre. On account of the size of the county and county town lying on the river Ottawa, courts have to be held sometimes in very inadequate halls or rooms but with a jail in the front. They are not so inconvenienced as were some of the counties in the United States. The pleasant old Judge McClung told of a time in Ohio when there was neither jail nor court house in several counties in the state, and a judge held court in a barn, and the stable close by was devoted to hold the prisoners with a constable at the back to guard the little box opening or out-put, and outside in front, to guard the door two constables held their vigilant walks. The attendance was large as a case of some moment was to be tried. The judge was very attentive to the

evidence, as judges generally are, and at the close when he summed up and gave judgment, assigning the reason on which he based it in forcible and well-weighed language; the satisfaction of the people with the verdict found expression by a man far back in the barn shouting out: "Well done gimlet eyes." (The Judge had a crooked eye.) The profound silence that followed this outburst of applause was broken by His Honor asking sharply, Who is that interrupting the court? Again the silence that might be felt was broken by the same voice confessing more softly, "Wall I guess it must be this old hoss." "Mr. Sheriff," said the judge, "take that old horse to the stable," which of course was done accordingly and the business of the court proceeded without further interruption. In young countries and settlements inconveniences must be endured until things can be bettered by the improving times and circumstances.

The village of Desert is the most northerly in the county and the terminus of the Gatineau Valley Railway. It seems to have been originally built on the bank of the Gatineau at the junction with the river Desert. There is a large Catholic stone church built there. Hall and other lumberers seem to have pushed their way and their business up to that point, and to have secured all the limits of value at an early day. Mr. Logue's store is the greatest in all that region. The others may be called appendages of the lumber business. The Desert must have been early explored and navigable for canoes. We have heard stories from some old Hudson's Bay men who ran away from the company, using it to escape down stream. A white man was generally contented with one or two squaws, a middle-aged and a young one. Warren Hastings swore in his defence in the House of Commons that he was astonished at his own moderation when the "Begum" treasures were so great a temptation and piled up to lie idle or to no purpose. As you enter from the south Mr. Baxter, whose wife was a Miss Baird, a daughter of John Baird of Fitzroy, and who has a sawmill down west of his new comfortable dwelling, occupies the left hand side of the street, a man of business talent and enterprise. On the right hand is Mr. Chapman, chiefly employed with lumber. Mr. Moore, a bachelor, works at the carpenter trade and is an intelligent man though not in very good health. They have a beautiful house and are very nicely situated.

The Edwards lumbering firm have a fine house, any amount of stables, great yard, store and post office with all necessary equipments for a great establishment. Mr. and Mrs. Smith are the managers of the place, and better, we think, could not be selected. He is a very active business man, well adapted to the place and the employment, and Mrs. Smith is full of energy, keeps a clean tasty house, and with a smile and a kind word is ready to meet and entertain you. Mrs. Moore has a fine house where the family, chiefly daughters, reside. They are refined, musical young ladies, and do much for the little congregation in the place. Mrs. Moore keeps an hotel in another part of the village. It stretches down to the bank of the Desert river, over which there is a high strong bridge, and along the north bank a continuation of the village. Several stores, workshops of carpenters and blacksmiths' shops fill up here and there along the lines of the dwellings and stores. The site is pleasant for a village, and it may grow to a larger place if circumstances favor it as the terminus of the railway. One or two elements are lacking.

The region for several miles is Indian territory, and now that their father, Sir John A. Macdonald, is dead, these orphans are under trustees, and can not alienate or sell the lands. The other and worse drawback is the poverty of the soil of the whole surrounding country. There are fertile spots here and there taken by lumberers, then sold to some of their trusty foremen or workers who have earned the money and secured the property. These people can raise plenty and make a good livelihood, but the country will not bear many inhabitants and there are no feeders to build up a place. To talk of carrying on the railroad to James' Bay is another of those deceitful plans of plunder, of which so many have been practised, unfortunately, of late years, with such success for the schemers and so disastrous to the pioneers of the country. The country is going into debt annually to enrich corporations. Could anyone tell the traffic to be brought from James' Bay? Uncaught fish and animals, (the latter very few, not even running foxes), and as for shingles on the stumps there are no stumps for them to stand on. Explorers have found nothing but stunted cedar shrubs, white birch rods, and spruces that could not be dignified with the name of poles because of their insignificance. On the north side of the Desert river on an elevation of sandy soil with good fields surrounding, stands the Gilmour farm more than half a mile from the mouth of the stream. It is a fine place with buildings for all purposes. The stone dwelling houses, warehouses, stables, all in good repair. Mr. and Mrs. Miller kept the place for years. They have left for a farm some miles back from the Gilmour bank on the east side. It is said to be a good place but far away. They are Presbyterians and have a family of fine children. They are intelligent, friendly, prosperous people, and their removal is a loss to the Presbyterian cause; for though they do not leave the church they cannot attend regularly. Mr. Quail was at the head of the store and books when we saw him, and he has since married Mrs. Miller's sister. This is a judicious arrangement as she is clever, energetic and a good housekeeper.

We visited in company with a kind friend the large establishment of Mr. James Maclaren, some miles west on the same river bank, a beautiful place well kept. A new married pair from Masham reside there; his brother was a foreman in the shanty for that wealthy firm. Mr. Maclaren has since died leaving his whole family millionaires. The business is not carried on so extensively as the burnt mills at New Edinburgh have not been re-built, but they do a large business still on many of the numerous limits that that man of so irrepressible enterprise secured in his day. We were pleased with the business capacity and talents of these young people, sorry that we cannot recollect their names as we write. The gifts and talents and fitness of individuals in the world not being their own but divine endowments, ought to be esteemed by all men as excellencies in their fellow men. Every man or every one seems fitted to the place and duties to be performed in the work of the world. The Governor of the world being everywhere present, has in his hands all these parties that he may accomplish his designs by them during the days he has allotted to these hirelings on the earth, he has created and governs and each one deserves his due mead of praise at the hands of his fellow creatures. The Presbyterian cause is feeble at the Desert, but more numerous than the Methodist or the Episcopal church. They have

a student in summer from the college, who is very acceptable, as young men generally are now, but in winter they get only a monthly supply in connection with Aylwin. Aylwin, however, is not pestered with supply on the day, thus vacated from lay nonsense as some other places near the city, whose mutterings are loud enough to be heard if the parties concerned have ears to hear. The railroad is nearing the Desert and the public road is less and less travelled. Blacksmiths along it are dismissing their extra help, able to do the diminished business themselves. The convenience is great to travellers, as they can come to the city in the morning, do their shopping at Lindsay's or elsewhere, see their friends, enjoy a day in the city, and get home and be nothing out of pocket on the purchases.

The Roman Catholics at Desert must be more numerous than the other denominations taken together. Most if not all the Indians are of that communion. The Presbyterians come next though at a vast distance as to numbers. They are associated with Aylwin in winter and get a student from McGill in summer. In the student's absence they get a day in the month in winter of supply, and are acknowledged a part of that Aylwin field. Aylwin was first supplied from Wakefield by Mr. Corbett, then by Mr. Whyte, after which for say, a quarter of a century, they have had settled ministers or missionaries aided by home mission funds. The railroad passes far enough behind Aylwin to be of little use to it in regard to growth or development as a village or town. Freight is carried by rail at about the same rate as by teams. These latter with sleighs, wagons, etc., are laid aside but it is a great convenience for passengers. In comfortable cars they can in one day do all their shopping, and return home from the city, instead of the old three days, two on the road in storm and calm, and one in the city. Mr. Beamer proposes to take the road to the south of James' Bay, which of course, he can easily do with a strong government at his back. This happy Dominion has few private railroad companies. Companies get their charters. They are friendly to the Government, but have no money so the government gives so many thousand dollars a mile, and whatever is necessary for equipment, then the endowed company charges the public high freight and the people with a smile of pleasure submit. Protective tariff enables the manufacturer to sell at the rate of the imported article and the tariff or duty, and we purchase at his rate and pay the duty afterwards to support our generous government. Hence the railroad men and the manufacturers and bankers and etc., are a part of the governing body and we, like the Romans of the days of the Empire, are happy and contented.

We have not travelled far above the Desert, consequently cannot write much history of a country yet uninhabited and which is not likely ever to be inhabited. If we are to judge from maps in our possession, which we purchased at the sale of the late Mr. John Egan, and conducted by Mr. Doyle the country is so covered with lakes, ponds and rocky hills that neither settlements nor railroads are likely to be soon found there. The forests are dwarfed after you pass the timber limits, now held and worked, that they are of no value and would not pay for cutting and transporting to any city of the land. The very few who have snowshoed the country, report unfavorably of its capabilities and to

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push a railway into such a region where nothing is needed to be taken to it and nothing to be brought from it, would be not merely to get money under false pretences and throw it away for nothing and to no purpose, but would prove that the projectors and those who furnished them the means were fit subjects for certificates of lunacy or, altogether stark mad. One thing might be done with that country. The enterprising government of Quebec who have so thoroughly economized since the last election, might make it a park or grand preserve. Running a line east and west above the settlements and timber limits, say 500 miles in length and 500 miles north, 250,000 square miles, could be set off as a park for the preservation of game forests such as they are, and protect the waters as the sources of our rivers. This would be a public enterprise that would immortalize them through the ages. It would be a field for the exercise of patronage, where disappointed politicians could be placed as forest rangers, game-keepers, inspectors of fisheries, fish hatchers and constables or mounted police. How many offices they could make and fill. Let Mr. Beamer once get into it with his railway and there is an end to all these projects. Or let another election come and Mercier become the premier their chance is lost forever. They may not entertain the project suggested from a humble source, but we would be direct in our duty as a citizen did we not offer the proposal.

The Protestant churches at the Desert are not pretensions. The Babel building fever has not taken so deeply in the country places as in the cities. "Towers that brave the skies" have been raised in our cities so that the congregations have all they can do for 30 or 40 years to pay interest and principle, without caring much for the feeble country scattered congregations, whose hard-worked ministers get a fourth or a fifth of what is lavished on their more talented brethren in the happier city homes. The question might be asked, with some show of propriety too, if these brethren lodged in these palatial mansions show much concern for the country cottager with his large family and the wolf within a rod of his door? Did the giant preacher of Brooklyn care much for the poor brother in tribulation when he expended \$300,000 on the beautiful estate on the Hudson that would not now bring \$40,000? Sir William Dawson hints that the descendants of Noah must have been influenced by the traditions preserved in the family of the immense cities and fine huge piles of castles and towers built by the antediluvian giants. He might have drawn the parallel between the tower in the Plains of Shinar, and the bulky jumbles of stone and lime, the embodiments of the pride of Pagan and Christian structures; uncalled for by any religious necessity of either ancient or modern times. The proud abettors of these unwieldy structures are fond of quoting the Temple, a place to which the males went only three times a year. Why not refer to the synagogues in which the people were taught the Scriptures every Sabbath day. If these proud architects, projectors and builders when they leave us should find their destiny in the place of the giants, the philosopher Wallaston would say it was according to the "fitness of things." The ministerial garb is not always a proof of christianity in the man, and few will ever acknowledge that a great church is a proof of deep piety in the congregation. The Presbyterian church, so grand in the city, so plain in the country, would not be considered by a stranger as of the same family.

Generally speaking there is not any rule. Congregations do about as they like, one man rules the whole combine. The many agree to the proposal. Should the people support the missionary, which they generally do, so far good; should it be otherwise, he has nothing to fall back on for support. There is a principle of cohesiveness essential to the well-being of society, that principle is not selfishness, and till that principle is better cultivated the Presbyterian church cannot thrive in some parts of the world. There are some congregations that never had a Presbyterian visitation in their history; the district we write of is in that category. The people are kind by disposal but the organizations are not very complete and in any organization one sinner may destroy much good. A little attention and encouragement aid people greatly, whereas neglect is very detrimental, for everyone is happy in the discharge of duty and not often otherwise. Many accidents have happened on the railway thus for several have lost life or limb and one poor fellow both limbs. They could not be set and had to be amputated, others have been set and recovered. The story is told of a Scotch boy whose leg was broken and the doctor set it and he was doing well, but the boy's mother was not contented. She wished to get a bone-setter, Rob. McPherson by name in the hills, to see it. The leg was nearly well but she got a bed in the cart and the boy in and drove to the place. They lifted the boy out and laid him on the floor and the surgeon examined the leg and pronounced it doing well. He was lifted into the bed on the cart and driven home. The old lady expressed much satisfaction with Rob's skill, the boy said aye to all, but as they neared the house, she repeated her eulogies on Rob, and the boy said aye. "But a was na sick a fool as to let him handle the sair leg." The railway authorities are, however, content to leave them in the doctors' hands.

What we have said of the other parts of that river and hill country is very applicable to Desert, so well filled with places of entertainment for those seeking health and rest. The young physician, Dr. Mulligan, and his very pleasant young wife are an acquisition to the place. The doctor is building up an excellent practise and name in the village and its environs. There is more level country visible from an elevated standpoint here than perhaps in the hundred miles to the great Capital itself. Much of it is light soil requiring fertilizers, but there is no question of the excellent productions to be raised in the surrounding localities. The waters are pure and clear and abundant, and the finny tribes plentiful for the taking without let or hindrance. The game of the hills and dales is like that of kindred mountain and valley scenery. It would require a close union among the denominations to make it possible to sustain religion. All the Protestants would not be able to maintain one minister; how must it be with so many. The arguments for union appeal with great force to that part of human nature, the most sensitive of all the nervous system, the pocket. It is not easy to write the history of a place and people, whilst the actors are busy on the stage. The late talented and now much lamented Alonzo Wright, so long the M. P. for Ottawa, in our late conversation whilst he ordered his vehicles round the buildings and drives several times, observed that it was too early to write the history of Hull. Many of its actors are still alive and are likely to live long and happily. After Mr. Ainsley's time the saints have been cared for by

the Rev. Adam Hood Burwell, who was Episcopal preacher in Bytown. Mr. Burwell was apparently a warm-hearted Christian, who was carried by the enthusiasm of the times in favor of second advent views which took more deeply in Hull than in Bytown, and met with a thousand fold more opposition, not from the denominations so much as from the mob. A little before this time peculiar utterances had been heard in Rev. Edward Irving's church that astonished so many as a new revelation of the spiritual gifts that the church might expect everywhere as a faithful church. Mr. Burwell entered into these views with a vigor and freshness that was to say the least of it, very remarkable. He hastened to publish his views in some rather well-written pamphlets. These came into our hands among our earliest readings, and compelled attention to the notions for the fulfillment of prophecy as taken from Daniel and the Revelations. Edward Irving was a very able divine and possessed a most thorough acquaintance with the language, literature and theology of his country. His style was clear, forcible and attractive, whilst assistant to Dr. Chalmers and after he settled in his congregation in the Capital of the empire. He was run after by the wealthy and the whimsical, and his congregation thought if the church ever needed the gifts of tongues she needed them now, to go into the world for the conversion of the millions. Mr. Burwell going a step farther maintained that to deny the necessity of those gifts, was equal to sin against the Holy Spirit, their author. A man of fervor, Burwell, declared to his people from the pulpit, and in the parlor, shop and store, his newly-found views that struck most people with the force of all new ideas. His success in Hull seemed considerable, several influential people becoming obedient to the new faith. There was nothing in all this unreasonable, at least nothing to stir up opposition. Every man has a right to think if he has a right to live or be considered an individual. A man is as responsible for his belief as he is for his actions, as everyone of us shall give an account of himself unto God. But no man has a right to judge another as to what he shall believe. Nevertheless the mob in Hull undertook to dictate to those who took up the new opinions, or at least to greatly disturb their meetings. The late Andrew Leamy, a famous old warrior, took sometimes an active hand in these troubles. Often from sharp and angry words they went to blows, marking each others faces very picturesquely.

A Mr. Orr was very severely handled and it was doubtful if he would recover for some time. He never recovered fully. His head was badly mauled and he was slightly deranged during his life, and rambled about with a long tin horn as his trumpet, considering himself the Angel Gabriel sent to warn men of their doom. We have heard this once in our time at Bell's Corners and were informed by the late George Arnold that he was the Angel Gabriel who was blowing it to gather sinners, the stock of which never run out, to hear his warnings. Hull was Catholic and Episcopalian in its early days, few Methodists or Presbyterians showed in it till very much later on, and whilst only a few in the township became evangelists a Mr. Pink and a Mr. Lucas, there was quite a number in Hull village that embraced the doctrines and organized the congregation, and as Mr. Lucas was wont to say; "we of the Apostolic church," so they had apostles and prophets and even angels. Dr. McLaren was long known as the angel of the swamp.

It was never so rank in the Presbyterian church as to be considered a heresy, and no man was persecuted if he did express the wish of the hope that he might live to see his Saviour in the flesh. It was considered far too visionary to be of any importance as a doctrine or a truth. No temporal kingdom could equal the kingdom of the universe over which the Messiah reigns since His resurrection and ascension to glory. He came first to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself. He will come again without sin unto salvation, and to judge the world, but there is no third coming taught in the Scripture revelation. The objectionable thing was the opposition these men met with in carrying out their devotions. Sneers and ill names are not pleasant to be borne, but when mobs proceed to violence there is great injury, and no good purpose could be served by such conduct, either to the rioters themselves, or to the churches they claim to champion and very great injury done to their fellow Christians they so unreasonably oppose. The lumber trade brought many ungovernable people to the Chaudiere in those early times. The Irvingites had after Mr. Burwell's departure a Mr. Roberts, an exceedingly tall man, for the pulpit, but he was not successful in building up a congregation, and since his time no revival of the party seems to have taken place. The Episcopal church was always in an organized state in Hull. Sometimes it was associated with Aylmer, and the minister resided on the way between. Latterly Canon Johnston lived permanently in Hull, giving up Aylmer. The Presbyterians came in by families and got an organization formed in connection with the west end of Ottawa, now known as Erskine church, and Rev. Joseph Whyte was their pastor for several years. Then the Hull congregation was associated with Chelsea, under Mr. Dempster deceased, who was a very efficient pastor, and Chelsea was associated with Cantley. Hull with missionary aid got along alone. Some time ago Rev. Mr. Scott was settled there and still resides there as their pastor. Great improvements have taken place in Hull in 50 years. From a mere hamlet it has grown to a city with considerable manufactories. Its quarries have supplied stone for buildings in Ottawa. Eddy has from vast lumbering become an immense paper manufacturer. Stores, shops, mills, especially the Hurdman lumber mills, and many enterprising business establishments have been got up and improvements seem the order of the day.

The Presbyterian congregation of Hull was begun with the colony. Mr. Wright began to plant here in the beginning of the century. It was of the Congregational type as New England Congregationalists were called by that name, having the same truths and having elders as rulers in the church almost corresponding to the sister denomination. This form of government had some advantages in a new colony of families as there are no hindrances in the way of a minister engaging with the people and laboring among them. It is not so compact and scriptural in the relation of congregations to one another as the Presbyterian but it is democratic and opposed to hierarchical despotism. Despots, unjust and untruthful ministers will be found in all denominations, in spite of their eternal vigilance to avoid it. Under such men the people suffer a great loss of spirituality, even more than when without a minister, because these creep in and bring with them, if not pernicious doctrines, practices that stealthily corrupt the people. The men who preach truth

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and justice in the pulpit do right, but when these same men act falsehood and injustice in the week between the Sundays, they prove that they have taken the scribes and Pharisees for their models and not the King and head of the church. The gold ring and the gay clothing, are as of old, doing great injury to the life of the church. Vital religion becomes a stranger in the city and in the country. The congregation in Hull was not large but it had some good men like the Deys, Esterbrooks, Rollin the Tanner, Symmes, Hill, Church, Stewart, Pinks, Curries, Moffats, Davies, Blairs. They built a little stone church on a site given by Truman Waller. Their first minister from the United States was a trial if possible to nurture a congregation. They told us there was a lack of congeniality between him and the people, and he soon returned to his own land. Another came and was much liked, but the field was too limited for the gifted man, whose talents commanded soon after a wider scope and range. As in the world of commerce foes will be impotent in the face of highly exalted gifts and shining talents. They shame, yes, frown down opposition. This second man was induced to leave and go to a field of greater usefulness, for which the people were extremely sorry. A third came and remained, of whom there is more known, whose descendants are in the country. Rev. Mr. Meach was their preacher for several years. His salary was small as the people were few and scattered widely, but he easily procured lands and gave the farm and the lake his name to this day, Meach's Lake and Meach's farm is now occupied by a very respectable and upright Scotch family, by the name of Russell.

The Deys went to Montreal where one was appointed a judge afterwards. Rollins and Esterbrooks went to the Western States. Other active workers left for more inviting fields of enterprise. The congregation was scattered, not by the despotism of church courts or bishops, not by internal strife or dissensions, but by the want of numbers and a leader. If a fortune heaves in sight, or a prospect of bettering their condition opens up, people will leave the most pleasant homes and break up very endearing ties of kindred to secure the end. Are they to be blamed? The fiery eloquence of Edward Irving had set old sedate London in excitement, some thinking the Pentacostal days were to return and that the miracle workers were to be sent out to turn the nations into a state of Paradise. Rev. Adam Hood Burwell eloquently and ably propagated these notions, and one or two Presbyterian families or heads of families were pleased with the views he advanced and for a time joined the party. Mr. Ruggles Wright opposed these views and refused his hall for their propagation. Mr. Alonzo Wright did not join them, but fiercely opposed the mobs, sometimes led by his uncle, Mr. Andrew Leamy who handled them roughly. Some Presbyterians like the Curries travelled on foot to Bytown to hear Mr. Cruikshanks; so the poor old Hull church was deserted and forsaken. Mr. Irving was a cousin of our esteemed friend, Mr. A. Irving of Pembroke, (to whom we are indebted for special favors, and of whose genuine kindness as well as intellectual superiority and genius we can hardly speak too highly,) was a most popular young man when assistant to Dr. Chalmers the great Scottish divine of that day, and now in the metropolis of the world of letters as well as statesmanship, was carried on the crest of the wave of

that novel tide that had set in, and without enquiring why these gifts had ceased or been withheld by an all-wise ruler, thought the utterances in his congregation might be the beginning of a time of enlightenment and conversion of immeasurable extent, and results the most momentous and extraordinary. He evidently like other leaders of ability and full of fervor had no idea of forming a sect. For a time a considerable class were taken with them. Brilliant minds with vivid imaginations are easily carried away with new things in religion, and these fresh things seemed to introduce the most important and glorious events ever recorded in the history of humanity. Mr. Burwell published here in full sympathy with the movement. Like Dr. Cumming of London he went into the idea of the fulfilment of prophecy, a very taking and entertaining subject to many minds. He had only a few in Bytown but a great many in Hull, from the river to the mountain and from Aylmer to the Gatineau Point, his disciples were numerous. Their offices were as numerous as they could get names to cover in the New Testament, so that a convert could scarcely fail to get an office. This is one of the peculiarities of little sects to try to gain popularity, passing every proselyte through a kind of coronation, so that they rise about fifty per cent. in their own estimation when they thus discover what splendid people they are; by being employed in something visible and tangible. Were the rulers of the churches as anxious for the spiritual welfare of the people as for the increase of their numbers and the outward forms of religion, they would be revolutionized for good.

We are so much taken with externals that to tell us we have a handsome face and fine figure, we are more pleased than with coarse features and uncomely form, with a profusion of intellectual abilities. Such is our nature or rather such is it become. In how many minds is the noisy rush of the crowd and its excitement preferred to the duties and delights of the closet and the careful contemplation of truth in retirement. The Creator of man delights in truth in heart and can there be truth in the inward parts unless the truths of the Revelation are planted there? The mind lives by these truths no matter what the sect to which the man is attached. Spiritual nourishment is preferable to the noise of the street owner and the prayer on the house-top, or the Molah on the top of the Mosque. There was some petty persecution of these somewhat deluded people, that was disgraceful and which Alonzo Wright did his utmost to put down. Mr. Wright could not resist the blandishments of Sir John A. Macdonald. But he retired disgusted with the immoralities of the parties, in making a set of millionaires by reducing the honest inhabitants to the low level of mendicants, controlling the constituencies and keeping power in their hands.

In our last drive together he kindly proposed to place his papers on the early history of Hull at my disposal and wished he were able to have aided me still farther. He was a student in his youth and in his early married life, which was very happy, he was an omnivorous reader. His bosom friend, the distinguished lawyer, Peter Aylmer, used to tease him on being so devoted to the luminous (voluminous) pages of Gibbon, the decline and fall of the Roman Empire, that he had time for nothing else. His communications to the *Aylmer Times* in its best days, woke up a deep interest. His wit, humor, elasticity of thought, and the wide range

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of his knowledge made his articles very readable. His style was vigorous and clear, among the best compositions in our language. He was capable of holding a high place among our finest literary writers. He seldom spoke in the House, but he distinguished himself and made the best impression on the audience. In private life he was very friendly and kind-hearted on all possible occasions making you feel at home and at your ease, and affording you very much enjoyment in his society. Swallowed up in his parliamentary career, he took to no enterprise except to enjoy himself on his beautiful fertile farm and among the multitude of his pretty animals, highly fed and well diversified in classes, kinds and breeds. His stock is traceable up the river on the various farms freely distributed for improvement of the cattle of the settlements. He is very much missed and great sympathy is expressed for his wife who must feel the loss beyond all others. One of his brothers lives south of his place on the river bank with a large family, chiefly daughters. Mr. Ruggles Wright was the only one of the family that lived in the village, now the city of Hull. His sons were numerous. Some are in the United States. Mr. Charles has been long and favorably known and highly respected as a resident of the Island, where he has carried on vast works in stone, lime and cement for a lifetime. Another brother is fond of mining. He lives in the city and is interested in several gold mines, and has passed many thousands through his hands. We take great interest in him and wish his gold finding may be a great success. Were the Wrights altogether they would be a host. The pioneer and two of his grandsons have been members of Parliament. The M. P.'s are both gone. Some of them should write their history for the benefit of future generations. If we have omitted anything essential in these cases we shall be happy to insert in our second volume should we be enabled to get it through the press. We shall be glad if any of our numerous friends whose case may have been overlooked will set us right by giving us the particulars for correction.

The Presbyterian congregation of Aylmer met at first in the common schoolhouse, then they got the free use of the town hall which was the property of Mr. Symmes. This they fitted up with the old pews and pulpit from the old stone church at the Messrs. Hurdman property. When the Methodists, who had used the same hall, built their church, they invited the Presbyterians to use the basement with themselves, but at different hours, so the pulpit and pews were taken up there till the new Presbyterian church was built, and we suppose they are there still. To enable them to build the new church, which required to be more costly than they were able to meet, they concluded to get a bill passed in the Legislature of Upper and Lower Canada, to enable them to sell some property on which the old church stood, that had been erected by the early settlers from New England in the first quarter of this nineteenth century. Alanson Cooke, Esq., lumberman, was our M. P. for the county of Ottawa at that time and took charge of the bill. It had been read in the House and had reached the private bills' committee when it was killed by the member for Carleton who had the majority of Episcopalians on the committee. The member for Sherbrooke, who was a judge afterwards and had charge of the bill in Mr. Cooke's absence, wrote us the fate of the bill, advising us to take advantage of a temporary

act then in force, that enabled trustees or those in possession of church lots, graveyards, etc., that had no provision in their deeds for a succession of trustees, to meet and according to the specified formalities appoint such, lodging the records with a notary, which they did, and it was to have the power and force as a clause in the original deed. The manse was occupied by the Episcopal minister, then in Hull and Aylmer, who had got the use of it for ten years on condition of building a kitchen to the frame house and a stable. They were both of cedar logs and the kitchen was a hideous caricature of round logs with their ends not cut off at the corners. The member for Carleton, and perhaps the clergyman, thought that the deed had lapsed, and being in possession they could claim the property, hence the fight that threw out the bill. Having met the case and supplied the defect in the deed by the provisions pointed out by our learned friend, the congregation determined to sell and got an order in court to that effect. The minister withstood and was dispossessed by the sheriff. As he was put on the street a gentleman went in who was married to a granddaughter of the original donor, Truman Waller, and claimed that his wife was heiress and having purchased the good will of the other grandchildren of Mr. Waller, considered his claim unimpeachable. Mr. L. R. Church conducted the case very ably, though it was his first one, but could not prove a conspiracy as the deed was good and the supplement that remedied the defect lawful. When Mr. Hughes took possession forcibly, the writ to eject the minister was amended to include all others. So when he was put on the street and the place locked he broke in but was imprisoned for a night and let out in the morning. The congregation paid the cost for the minister, who considered himself terribly persecuted by these Presbyterians, but they let Mr. Hughes pay his own, which was \$125. The Presbyterians sold the property to the Hurdmans, who removed the old buildings and fences, incorporating the site or land with their farm around it and the proceeds went into the new beautiful church in Aylmer, built more than thirty years ago. That church was planned, the materials collected for it, the contracts made, the funds gathered by subscription in the other congregation connected with it, and in Ottawa and Montreal, by the minister they then had; and whose salary ran in arrears and he would not let it be raised by coercion, though a very gifted lawyer proposed to bear the expenses of the court, if only permitted. This is a great fault with some ministers. They trust too much to the honor and honesty of the people and they would not be deceived if their brethren were not unfaithful and untrustworthy in such cases in the duties they owe one another. No presbytery is guiltless that permits a congregation to withhold his rights from their minister. What language can depict their conduct when they encourage the injustice? How can they look for blessings when their conduct is such to a brother minister?

The story of the Kirk minister and the boy at the little rill will here be appropriate. The story runs that this good minister was visiting the members of his congregation and in crossing a small creek, ('a bit burnie') met a boy who had swept and gathered together the sand, muck and dust available at a turn of the little run. The minister says: "Well my lad, what are you doing here?" "I'm making a kirk, sar." "Have you a door to it?" Aye yondher it is, pointing to an opening in the end of

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the heap. "And windows?" Aye, sar, pointing to scores he had made in the sides raised a little above the level. "Have you got pews and a pulpit?" "Oo aye, Di'nt ye see them there?" pointing to some ridges he had raised in the heap or formation, and a mound at the end hollowed out to stand in. O yes, I see they are all right, but have you a minister and congregation to occupy it? "Na, sar, I ha na got dhin' enough yet to mak them."

How much sordid dust is sometimes collected in ministers and congregations? To dust they soon return but are not troubled about it or they would strive to do better. In the formation of congregations the moulders are like the Scotchman, "beggin his dike he had ta tak sic stanes as were on the grun." The young minister is left to organize the young congregation. Of course in the estimation of most of the people he is far fitter than an old minister. There is no supervision. He may get on well or ill. If the latter, he can be sent off, and his brethren will sympathize with the unruly that make the place to hot for him to live there. Many in the congregation are peaceably disposed and not of sufficient courage to exercise healthy, public opinion in the community. They pay their dues allright and would like others to do the same, especially to the minister, but they fear to get into trouble if they should insist, so they are quiet, and neutral and two or three sons of Belial rule the flock and would make war if resisted. Should they happen to have wealth, the others say if they leave or do not pay, we are helpless and plenty of ministers will so far forget their duty as to take part with these adversaries against their ordained brother. It would tend greatly to the church's peace, safety and growth if these adversaries could be controlled. The young minister is unable to rule these men and so they rule the congregation and all submit. The ministers give him no aid lest their popularity should wane with the rich. We know of only one Presbyterian visit round all congregations in the Ottawa Valley for 50 years.

Some were never so visited since they were formed. This is not true Presbyterianism. It is dishonorable to the name and disastrous to the welfare of that fine old cause. The young minister may be much to blame because he lets men neglect their duties. To pay what they promise is a duty, and whilst it would be counted selfish in the minister, and he fears that, yet he is guilty in letting a man neglect to pay up his debts. Men should not be let do wrong if possible. Ministers will lose and suffer rather than compel payment. The men who are bad pay or pay not are the men to give him the worst name whilst they cheat him and make him all the trouble. These adversaries exercise tyrannical rule in many places. It is a more serious thing than most men are aware of, to become an enemy or adversary of a good man or a good cause. When the kingdom of Israel was at its greatest height and glory in the days of King Solomon, and the Hebrew tongue was in its greatest purity, Solomon said to Hiram, King of Tyre: There is not an adversary, (Satan in Hebrew), and again later in his life the Lord stirred him up a Satan, Hadad the Edomite, and again God stirred him up an adversary, (Satan) Razen who fled from the King of Zobah and became captin of a band and reigned in Damascus. He was a (Satan) adversary to Israel all the days of Solomon. This term is the name in the New Testament

given to the greatest enemy of man, the one that fills the hearts of men and women to lie even to the Holy Spirit. He troubled Job and David and figures extensively in the Old Testament times as the serpent, called in the New Testament the old serpent, the devil, and Satan that deceiveth the nations—the dragon who is Satan. Christ calls Judas Iscariot Satan and Peter, Satan, because under his influence in making opposition to his Master. Now who would like to be under such influence? Good men forget themselves, permit Satan to deceive them by carelessly misjudging or not properly governing themselves, their temper, appetites, passions and actions; Satan thereby getting an advantage of them, and would sift them as wheat, lead them captive at his will, suggest doubts about God's words or promises and threatenings, and reigns over them by usurpation. He is a king, has a kingdom and is going about continually and silently, but like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour. But he may be resisted and driven off, get no place and run off—but if men let any one sin reign in them, Satan holds the citadel and though he may not conquer the whole yet he may hold a "cabul", a border city in a man's empire till dispossessed. In wicked men he reigns supreme and without a rival. The condition is terribly dangerous. He is an unclean spirit in one, a lying spirit in another, teaches one extortion, another usury, fills one with pride, another with meanness, and low cunning and deceit. "We are not ignorant of his devices." We should make against him the strongest resistance, wrestle against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.

Mr. Samuel Bell was one of the successful men of Aylmer. He entered the employ of Mr. R. Conroy on his arrival in this country from his native Ireland. Mrs. Klock and Mrs. W. Kenny were sisters of his, and another who lived up the Ottawa, and some of whose family we have seen up the Gatineau. Mr. Bell soon displayed his capacity for business and accordingly was at once promoted. He purchased all kinds of produce from the surrounding farmers, for special use in the business of the hotel, store, mill, farm, shanty, and also for ready sale on his own account to purchasers, always doing something to his own advantage, without prejudice to the interest of his employer. He soon accumulated money to lend. In a country where so much lumbering was done on a small, as well as a large scale, there were many ready to borrow, and being often so much in need to get their timber out and down to Quebec market, they were willing to give any interest demanded. Mr. Allen was always speculating and would give five dollars for a loan of fifty for a month. Samuel Bell, Robert Stewart, Dermody, young John McCooke and Robert H. Klock had always some to lend and the custom of this enormous interest hid from sight the crime of usury. A teamster would come from the shanty with his due bill and Doyle, Egan's chief clerk, would affect not to have the money, so Dermody would go out to borrow it and return with the report that he could get it but the man must have so much; the teamster would think of the trouble of coming for it again, perhaps the ice being too bad to get across, and would consent to submit to the shave. These men made money in this questionable manner. Mr. Bell in his managing way made many thousands. Dermody told of the beginning of his wealth in the Old Country.

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Gentlemen who were raising fine sheep, would instruct their herdmen not to raise more than one lamb on the dam, so one of the twins was to go for what the herdman could get as his own profit, and Mr. Dermody got these for little and fed them well so that they sold to good judges, nearly as high as their twin brothers or sisters from the rich man's flock. The art of making and saving once learned, the way to wealth is open. Rich men are not the happiest though almost everyone aspires after wealth. Sam. Bell accumulated many thousands. He married very late in life the widow McLaughlin but left no issue. She had no family and after his death married Mr. Thomas Beatty on the south shore of the Ottawa, having taken a compromise out of Sam's fortune.

Mr. Robert Klock was the chief executor of Sam Bell and fell heir to a large share of the wealth, but the other relatives were provided for and none of them forgotten. Mr. Robert H. Klock's wife, a good woman; was a sister of Mrs. Lindsay, another good woman; and Mr. James Klock, his brother, whose agreeable wife was a Miss Boulton, daughter of the well-known Mr. Boulton of Aylmer who long kept a respectable hotel on the corner, both brothers took to contract lumber-drawing like many others and made money. After their uncle's death Mr. Robert Klock got limits and wrought in the square timber business for years, selling in the Quebec market. Those who supported his policy and could make interest could secure from Sir John A Macdonald timber limits at the merest nominal prices. Mr. Klock like many others got into his good graces and benefitted accordingly at the public expense. The settled policy was, make a little aristocracy of wealthy men at the sacrifice of the millions. What a world the future will be for those millionaires and bankers who keep their agents turning the crank and grinding human beings to powder at their eight or nine per cent. with their large dividends for so little labor, and others bearing all the burden of taxation. These are evils under the sun that sensible men, not cranks and thieves, could remedy if they would. No governing body has any right to give away to favorites the property of the people, if that is anything but a name gotten up for popularity. The people are kept in ignorance of these things by the newspaper organ of their party and filled with lies against their opponents, and their prejudices will not permit them to read the other side. Robert Klock planned, James Klock helped him to execute, worked harder too, but did not secure so large a share of the fruits. Mrs. R. Klock died some years ago. His death was more recent. His family are highly spoken of. One son is a physician in the city in good repute with a good practice, increasing daily, which he well merits. Two others live at what is now Klock's Mills, where they have a beautiful little village, which seen from the C. P. R. looks very finely situated and thriving-like. Of course it is chiefly for their own residences and the people they employ in their large lumbering business. The place was formerly known as Aumond's Creek. The papers reported a sale of Klock's limits made some time ago amounting to nearly three hundred and fifty thousand dollars; not a trifling sum for the riches in lumber grown without any outlay on the public domain. Mr. Joseph Aumond formerly of this city, took up large limits and worked them for years in that quarter, following the McConnells who seem to have been the first to get to the Mattawa country from which they brought square

timber and red pine spars in great abundance. Robert, the eldest, is a member of parliament, the youngest is in the old home in Aylmer. One of their sisters is married to Dr. Church, a grandson of the far-famed P. H. Church, M. D. The other is married to a Presbyterian clergyman in western Ontario. Mr. James Klock's family are nearly all around them. One daughter is Mrs. Dr. Church. One son, a doctor, as fine a looking man as any we have seen on the Ottawa, when we last met him at Campbell's Bay. He is since married and has a fine practice at the Quyon and around it.

About 1868 Dr. Freeland took charge of the Presbyterian congregation of Aylmer and was doing a good work in Bible instruction among the young people of that place. He was a talented preacher deserving of a much better field. The brethren were so pious, however, that they harassed him nearly to death on the score of some old rumour or gossip of old wives' tongues that was perhaps over a quarter of a century old and which they could make nothing of after a good deal of fuss and smoke but no fire. The liberal education and commanding talents of the poor old gentleman combined with his energy in his work roused some opposition in little minds but he was permitted to go on with his work till one day coming in snow blind or sun blind he walked into an open cellar and in the fall broke a limb. He was taken down to the hospital in the city for treatment, and when we saw him the bones had been set and the leg in a kind of box with charcoal on each side of it, but it never recovered and he died. He was succeeded by a young man not long ordained and married, who spoke out audibly of what a work he was going to do there. We heard him ourselves. His vaporings soon evaporated, and he left without making the promised impressions or being considered very extraordinary. An old fellow student, Mr. Jamieson, was there for some years. After him came a fair sample of an Irishman reputed a good preacher, who after a few years went to the Northwest. Since that they have had students and missionaries till of late they have had a young man ordained who is well reported for his talents and industry.

The Church of England was organized as the first of all denominations in Hull sometime between the first planting of the colony in 1800 and the thin scattered settlements in March and Huntley and Richmond in 1818. The Hull congregation took in such Episcopalians as were in Nepean and Gloucester at that time, and Rev. Amos Ainsley ministered to them, going up sometimes to March to hold services in the little church built by Mr. Pinhey on his own farm. Bytown was not yet laid out, nor thought of, beyond the little landing at Collins' first store, afterwards called the Richmond landing. Mr. Sparks bought in 1826. After this Col. By came and located the canal. Shanties began then to be raised and Corkstown was named. Then came Rev. Adam Hood Burwell, who seems to have largely filled the place of Mr. Ainsley who was not there in 1833. Mr. Burwell must have labored much among the Hull people as there was no village, only the settlement on the farms around Mr. Wright, whose possessions were so large as to leave him almost alone in the earth, so many people were taken with Mr. Burwell, who still remained in the Church of England though propagating what afterwards was called Irvingism.

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A considerable time elapsed before Mr. Johnston, afterwards Canon Johnston, came to Hull. In the interval, the people seemed to avail themselves of the services of Mr. Meach, the Congregational-Presbyterian, as the connecting link between Mr. Ainsley and Mr. Johnston, about 1840, who remained and resided first in the old Presbyterian manse, then built him a stone house opposite Richard McConnell, which Mr. Radnor bought, and Mr. Johnston resided the rest of his days in Hull. The Episcopalians built a fine stone church in Aylmer, long before the Methodists and Presbyterians got theirs erected, which were built nearly about the same time, the former a little in advance of the latter. The Methodists had a little stone church down the road, now a dwelling near the Grimes' before Aylmersprang up to be a place. They had in early times used schoolhouses and private dwellings for their meetings. In our recollection they had Messrs. Huntington, Robinson, Sanderson, Johnston, (brother of the judge), two Armstrongs, with others whose names we do not remember now. Their people seemed to be more in and around Aylmer towards the mountain. They had few in the eastern part of the township and no gathering in the city of Hull in early times, or the place the city now occupies. In our time a couple of young men came down from the country to arrange for the time of a marriage. My family sent them to Mr. Sanderson. I was in Montreal and could not do it. The young gentleman introduced the prospective groom. Yes, said he, Mr. Sanderson, I want you to put me through, I never did the like before. So he was put through in due course.

The agriculture of the north shore was not wrought up beyond the ordinary. They were contented with the fine crops that the new stumpy fields produced as supply for the lumber business that swallowed up all else. The cattle were the common breeds from the Eastern States. Mr. Wright brought some improved stock, but Mr. Farmer, an Englishman, introduced some from England, but the stock was not kept up by a succession of thoroughbred sires, and half-breeds degenerated, as is usual in such cases. The lumbering called attention more to horses as the timber had to be drawn some distances and the heavy horses Farmer had imported, greatly increased the size and weight for the heavy work. A multitude of fine large colts were raised from a farmer horse of Hurdman's. This style of horse soon came into good demand and brought a high price as best fitted for lumber-drawing and carting overland between steamboats. On the south side of the river light horses of good style and swift footed were introduced, greatly admired by the young people for the saddle and sleigh as well as for the plough. The heavy-builds soon became more popular. Reilly and Wilson of Richmond introduced first Dragons, then Clydes. John Young, but especially John Clarke, brought the heaviest and finest of all. In a short time farms were covered with great twelve to sixteen hundred weights up to fifteen or twenty in number without a roadster among them.

During the civil war in the United States Canadians exported far into the thousands, war horses and great draught horses, a fine one bringing four hundred dollars in the city of New York. Americans with great wealth will give high prices for valuable horses. There is no better country in the world to raise and grow choice horses than the valley of the Ottawa. Their lower joints are clean and well-formed for endurance.

The pasture lands are dry, the grass good, and colts are seldom in the mud, and the dry snow of winter is so much more favorable than slop and slush in fields and yards. A horse raised here will sell in New York at about a fourth to a third more than one of like proportions raised in the middle states. Wages in the early times was more in proportion to prices than in after times or at present. No farmer can now pay high wages without giving his own time for nothing. The stumpers harangue us on mixed farming which they have read from papers or heard from others, but their mixed farming like their two row barley is only to divert attention from more important issues. Prices are about half what they were forty years ago. With cheese at seven cents and butter at fourteen, mixed farming comes to grief. The hired man has the best of it. His wages are higher than formerly and the same money will procure him double what it did then, whilst the farmer gets only half what he was wont to get and the men clamour for shorter hours which he cannot give them. One hundred dollars a year with board was counted good wages for many years and the man's family lived as well as his employer's, but to bring wages to ten or twelve cents an hour is to shut out labor. Now the vote is hunted up by the politician and the laborers govern the country. Newspapers are wild, extravagantly wild, on high wages. The hired man must get time to read the papers, whilst the farmer has none. The farmer must educate the children of the hired man, then he must give him a wage his land will not pay, the next will be a pension.

When the franchise was confined, many people were not discovered or known, now they have got to enjoy great prominence. Let us be devoutly grateful for the reformation. We read of millions collected in the cities in a state of demi-starvation asking to be led to war rather than starve. It would be safer to work for moderate wages on the farm. Not to mention the sacrifice of human life and the nameless horror of the battle-field, this would be the most effectual way of wasting and consuming the earnings and savings of ages, and should they survive the carnage, they could make fame the order of the day and the glory of butchering their fellow men, the theme of their exultation, when wealth was annihilated and the smoke of the cities they had left in ashes was ascending the skies. The condition of the farmer who has his all invested in land stock and implements must be more the object of the politician and the newspaper man, whilst they neglect in no wise the condition of the laborer and his offspring. The farmer has a vote worth looking after. If workingmen would not play so much at knighthood and union combinations, but stick to their work and be content with their wages, spend far less on railroad excursions, especially, if they would avoid public shows, gambling and the saloon, things and places not only unnecessary, but injurious, and which sensible people avoid as poison; they would be in better condition and society, would breathe more freely and wars become unnecessary. They should shun the things that steal away their time, money and character, unfit them for their occupations and entail on them and theirs the greater misery. If the reflective side of Christianity, the sober honest thinking, is as important as the active, the boisterous, the bustle of work, the impetuosity that makes so much show and carries so many off their feet, and even

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lose their head, then surely the working away quietly with head and hands, saving all that can be made out of our toil and labor, cultivating contentment with our lot and economising the rewards of our efforts is, if not the only, certainly the brightest hope before us of bettering and improving our condition. It is not the high wages for half time, but the steady employment that compensates best. Twenty-six dollars a month without board for six months if the man is idle six months, should be board himself at twenty-five cents a day, would leave him only sixty-four dollars and seventy-five cents, which is less than twenty-five cents a day, which is seventy-eight dollars. American farmers do not employ men six months in the year generally. One quarter dollar a day and board is better than their employ. This looks small but can you produce a farmer who will get so much in the year out of his labor and three per cent. on his investment? We remember men working well in the harvest fields for five dollars a month with board. The farmer's working hours are longer than his man's and his reward much less if his stock in the farm be taken into the account. The newspaper man and the politician should find out the farmer's gains in the year on his investment and his labor, if they did they would begin to devise means to save him a little from bearing so much of the burden of so many high-salaried men in the Dominion. The farmer has some stake besides his vote which the politicians of the past have done their utmost to make worthless. Ocean cables, steamships, railroads, that have made so many millionaires, have so swallowed up the capacities of our politicians that they think not of the wrongs they have inflicted, the debts they have involved us in and the discouragements thrown in the way of the people, making progress as they would if their burdens were made lighter. The gorgeous idea of protection by which the people's pockets are emptied into the lap of the manufacturer without contributing one cent to the revenue, the price of the product being as high as that of the imported article with the revenue added has so deluded and intoxicated the politician that he is quite incapable of reasoning, they have seen everything through colored glasses or seen it double. The farmer's wealth is doubled, his produce doubled, the prices doubled, the home market doubled, wages doubled, contentment and happiness doubled. The wealth of the manufacturer increased forty fold and the country has been so prosperous that there is no room to pile up the fruits and the goods. This lesson has been taught everyone from the editor to the newsboy and the drain-digger. They sing in chorus the wealth and prosperity of the people in which they are joined, by the man shivering over her sawhorse and begging for work. The prosperity of the country became the watchword of half the community, if you contradicted them they gnashed on you with their teeth. It was rolled along from Newfoundland to Vancouver's Island. It was rolled along the valleys and over the mountains up to the clouds, but it smelt of Bishop Cameron's inspiration, could not be admitted, but was hurled back in the faces of its inventors to their utter confusion and the opposite inspiration was inhaled by honest men, and men of truth and in the quarters where least expected, and the reply is a lesson the most striking, and except to fools, the most instructive of any thing in the whole land for years. To deceive men is inexcusable, yea, unpardonable. It is the blind leading the blind, and deep is the ditch in

which they land. The meeting of the two leaders after the election was like that of the banker and the lawyer after the defeat of their party. They met in the parlor of the hotel as described by the western editor. "Joe fell on the Major's neck and the Major fell upon Joe's neck and they both wept and Joe said to the Major this is h—ll." The defeated gentry feel as if in a scene of enchantment as if they found nothing real anywhere. Their occupation is gone to return no more. They are not likely to cry up the prosperity of the country. Everything they contemplate is sure to put forth as a mirror their great disasters. The best thing they can do will be to turn their attention to the condition of their neighbors whose yearly contributions indirectly have swelled their store of wealth, and lend them at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. as they receive about that for bank deposits or say 4 per cent. and encourage the draining, stumping, removing stones and levelling of their fields. This will improve the farms and make the country improve in every respect around them. It will turn barren land to productiveness, brown fields to verdure, and instead of scanty returns they will yield bountifully. It would greatly encourage the improvement of stock and give a new impulse to the farmer to better his condition, stimulate his genius to reach a higher standard of agriculture, raise and feed better animals, and more profitable crops, evoke something in his nature favorable to himself and to the general benefit of his race. This would be to retaliate on themselves for their selfish love of money, starve the appetite for usury and would also wake up a forgiveness in the people once fleeced but now befriended in their day of need. It would do more, even produce gratitude for their generosity as a proof that their repentance was really genuine, and put the humble farmer a step or two on the way to prosperity if not independence. Their lands thus cleared of stumps and stones, well under-drained, subsoiled and top-dressed, would soon yield in richest productions more than would pay back the loan as well as reward the owner and tiller of the soil besides greatly improving it for the time to come. What an advantage it would be to mechanics and small traders to get little sums in their pinch at a moderate rate. Money is generally locked up in banks where they lend at 8 or 9 per cent. giving dividends of sixteen per cent. or over free from any taxation to either Government or municipality, and where these poor men cannot borrow except to their utter ruin. The institutions should be held to five per cent. or taxed two per cent. on their whole stock and restricted to not more than seven per cent. on their short loans. The corporations make rules, their servants or employees must carry them out, and usury, fraud, and often oppression, freely follow. No institution should be permitted unlimited power to extort above what is just and equal from the community.

For two years the whole land has been convulsed over the Manitoba School Bill of 1890, drawn up by Mr. Martin, afterwards M. P. for Winnipeg, and who defended it with great ability in the Dominion Parliament. It was displeasing to the bishops and they procured an appeal to the Privy Council. That highest tribunal in the empire decided that it was constitutional. A second appeal was sent and decided that the minority had an appeal to the governor in council in the event of a grievance. The Government hypocritically, as themselves and supporters have amply proved since, to keep the solid Catholic vote, took up the matter

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as if the Privy Council had commanded them to legislate, coercing the government of Manitoba to enact a separate school law. In two elections the people of Manitoba refused to do this. Then arose dissension in the Bowell Cabinet. One half supported the Premier, the other was in revolt, declaring the Premier's incapacity to lead such talented statesmen. The Premier described these as "a nest of traitors." The leaders in the nest were Hon. G. Foster, and Sir C. H. Tupper, their object being to bring Sir C. Tupper, Bart., to become Premier after the dethronement of Sir McKenzie Bowell. When it was found the Bart., was likely to come they returned to their allegiance. So the Carons, the Angers, all the revolters returned and became a happy family, reconciled and cemented together in undying friendships, all agreed on coercion. A sixth unnecessary extra parliament was called to pass the bill which, with Herculean labor they got only to a second reading and the session did nothing but under the forms of law relieve the country people of about half a million of dollars.

Hon. Clarke Wallace disgusted with coercion, resigned office and emoluments, but the others clung to the thousands with the fidelity of true money grabbers, their watchword being, no surrender. Hon. Clarke Wallace was beginning to secure popularity when he went back on himself and lost cast in North Grey. There he threw overboard coercion, planking it on the Liberals who always repudiated it. Politicians who build and destroy what they have built, are to be pitied as well as laughed at, as they prove themselves too shaky for any but idiots to put confidence in. *Quum Deus vult perdere primum dementit.* The ninety-nine hours' session showed the calibre of the Baronet. The profundity of the motions and resolutions of Foster and the windy Baronet, show that if they have lost their thousands attached to office, they will shift hundreds of thousands from the almost empty pockets of the Canadians to the rather full pockets of the members. How little regard for one another these men show? No sooner is the Baronet elected by the inspiration of Bishop Cameron, than he kicks out Foster and takes the lead of the House. How could such a man expect an orderly patient hearing from any meeting he should address. He was not able to dislodge the Premier till the parliament expired, then he became a kind of de facto premier for a few short weeks. Oh! how he regrets relinquishing the 14,000 a year with the pickings in London. His elevation and fall were so near together that the great I. I. I. elevated above the clouds in such sunlight was plunged into the thick darkness in the cold storage of opposition. Hannibal sitting in the burnt ruins of Carthage was only a beginning to this. The parliament expired, the adverse election tipped the scale and all was lost. Truthfulness they never knew but have been speaking the opposite since they were born. Honesty, if they were ever instructed in it, has been under an irredeemable mortgage since they entered on manhood, and honor is a word that never figured in their vocabulary; but as Horace Greeley once said of some of their politicians. "It is no use to kick a dead ass." The defeat was a calamity. "The 'traitors' with the Baronet at their head thought they would sweep the Dominion in the election and establish a perpetual reign of pride and poverty for another cycle of delusions. The Tupperes regarded themselves as our hereditary rulers and all the millions as hereditary bondsmen. They had broken

the compact and filled all openings in the Senate and on the Bench with disappointed politicians who were ready to sustain them in every thing *set up* to the Senate or the courts as the records of the country clearly show. No one would charge the judges with perverting judgment only the evidence was so clear on the suitable side that the decision was made easy. The reports of minorities were never made by the friends of the Government. This spoke volumes for the appointments. Fallen human nature presents many peculiar features. The juror was in a corner on the trial of the bishops in the days of James II. If he favored the bishops, he brewed no more for the king, if he favored the king he brewed no more for the bishops. The Government charged the Liberals with obstruction in the last session, now they are charged with the same. This last obstruction had money in it. That was the brewer's trouble. If obstruction was wrong for one it was wrong for both.

On the Coercion Bill men voted for the first reading and against the second there seemed to be nothing sincere in them throughout. They do in power and undo it in opposition. We have contended for a great abbreviation of the legislating material to below one half. A gentleman of this city thinks thirty-three per cent. of the clergy should be at some other honest calling, we think fifty per cent. of our M. P. gentlemen are very unfit to legislate. Some portions of the race are more for ornament than use, these for neither and very expensive as a luxury. There seems to be lack of judgment in being up to public gaze, wasting time, debating the folly of making offices and appointments which could not be constitutionally admitted and filled. The country it is admitted, has run down for many years and it may take double the time to get it in good running order again. The railroad companies, navigation companies, manufacturing companies and numerous combines have been related so nearly in affinity or consanguinity with the Government and its supporters that little or no hope could be entertained of anything for the farmer but what could be ground out of him. He asks no favors at the expense of his fellow laborers, only that his labor shall receive a fair reward not inferior to that of the mechanic and the hard-worked employee of Government, but to get less for his toil and no per centage on his investment in land stock and machinery, whilst he contributed to the wealth or the idleness of others in any other place or calling. Most of the improvements of the country have been done at the farmers' expense. He has been the strong beast of burden for every government to pack, till now like the old horse, with ringbone and spavin and spring-halt, galled back, fretted breast and diminished grinders, he lies down under the load and the whip of his oppressor. They have made the country pay for the railroads, handed them over to parties, powerful enough to tax their produce all it can endure. Every man in every kind of business, office or calling, likes to have the lion's share if possible. The 25,000,000 acres made as a grant to the C. P. R. has not been patented but as sold.

Sir John and the other cunning foxes knew that little of it would be sold during the twenty years' exemption from taxation. So they waited for discoveries that they might secure the best and out-heckor himself. They hold lands high and wait till settlers have made them valuable. They had friends at court. Adversity is no use to many people, the

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mortar and the pestle are in vain, madness is in their hearts. But they will work out their own destruction. The passing wonder is that people gifted with intelligence can ever let such men be leaders or ever be induced to follow them. Someone has said that a man who could not tell pease from barley should not be at the head of the agriculture of the country. In the United States an expert in the milk business testified that he could not tell cow's milk from mare's. But a minister of railroads should know a locomotive from a wheelbarrow, and the minister of marine and fisheries should be better acquainted with the finny tribes than to confound a mudpout with a whale.

In education the north shore of the Ottawa is not in a state of efficiency except in very few places. The idea of a separate Protestant school is a blind only. There is no provincial school system. It is only religion that is taught in the common school, if that term can be employed. A distinguished lawyer said the boys were very polite as he met them, pulled off their caps and bowed their salutation, but when he asked them in French what they were studying said in the politest way, "petit catechism." The great defect in common branches of an education so apparent, must have moved the late Premier Mercier to establish night schools, which was deeply interested in, both in city and country, but which on his dismissal disappeared like a vision in sleep, or the melting snow in the spring.

The counties around Ottawa were among the earliest to form agricultural societies and show fairs were held every fall. Township societies and fairs were organized and were almost exclusively in the interest of the farmer and mechanic, who were the producers and inventors of machinery and instruments of service in farm, garden, dairy, and cheese and butter-making. Of late years these have greatly degenerated and are now much against the farmers' interest. A few stock raisers that feed a few animals beyond all bounds and cart them about from city to city and fair to fair are carrying away the prizes among them and shutting the farmers up to their township shows, as they can not afford to feed a few animals to bursting, that they might compete with professional breeders, but be useless on the farm as brood or milch animals and even too fat for butcher's purposes. Fast horses are valuable for special purposes but when they are used for racing and gambling it is a perversion from legitimate use to shameful abuse of the animal and still more degrading to the degenerate souls that win or lose money on them. The legitimate exercise of these fleet steeds is very entertaining to onlookers and even a young Lochinvar may carry off a willing bride to rouse the enthusiasm of the party and defy their fleetest steeds to capture her, and she too may be better mated than with a soulless body or booby as you please; but the betting can be avoided and save young people from the *facile desensus avernus* of gambling under the very eyes of the law and the eyes of the House of Commons. Things that belong not to the decorative, good, or the useful should not be encouraged. It may pay the large stock raiser and the fine horse fancier but the public purse should not be divided down into too far for this kind of gratification. Our purse is light and cannot meet such demands. In 18 years we have gone in debt an average of about \$16,000,000 a year. The interest costs us nearly \$3 a head on every soul in the population annually. Is it a time

to be liberal to gamblers at fairs or anywhere else? But we observe there is hope of improvement. Adversity has its blessings not to be despised. The men that wrecked themselves by recklessly borrowing these past years are now out of position and crying loudly, bitterly against the Government borrowing. The morals of some men change with the change in their circumstances, but their advice is now good. Now, whatever may be said of fat or lean cattle the object of a fair should be the encouragement of the competitors to improve stock, produce, machinery. The comparison at the fair may help this and the peregrinating exhibitors need not be shut out, nor should the manager exclude the farmer exhibitors.

Great cities that are so largely the gainers by these exhibitions should contribute the necessary funds and not have the audacity to come to any government to ask \$50,000 for an exhibition. They know well that it must come largely out of the farmers that reap only the benefit of the sight-seeing. Our people are getting like the Romans that required only bread and shows. Fireworks, music, racing, are all fine in their proper place and way, but they cost us too much like the whistle. Were we out of debt instead of being overloaded with it we might indulge in outlay. Four million nine hundred thousand of our people need to economise and benefit nothing by such like outlay. The estimates astonish the Opposition but after the present year whose outlay they caused when in power, they will likely be as much astonished as the other. Let the talk about economy induce the cities to drop their demands.

Imported stock for improvement came into the country before a fair was held for their exhibition. Has the Experimental Farm increased the productiveness of the farms in its environs? Would these lands become less fertile were all these fancied aids abolished? If we could get the report of all the prizes given in the great central fairs like Toronto, Ottawa and Montreal, and locate round each of these centres what they get and the proportion spent on mountebank part and on the outside exhibitors that travel from fair to fair with stock and machinery, it would show things in a clearer light. So much encouragement to vice, so much thrown uselessly away, squandered on worse than folly, when we have to borrow to pay our annual interest to English lenders. There is also much destruction of human life that no value can be set upon. All is vanity and vexation of Spirit.

In a valley next neighbor to the Ottawa Valley there is a delightful spot named Chautauqua. It is very picturesque, abounding in mountain, valley, hill and dale, river and rill, with groves and gardens, green meadows and golden grain, fields waving with tall green corn, tents and cottages on the sunny slopes, and in the shady groves, the sweet summer resort of the literati and the religious, the man of business and the lady of fashion. The gentleman of leisure and of learning meets the gentleman of unbounded wealth, and the gentleman in delicate health seeking pleasure or robust vigor in the cooling breezes or leafy green shades, in the hazel dells or the tufted firs that crown the brows of the lofty mountains. The societies prescribe courses of reading and studies for graduates, under-graduates, post graduates and all classes and kinds of readers. Lecturers on all kinds of subjects frequent it in summer. It is a sort of finishing school for those who wish to establish their fame as little short

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of world-wide renown. Inter alia in 1896 it received a visit from Bishop Vincent of the Methodist Episcopal church, concerning whom, a very reliable writer to the press of Philadelphia, reports a lecture, delivered to an audience of a thousand people in which he read with approbation from what he called a very refined and most Christian woman, charging Mary with being a sinner and the child Jesus with being born in sin, and the sin put upon the church as a miracle. She repudiates the doctrine of the Trinity as not known till 511, A. D., denying the necessity of the atonement. The bishop said he personally believed in the divinity of Christ, but dwelt not on it nor a word on the Trinity but sternly denounced preaching dogma from the pulpit. All that people needed was to receive Christ, as a man to be saved, not troubling themselves about the miraculous statements in the Scriptures. The Bishop seems to know more about the fine qualities of his correspondent than of the teachings of the New Testament. These two sinners direct a united attack on the humble Virgin, a thing easily done as she was not present to defend herself. Why these brilliant spirits remain in the Christian church is a wonder, when Islamism and Confusianism are open to them and the Chinese Duke Li, could have fraternized with them if not too old, and established them against the dogmas of Christianity, of which they seem to be hopelessly innocent. People of common attainments discover the dogma of the Trinity in the writings of Moses, Samuel and David, existing long before the New Testament was written or the productions of theology in systematic order by Augustine, Calvin or Hodge and a thousand others. If we believe Moshien, Waddington and others 511 A. D. or the sixth century was not more remarkable than others for display of genius or great scholars to invent dogma. Was it a revolt from the extreme of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin which wafted this pair to the other extreme of charging home impurity. It is quite as dangerous to believe too little as too much. The narrative of Mary is true indicating no sin and no disposition to deceive the ages. Christians as well as Jews admit the mysteries of their religion. Religion without mystery could not be true. Our existence is a mystery—the union of soul and body, the influence of the one on the other, the association of our ideas are all inexplicable mysteries. The generation of Eve from Adam without a mother was as extraordinary as the generation of Jesus from Mary without a father. Each is a creation. "A body hast thou prepared me." Jesus Christ is the head of the new creation, "the first-born of every creature", the first begotten from the dead, He is before all things and by him all things consist. Adam was first formed then Eve. He called their name Adam in the day when they were created. Ever since the wife is called by her husband's name while he lives and she as a widow after his decease. The captive girls of the Midianites were "Nepesh Adam" human souls, daughters of Adam Nunb. The portion of Adam is formed into the lovely beautiful Eve. The portion of Mary is formed into the human body of the Mediator God manifest in the flesh. Their is no sin in either. Each is created by the hand of God himself, the Spirit that garnished the heavens. The second man is the Lord from heaven, the union of the divine and human natures, in the Mediator, in contrast with the first man of the earth earthy. Without this union Jesus could not be a Saviour. He is fairer than the

sons of men. Grace is poured into his lips and to him the Spirit is given without measure. Stephen spake of Moses as exceeding fair. The face of Jesus Christ did shine as the sun. His mouth is most sweet, never man spake like this man. He is King of Kings and Lord of Lords. He must reign till death is destroyed. He died for our sins, put them away by his sacrifice, obtained eternal redemption for us, reigns in Heaven, makes intercession for us there to the Father. There may be men that cannot see the grandeur of Christ nor the glory that encircles him and his work, and yet talk of refinement, in a woman capable of pouring torrents of abuse on the most blessed among women, and the most sublime and soul-satisfying doctrines of Revelation. Such refinement! Such Christians! Can they be descended from Adam and Eve or are they not from an inferior source, a less worthy origin? We may defy any one to tell the story of Mary and the mysterious birth as that is told if there were a sin to hide. Fancies never change facts. God saw in the future the race as fallen and it pleased Him to provide a remedy. Was it not meet that one in the nature that had sinned and fallen should raise it again? "Made of a woman, made under the law to redeem them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons."

Elizabeth says "the mother of my Lord." Is it likely that a refined woman, that would even dare to speak lightly of the mother would value the advocacy the intercession of her Son? Her prayer would be vain even if her ribald language did not bring her under execration. Humanity, education, refinement, high Christian principle, the modesty that so highly adorns the female; all protest to high Heaven against such unclean thoughts from the heart, clothed in such language from the lips and the pen of a woman whose sex Jesus Christ has so exalted and adorned in the hidden man of the heart with godliness showing itself in good works. In that beautiful form, unequalled in the wide range of creation, the woman, should there not be cultivated, that which excels all the glorious beauty of outward form, the variegated shades of the rainbow, the gorgeous radiance of the setting sun, the roses of Sharon or Cashmere, the complex excellency of vision shining out from the contrasts of the most complimentary colors in the richest flowers, wild or cultivated, over the face of this blessed world, "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit which in the sight of God is of great price." This too will endear her to her race and kind, make the plainest face to bloom in the eyes of the husband and he will kiss the cheek, be it white, rosy, pale, olive, brown or black, with an admiration unfathomable. This beauty of the soul will bring the brightest beams from the dullest eye, and the moulding, heaven-tending influence of such a woman will brighten her own sweet home and greatly contribute to the elevation of society where that influence can be exerted. Set the most rigid bounds to your feelings which words cannot express, and they will burst their barriers as the image comes up in your thoughts of a woman once exceedingly beautiful, wise and prudent, always sweet, gentle and kind, whose piety never blanched, and whose fortitude never failed, but whose removal from your hearth and home, impoverished you more than if millions had been stolen from your treasury. Lord Littleton said of his treasure: 'Polite as all her life in courts had been and good as she the world had never seen.'

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Our readers will excuse us if we do not polute our thoughts or our pen and pages, with a description of the contrast. We pity and pray for the repentance of a woman who can unsex herself and pervert facts. She is a dangerous leader of women. A bishop capable of endorsing such imbecility, such extravagance, is in danger of being reckoned a demagogue. His elevation has turned him giddy. He had been safer in the simplicity of the primitive church than lording it in this manner. These two people are offenders against the good taste of refined society and should be denied admission to it anywhere. Had the bishop and his much admired correspondent been trained in a knowledge of that little catechism gotten up by some sensible Englishman at old Westminster, the one would have had her mind too clear and sound to have written such a bungle of a letter, and the bishop, even a tulchan, would have understanding in revealed truth too profound, to occupy a position forbidden in Scripture or put forth such false doctrine as salvation by a man only. His thoughts of inspired truth, and of its eternally binding authority, would have produced a fear of the Lord which is the beginning of wisdom in which he seems deficient. That woman (should be a lady) ought to reconsider her rash judgment about the Creator. Is anything too hard for him. Sarah bears in her 91st year. A Virgin brings forth Immanuel. The bishop should reconsider his divinity and repent in dust and ashes and reform his teaching lest his wall of hay and stubble be burnt to ashes.

Almost in harmony with the foregoing, a little later in this year, 1896, another clergyman from the Isles of the ocean visited the east end of our valley, sounding a note of warning in favor of evolution as in accordance with all science. Is science the knowledge of facts as found by experience? It must be in its infancy requiring greater development ere it can be reconciled with ascertained facts. This Wesleyan orator is not very sure whether man grew by evolution into his present form, and then stood still or rather took to degeneracy, for giants seldom appear in our race in modern centuries. This law, if it be a law of evolution, has been inoperative for six thousand years in our own experience as a race and people as we all resemble one another; no branch striking out to leave the others, by taking on and budding wings or horns, or developing more in hands or feet, or taking on more beautiful hues of colour, or adding another to the five senses already developed. Evolution has in our own species stood still, for say, six thousand years. The same is true of the monkey tribes that are nearest to us in resemblance of the brute creation. Among these there is only improvement, not evolution. This Professor thinks Adam and Eve were created but is not sure.

Care in matching and assortment, climate and food, make great improvement in creatures. We have no evidence in our history of one animal becoming another by evolution. Some old species may drop out but we know of no new ones appearing. There may be degeneracy. These (nepioi) children of science do not mean any insult by their nursery stories, but having wealth and leisure can entertain the lovers of novelty who are not prepared to combat them and care nothing whether they are true or false. Sir William Dawson, the monarch of the whole empire of modern research and the prince of scientists in all his carefully written

works never looks on evolution in any other light than that of improvement or development, of which every plant and animal are capable. Shallow thinkers are so pleased with phantoms of discoveries as to be up and ready to proclaim them on the house-tops. So much passes for science which is only on the hypothetical side of it that not a few are intoxicated with these fantastic forms that like atmospheric vapors are ever changing their forms as the wind blows them swiftly away into the domain of dreams and cloudland. These authors and lecturers are not without interest as they treat of subjects much better than novels and are often eloquent, suggestive, entertaining; assisting in their place the observer and the experimenter.

An old Covenanter lady in Pennsylvania objected to having the Psalms of David exchanged for light hymns as they would run through the heads of the children like Robin Hood's ballads. What we demur to in these theories is their unfounded condition. If the account of creation given by Moses is incorrect why do they not give a correct one? They swing their battering rams against the walls of his fine old fort or citadel but they have not moved a stone and the defenders feel so safe that they hang out no bed of feathers or a sack of chaff to deaden the blow of the ram's head. An old Hebrew, though not a very spiritual man, would say to these men, "*We know that God spake by Moses*" but we know not whence ye are. An old Scotchman praying before bedtime (was heard by two young preachers passing his door in the moonlight who had themselves officiated in the church of which the old man was an elder) for the spiritual wants of the flock confessed that "they had been fed with an empty spoon that day."

This English evolutionist Wesleyan Professor and the American Episcopal Methodist Bishop require a careful overhauling, such as the Presbyterians gave Drs. Smith and Briggs, or the infidel dogmas they teach will lie at the doors of their denominations. There will not be a jeer uttered by a sincere Christian at the loudest stroke of the ecclesiastical rod on the backs of such wise scientists. One objects to the dogma of creation, the other on redemption, for if Jesus had been a sinner he could not have been a Redeemer. The man or the woman who would read the first chapter of the Gospel by Matthew, and the first and second chapters of the Gospel by Luke, weigh the announcements of the angels and the expressions of Elizabeth and Mary, the just character given to Joseph and then entertain doubts and remain sceptical, are among the most hopeless and incurable cases in our unfortunate fallen and degraded race. People talk of honest doubts. That looks like a blind leader, a sleeping sentinel, an honest thief, a white negro. It is impossible for the true God to lie, is it honest to doubt His word? Christianity triumphant in the face of all opposition for nineteen hundred years and stronger to-day than ever is a standing miracle, a testimony to the truth, a fulfillment of the prophecies going before for long ages by inspiration, and prophetic from the Most High God, the Maker and possessor of Heaven and earth. The man who doubts that these starry Heavens around us were created, the man who doubts the divinity of the Son, of God and the humanity of the Son of Mary, and presumes to teach men, must rank far below the very least in the Kingdom of Heaven. Physic is better for such than metaphysics.

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The woman who can write such untruths of the humble, intellectual sublime Mary, so full of grace and truth, who asked of the angel how she could be a mother, whilst a pure girl in her virginity, and was told that it must be a creation by that Spirit that "garnished the Heavens," and said, "behold the handmaiden of Jehovah. Be it unto me according to thy word," whose whole conduct is so blameless throughout her history that could utter from tongue or pen such low vulgar falsehoods, were she a duchess or a princess, is too low to fall. Chautauqua as a famous summer resort cannot continue to collect such spirits and maintain its character for even worldly respectability, spirits that administer the baleful poison of such low degrading, debasing polluting filthiness. O, Chautauqua, Chautauqua, strike thy tents, burn thy cottages, leave thy pretty plains and sunny slopes to the ranch or the ploughman and the vine dresser, rather than be the hot-bed of lying heresies, that would root grow and ripen, in the minds of thy visitors to their destruction, and would shut them with the dogs and without the walls of the great Jerusalem. Without the city, yea the maker of a lie, the lover of a lie, will be cast into the abyss, the lake of fire and brimstone, which is the second death, whatever worlds of meaning may be contained in that most terrible of terribles the second death. Audacious woman who had the hardihood to write such loud and bitter falsehoods against an innocent woman, one of thine own sex, to condemn the just, and make thee an abomination to the Lord; should thy civilized sisters of every land pour on thee the sulphuric acid of their virtuous indignation? Nay, they will pray for thee if perhaps the thoughts of thy heart may be forgiven thee. Thy utterances are from the gall of bitterness within thee, poor deluded sister. O, ecclesiastical dignitary, lord over God's heritage, elevated above thy brethren to be a model for them to copy, is this thy commission, to read, approve and endorse a sickly letter from a distracted female, the product of a dyspeptic stomach, or an hysterical brain, instead of the divine incorruptible Word. A prophet may tell his dreams, may hide himself in an inner chamber but the teacher of lies shall be stopped. Drop thy reveries, cast thy mitre in the dust, gird thee with sackcloth, sit in ashes, till thy spirit attain the humility, sobriety and common sense, essential to the preaching of the Holy Word.

Dr. Harper of Chicago lectures at Chautauqua after Bishop Vincent. He affirms that God could not make a man of semitic blood that would walk uprightly, so of natural consequence these sons of Shem could not give us the truth. Is the Shemite any worse than himself surrounded as he is with light, refinement of society, civilization, laws and customs? Jeremiah, Daniel, Queen Esther, and the Messiah the Prince, were of that race. Did any of these warn us against errors in the Scriptures? Did Jesus Christ confirm the truth of such Scriptures as fellows like these doubt about. These doubters will draw disciples after them but they will not be followers of the Lamb. Joe Smith and Herbert Spencer tried their hands at making a new Bible but failed. Harper might try the task. Why set himself up to teach a Bible that he doubts the truth of? The professors and trustees of colleges repudiate with indignation the sale of degrees but who ever obtained a degree without the being forthcoming before or after. If they would not be so lavish of their parchments in certifying to qualities not possessed and attainments never

reached, the community would not be so pestered with doctors ignorant of the first elements of evidence. Christ knew that the ancient Scriptures would be attacked by these ravening wolves in sheeps' clothing and fortified in advance what might seem the most obscure and weak in the eyes of men. Instance the case of Jonah which we have heard mockers and scoffers term "the big fish story." The unbounded impudence in which he says, God has done his best with these men, but that they could not give us the Scriptures free from scientific errors, is only equalled by his deplorable ignorance of the Scriptures and the power of God. Can God not bring truth out of the mouth of the Father of Lies? "All that a man hath will he give for his life." Is he ignorant of the fact that "holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Spirit," that Scripture is not given in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Spirit teacheth, (*the ta grammata*) the things written. The dark, unutterably profound, ignorance of the Bible these people show is deplorable. How they dare and defy the Omnipotent to arms! How they would curtail and limit His power! God is long-suffering, but they may some day feel this power, they now mock and despise. It is a misfortune that people so ignorant and self-conceited should visit these beautiful valleys, poisoning the minds of audiences with these pernicious soul-destroying blasphemous heresies. The certificate of a college or university to their learning, of which perhaps they know nothing, gives a sanction in the eyes of the vulgar, to the rubbish with which they build, the smoke of which may yet suffocate them. Wandering stars to whom may be reserved the blackness of darkness, may with their dark lightnings delude and ensnare the unconverted and the ungodly. Or repentance unto life may be given them—who can tell? Grace is a mighty monarch and reigns through righteousness to eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord.

A visitor, a distinguished clergyman from the Isles of the ocean, (Emerald Isle) in this year of grace, made a detour through our pleasant valley, bringing with him to us the salutations of his church delivering us some discourses on the most precious subjects, elegant in diction and eloquent in delivery. He belongs to the highest class of intellect and though modest and unassuming, one of the most finished and polished orators we have heard in the Ottawa Valley. The sermons were far above any ever delivered in this city by anyone. In discussing truths the most sublime with the earnestness, fervor and eloquence becoming them, his language was so fitly chosen, so beautifully arranged and so thoroughly Anglo-Saxon as to make him clearly, easily understood by everyone, even moderately acquainted with our English tongue. His reading of the Scriptures conveyed a larger, clearer, grander meaning than that of an ordinary reader. Even the church intimations were read with a new force and excellence grandly superior to the common methods. His text was from the song of Solomon, "set me as a seal on thy heart, as a seal on thine arm, for love is strong as death, burning coals of God." A sublime exposition of the passage followed. He was not afraid nor ashamed to proclaim his pure orthodoxy, which was more practical than the so-called practical preaching of these parts, and that vast crowd received it with breathless attention, showing at once the power that the doctrines of grace can have when preached with unction

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as the faces of the waiting thousands there testified. In his loftiest flights the impassioned orator never threw his words in clusters, as we have often heard, causing an unintelligible blank, greatly obscuring their meaning. On the contrary the articulation was so distinct, so clear that you fancied every letter shone forth in every well-weighed word that was used throughout the whole, whilst the tone and accent filled the ear, kindled the fires of the soul in a rapture of enthusiastic delight. His sublime thoughts of God which he uttered with a faith so profound and a pathos so intense and a tender affection in such sympathy with his hearers as to make us feel, if we did not utter aloud with Jacob, "This is none other than the house of God and this is the gate of Heaven. This kind of preaching disarms the higher critic, makes ashamed the cold formalist, warming up the heart to inwardly avow undying love and eternal obedience. It was the best we ever heard in any place we have travelled on this continent. There was no hunt after metaphors, no far-fetched illustrations, no smatterings of science, but the man, the speech, the actions, all living, all natural, all becoming the pulpit and the messenger of the King of Kings, the author of life eternal. We were pleased, edified, electrified, with our eyes on the preacher and our hearts in our eyes. If Irish Presbyterians raise such boys and their colleges give such theology and polish, that nation will soon be in the Presbyterian church. Knox church was full and all were captivated. The preacher put his soul into the theme and they gave it a hearty reception. It was the water of life from the throne and they drank it. It came in power and the Holy Spirit. They wash their robes in the blood of the Lamb. God demands obedience, commands us to believe in the name of His Son. To receive him for salvation is obedience, is receiving the atonement, sealing the truth. The atoning blood covers our failures every one. His divine nature sustained His human, and he ransomed, redeemed, purchased us, and Heaven for us. The Spirit by the Holy Word creates faith in us. Christ's obedience is His and our righteousness. All are ours and we are Christ's, He in us by faith. The Father is reconciled to us by the atonement and we to Him by receiving it. The lords of Philistia said David would reconcile himself to Saul with their heads. They had more soul and sounder divinity than the lecturers of Chautauqua. Salvation is by ransom. To redeem He came under the law. Salvation was proclaimed first in the promise of the Father, then wrought out by the Son, and is now applied in the Gospel by the Spirit, including the Crown, Kingdom, Inheritance, Glory, God Himself; thy God thy glory. Knowledge of God in us is Heaven begun, eternal life. "One greater man restores us and regains the blissful seats." Rev. McCaughan's visit refreshed many. It was the bundle of myrrh, his godly doctrines gave power to the feeble, inspired more courage in the strong, dismissed doubts, made the dumb tongue sing. It was infusing the truths of heavenly life, expelling the poisonous errors of death, the sweet aroma of the leaves and blossoms and fruit of the Tree of Life from the atmosphere of the New Jerusalem, incomparably superior to the "Sabeian odours wafted from the spicy shores of Araby the blest." We can only give a passing glance to this most distinguished of our visitors in these brief annals, whilst he deserves the fullest acknowledgement as an eloquent orator and clear-headed sound divine.

Mr. Renaldo McConnell was the only one we knew of hercabouts that tried to domesticate the fur-bearing animals, minks, beavers and otters, but his bounds were too limited and his wooden walls too insecure to confine these coy, cute creatures. They stayed some time but diminished and disappeared. Deer parks are not uncommon in any country but they have not received the attention that insures success. A domain might be fenced with a cedar hedge that in twenty-five or thirty years would be secure, provided the gaps were prevented or kept filled. Or a row or double row of trees, indiginous to the soil, could be planted at a very moderate cost, cutting down on the sides those likely to fall on it by storms. All in the line, which need not be a straight line, could be marked and left and the spaces between filled up with suitable young trees. The young trees might be planted on the surface spreading the roots and covering with surface earth. This we have found to be the best plan. Booms could be stretched across streams and rock difficulties overcome, amphibious animals could dive under or crawl over booms but would return again and only a few that you cared to retain would climb the hedge and get away. Ontario could enclose such a preserve on her north territory. The Americans have legally prohibited deer-killing till it is said they have immense herds of Moose and others along the norwestern states but they have permitted the annihilation almost totally of the Buffalo. The poled Angus or black Galoway furnishes a hyde not a bad substitute for the Buffalo robe. The question of profit has to be considered but excepting rapacious and dangerous predatory creatures regard should be had to the preservation of the fauna of our country with such a northern belt suitable for that purpose.

In this first volume we have stated the facts not intentionally to the injury or the advantage of anyone. Write us if any correction is necessary, and for information in Volume 2nd, which will begin with the early days of Bytown, for which much is collected and written. Having lived in the valley from childhood and been famliar with it from Montreal to Mattawa and from the Gulf St. Lawrence to the Huron, we ask information from correspondents on the upper and lower Ottawa that we may furnish a record of facts and events that should not be lost from the generations to come.

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DIFFICULTIES OF RELIGION.

THE first great difficulty in religion is that humanity has broken the restraints of law and separated itself from God. The vessel has parted its cable, left its anchor and is driven by adverse winds of passion upon trackless seas, with dim hopes of regaining its former anchorage, or re-uniting the broken strains of the cable that bound it to the peaceful shore. Yet in the deepest degradation and widest wanderings, man cannot wholly forget his origin. Unhappy creature, he can neither forgive his offences nor renovate his debased nature. Alienation from God is atheism, and yet atheism is abhorrent to his mind. He has struggled through the ages to give himself a religion and failed utterly to even satisfy himself. Beginning with Cain, who struck out from the family religion, down to Herbert Spencer, how many vain attempts have been made and systems proposed, to meet this confessed want? The religions that cover the earth are an insult and an abhorrence to the unknown God, whom men ignorantly worship.

Despoiled man sought to clothe himself with leaves at the beginning; in subsequent ages he has wrapped himself in any rags that come in his way; to slake his burning thirst he plunges into the most polluted waters; endeavoring to find his way home, buries himself in frightful deserts, a "waste howling wilderness." If truth has not had a lodgment in his mind in his early training, the greater evolution in his talents, the more he mingles with the world, in the more sovereign contempt he holds religion. He professes to know almost nothing of his soul, less still of a future state, and least of all the Author of his being. Two thousand years ago, the Greeks had an altar to the unknown God, evidently thinking He ought to be worshipped. Agnostics scarcely believe that now. Paul showed the Greeks that this ignorance was inexcusable in the face of the visible creation. Had specimens of those Greeks been frozen and laid away above the snow line in the mountains to be waked from that catalepsy in the genial light of the 19th century, would they present a more antique appearance than some modern thinkers? What has the religions of China, Hindostan and the neighboring countries done for their votaries? The star worship of the Assyrians, the sun worship of the Persians, the polythism, as it may be termed, of ancient Greeks and Romans; the idolatries of Scythians and savage Scandinavians accomplished no more for these nations than kissing the dust from the feet of hideously stupid idols does for the degraded, swarthy African. Home spun theories of religion never satisfy men, though they would delight to be their own Saviour. Elevated natures—Moral Esthetes, tax their imaginations largely and fancy they find God in his works. The lofty mountains infinitely variegated, that cast the long shadows over the plains in the morning and evening seem to strike them with wonder. The beauty of the green woods, the flowery meadows, the waving corn and the golden grain kindle a kind of enthusiastic devotion; the ocean lashed into tempest, rolling its foaming billows as if to overwhelm the earth with its funnel shaped waterspouts, etc., raised to the clouds by the furious monsoons from the burning desert, present a kind of savage grandeur to the eye and the mind. The surpassing magnificence of the starry heavens, (a revelation of the infinite) contemplated in the calm clear evening with

all the interest modern discovery throws us, presenting countless archipelagos of systems like our solar system, must fill the mind with profound reverence and carry it away in ecstasy. Finding everything so full of God they suppose they have found religion. Often there is a terrible recoil. Everything is full of God but themselves. They discover that all the impressions made by the beauty and grandeur of nature are not religion. Leaving the fantasia of imagination that never regenerates the soul, we might turn to the thinkers, the philosophers, who profess to explain everything but often end in doubting everything, and see what they bring forth. Spinoza, Hume, Strauss, Hegel, Renan, Spencer, in the different countries of Europe, have sought to give a religion or a philosophy equivalent to a religion. Have they succeeded? The drift of their teaching is to destroy a belief in the external world. They say we do not see objects only the light that shows them or their images, or that makes the sensation or impression in the organs and the idea in the mind being unlike, so far as we know the object of vision; these objects may have no existences and everything may be reduced to mind. As to creation Herbert Spencer has only the atomic theory of Epicurus to propose. Atoms falling in straight lines with the semi-velocity could never strike each other to form globes. If they fall in oblique line, what gave the turn? Was the law of gravitation then in existence, are questions they are in duty bound to answer. They may have done great thinking and contributed something to the stock of knowledge; but so far as giving a religion to man is concerned they fail utterly and are merely destructives.

The human mind in healthy exercise exhibits its qualities, endowments, termed its powers or faculties. Is it composed of these? Is it not one and indivisible, acting in so many directions or channels, imagining, judging, willing? Circumscribed limited, it may be very active pressing on to the highest culture. No field of observation should be so attractive to it as that of religion. This is our salvation. If we have a vestige of doubt to eradicate it, we should examine the Book claiming to be the only rule of faith and duty, the sovereign guide of our life and destiny; hear its statements. Consider the times, places, circumstances of its coming to us—interrogate history, philosophy, science, be unsparing in our researches but honest in our convictions on a point so vital. In true religion, God communicates his will or law to man for his obedience. Obedience supposes command. The rejection of this is atheism, depriving us of all belief. This implies that God is sovereign and yet free—that His spirit can make himself understood by ours—that we are free agents and yet dependent—that he admits our prayers to influence His will and hold a place in His divine government. Can we comprehend these things. Yet these are the postulates of religion. Reject them and you have no religion. In the domain of miracles and mysteries the mind is at sea. They are indescribable as life itself is. Our existence is a mystery; the comprehension of thoughts flowing from mind to mind; how impressions are made upon us by external objects—how we think, will love, hate, are all mysteries. We ask no explanations of these things, take them as self-evident truths necessary to our being. Is there any royal road to religion? I will believe the Bible to be the word of God, and the only rule of faith till they prove it false. Will they do so? Dr. Briggs has not proven a verse or sentence in the Pentateuch to be not written by Moses. Could he uproot the references to Moses in both Testaments, the remains would be too fragmentary for even such a redactor as himself to construct an intelligent revelation. Is it not surprising that any scholar having read the Scriptures should father such an objection? In his higher criticism he holds that they offered no sacrifices in the desert. This fallacious statement few would trouble themselves to contradict. To attack

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part of Revelation is to attack the whole, and to shield him is to place the church court in antagonism to the whole of Christianity. Let us resume—a true religion must be mysterious. Its very sublimity makes it the more so. The tallest pines and the loftiest towers project the lengthiest shadows. In order to commend itself to mankind must Christianity tamely and complacently divest itself of miracle and mystery? Why, its strength lies in its influxibility. Mysteries and miracles do not themselves convert, but they accompany and seal the truths that do. The cup may convey to the parched lips of the fever stricken patient the remedy prescribed by the kind physician, but the cup cures him not. The rift in the strata of rock may keep the little rill coming from the spring deep in the mountain side so that the traveller can refresh himself—without this opening it had run hidden under the rocks and lost itself under the sands. The purest of the sons of men could not redeem from eternal death, make atonement for sin or forgive the transgressions of others; but if the Son of God will unite his divine nature with the human nature then, the divine man, the God man can do these things not as man but as God man mediator. The altar sanctifies the gifts. The God sustains the man. It is most important to know that the word of God is the means of our regeneration, that we are born of the Spirit, born of God, pass from death to life; does it so concern us to know how this seed operates on the heart, how the spirit performs his creative work; the grand design of a revelation is the conversion, sanctification and salvation of men; the truths revealed accomplish this. Of what use would the things concealed from us be except to gratify a vain curiosity which heaven will never indulge. Revealed truths have a bearing on our salvation; we have no reason to suppose that what is kept secret from us has the least relation to our salvation. To let the word of Christ dwell in us richly, to sustain our spiritual life by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God, is a life's work. Were this life triple the length it now is, what time have we for anything else? Moses hushed this tendency in his day. "Secret things belong to the Lord, but these that are revealed belong to us and to our children forever." In the early ages there were men to whom revelations from God were most welcome, and whose desires centred on a coming Messiah, but whose bodily eyes did not, like Simeon's, see that salvation. Since the advent of Christ there have been multitudes to whom a crucified Saviour was most precious and regeneration most necessary. If mysteries and miracles are difficulties we believe the first disciples understood them no better than we do; could grapple no better with them than we can. But they were saved. Converts were made among the ignorant, the learned, the sages and on tribunals, and on thrones, as well as among soldiers and slaves. History does not record that one generation understood these things better than another. Did this obscurity render them unhappy, when every truth essential to their salvation was radiant with light and glory? Let us receive into our hearts the same sublime, pure, yet simple truths, and they will save us.

We have seen that religion and mystery are inseparable—that the truths, the mysteries envelope are easily understood whilst it would be unjust and unreasonable to demand an account of the mysteries which do not bear on our salvation even remotely and the knowledge of which if even possible would serve us no visible purpose. Human religions have had their origin in and many of them have been associated with deeds revolting and loathsome. On such grounds the enemies of Christianity have charged it with avoiding investigation and research and assert that to remove the veil would be to discover its weakness. This charge is false. Men can readily discover whether it springs from the spirit of truth or from the spirit of error. How could men receive a religion as divine

that concealed the evidences or its divinity. The sacred scriptures purport to be spoken and written by men moved by a divine impulse at particular ages of our history and are to be judged by the same laws of evidence as other writings. If they endure the test receive them, if not turn to the wisdom of the sages and get from them what revelation has not been able to supply. The scholarly attainments of the first writer, Moses, cannot be called in question—he was no dupe nor could he so easily deceive the Egyptians were he so disposed. No doubt existed in any mind that God was with him in the presence of the signs and wonders he did, Jesus Christ did nothing, taught nothing in secret, but openly. This thing was not done in a corner. Bacon's idols of the grove and the cave had no place in such minds. Religion was thus established by argument, persuasion and the power of the invisible spirit of the Lord. Christianity is therefore the religion of conviction, not of the sword and power and authority. It is spoken as to wise men, and they are to judge of its excellency. Nothing so persuasive as an atonement—the crucifixion becomes the divine power in the soul. The Holy Writings so clearly show man's sinful condition, so fully describe the remedies and their effectual application as to produce on the mind the most indelible impression of their divinity. Morality violated and down trodden was elevated and established on its true foundation. The “do and live” of all human religions, the impossibility with man was met by the “live and do” of truth. Christianity first gives life, the basis of all moral and spiritual action. Love, the source of this life, never sets bounds to its conquests or the possibility of its labors having an end. That would be unhappiness. Love holds an eternal reign in every soul that has passed from death to life. It is neither vanquished nor wearied with conquering. This religion heralded from heaven in the light of day established by notable miracles and surrounded by monuments to this day is the lands of its birth and its adoption founds its characteristic on argument. When you demonstrate a point to a proper degree it should be received without dispute. But suppose it contained a contradiction. Suppose a proposition evidently false should never-the-less be true—then evidence would not be a characteristic of truth and no religion could be proved true—for what evidently seemed false was true and *vice versa*. A line the diameter of a circle is shorter than a line the circumference of the same circle reverse this and you have no evidence to prove anything in mathematics. We cannot see that even miracles could render a religion credible that contained absurdities. If there is anything capable of taxing the powers of the most logical reasoner it is that of the Trinity, one God in three persons. With great humility should such a subject be contemplated.

Christians generally agree on the doctrine of the Trinity. The unity of God as well as His eternal power is manifest in creation. Revelation unfolds his personality as well as his unity. The Son becomes incarnate, whilst the Father who is with him does not. The Father upholds the honor of justice whilst the son who is with him becomes obedient unto death on the cross. The Holy Spirit does not become incarnate, but proceeds from the Father and the Son, whilst the Father and the Son do not proceed. These truths are far above reason, but do not oppose or revolt it. We do not say there are three essences and but one essence in the same sense in the divine nature, nor three persons and yet but one person in the same sense. Can we say that we have a clear conception of either the essence or the personality. When we say the eternal Son of God becomes man and so was and continues to be God and man in two distinct natures and one person we neither define nor pretend to comprehend that union more than that of soul and body. We do not attempt to define the

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nature of the work of the Holy Spirit on human souls any more than we would try to define Himself the illimitable. The most exalted reason cannot reach these sublime doctrines, but it is not offended with them and does not revolt against them. There is no absurdity or contradiction in these revelations, nor the statements we make of these doctrines. A contradiction to us is the opposition of two two known ideas or that a thing is what it is not. I have the evidence of sight and touch that this paper on which I write and this pencil with which I write are not the same thing or that the one is not the other. To reverse this would be to me a contradiction. The finite cannot grasp the infinite. A human mind is so limited in its conception of the essence and the personality of the self-existing being that a contradiction in these revelations is to it impossible. Therefore, it is very unsafe, very hazardous, to say there is a contradiction in points on which his knowledge at best is but confused. When we consult what God has revealed of himself to us we find there is in Him what is so far above us as to be a foundation for the belief that in the Divine nature there is a Father, Son and Holy Spirit. In one aspect three, in another one, and yet how three and but one surpasses the limits of our intelligence—the mystery we know nothing about, believe nothing about as respecting which we are not conscious of having any responsibility. You may ask why believe these doctrines? They are revealed to us. Each acts a great part, takes a deep interest in our salvation. The Holy Father in infinite wisdom and love planned our eternal felicity. The Son with natural and supernatural affection bare our sins. The Holy Spirit with ineffable tenderness communicates spiritual life and nourishes it in us to fit us for eternal felicity. All this creates in us gratitude, admiration and love; turns us from transgression and enables us to work out our salvation. Who does not need to believe these doctrines? Are they not essential to our happiness? Must our souls, made in the image of God, perish for lack of knowledge? The very doctrine of the divine purposes in which rash and restless spirits have been plunging for more than eighteen centuries must be proclaimed, that men may make their "calling and election sure." The profound darkness of these mysteries gives us no trouble, whilst the truths they envelope bear strictly on our salvation, are deluged with a prodigality of light almost dazzling the soul in the effulgence of their glory and beauty. "Light is sweet and it is a pleasant thing for the eyes to behold the sun," and the green fields of earth and the blue expanse of Heaven are not unhealthful in their endless variety. Christianity has no contradiction, whilst it furnishes arguments in limitless variety accompanied by the clearest evidence for our increase of knowledge in its sublime doctrines, and guards against our overstepping the limits of our mind in our investigation and researches. Argument supported by evidence establishes truth, but to disregard evidence as characteristic of truth would be to extinguish our knowledge and so no truth could be established. On this point if evidence carried no conviction we could be under no obligation to receive the teachings of any religion because we are not obliged to receive an absurdity. Constituted as we are we cannot believe an absurdity unless under strong delusion for it revolts our reason and contradicts the evidences of our senses. Some think religion should be an endless day, a blaze of sunshine without cloud or shadow, darkness or eclipse—that the goodness of God engages him to give us a religion free from difficulties or stumbling blocks, radiant with truth and easy of comprehension. May not most of the hindrances be of our own formation. We do not leap into the world with our faculties full blown. The mountain summit is reached by climbing. Inactivity is not enjoyment. Faith the greatest source of our knowledge is far above gold or rubies or diamonds. Bless your God

then who has given you the easy light in which to secure the precious gems of truth ; and the clouds and shadows even the night of mysteries when reason itself enjoys repose and the opiate of sleep wraps it in the softest coverings whence it awakes like a giant refreshed from the grandest pursuits and the highest enjoyments.

It is useless to waste time reviewing the religion of China, Hindostan Africa and the Isles of the seas. They are not even moral Confucius, the hoary sages of India, Zoroaster and many others have not left indelible impressions of even a negative morality on the races and nations that claimed them as leaders. Islamism the nearest of human religions to Christianity, has borrowed all its moral principles from the Christian scriptures. Mahomet it is said could neither read or write. But he professed to have conversed with the Angel Gabriel for many years. Sergius, the monk, a runaway from the Christians, may have done more for him than the angel, in writing the fugitive scraps, that his successors collected, with additions and amendations that compose the Koran. Yet this religion of the false prophet is not fitted for the nations, carrying with it polygamy and despotism, antagonistic to freedom, progress and civilization. Its good points are belief in one God, Creator and Governor and its hostility to idolatry. The Jewish religion, whilst admitting proselytes, made no pretensions to universality. It preserved among a people the knowledge and worship of the one living and true God till the coming of Messiah the Prince, the promise of the prophets and the desire of all nations. Human religions are unprofitable and vain. They impose on the neck a yoke too severe, grievous and unendurable. Happiness as the reward of labor is the point where they all terminate. The more one in conscience undertakes to obey the law the more he discovers he has to do. He must repent, he must pardon himself—he must regenerate himself—efface sin from his nature, compel himself to love God, or there is for him no hope in any of these human religions. Can he do these ; can the condemned criminal grant his own pardon and walk out to liberty ? Without this there is no religion. The anguish of soul must be great when he turns in vain to all created beings for aid. The entire universe cannot fill the desires of his heart. The uncreated God now comes to his aid with a religion suited to fill all his empty desires, all his famished soul requires—Redemption from bondage, atonement for offences, justification from guilt, regeneration of nature, and transformation into the image of the heavenly ; finally resurrection and eternal life. This blessed religion was at first committed to a few simple fishermen, who quitted their nets and boats, to learn it, and then announced it to the nations of the earth. They made no pretensions to influence, power or wealth, to literature, philosophy or eloquence. They told the story of love. Their Master's life, teachings and death, they simply exhibited to the multitude and they recognized in Him what for three thousand years the famished souls of men had craved in vain ; " His disciples multiplied in Jerusalem daily and a great company of the priests were obedient to the faith." Synagogues, schools and private houses were thronged with devout, enquiring worshippers : idol temples were deserted, schools of philosophy emptied, the wisdom of sages thrown into the shade, fires died out on the altars, and three centuries later when Julian the Emperor summoned the pagans of the world to meet Him and revive the old religion. He was met at the shrine by a solitary priest carrying a single goose under his arm for an offering. Did these uneducated fishermen construct this system from their own wisdom, or did they receive it from Heaven ? This religion reconciles reason and faith, love and fear, grace and justice, liberty and obedience, exhibits truth entire, claims a universality of application and is adapted to every

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creature. The difficulties are—how are we to be put in possession of it? If God will give a religion to man, it must be communicated; it must be revealed. We may suppose that God was free either to give or not to give man a religion; unless we suppose that in creating man in His own image He bound Himself to give him the means of being happy. A revelation from Him would commend itself to us and to act consistent and like Himself. He would furnish the means of knowing and deciding that it was His own word. There is a company of people in the world called Christians. They have been here more than 1800 years. Their existence need not be proved, but may be freely taken for granted. They have writings called scriptures which they have preserved with the most sacred and scrupulous care. Another class or race of men exist in the world called Jews or Hebrews, whose history is interwoven with the history of the nations for about 4,000 years. This fact we need not wait to prove. These people have Scriptures that they have preserved pure and entire with the most religious care and exactness which is easily proved. The Jewish Scriptures are termed the Old Testament, the Christians the New Testament. They are called the word of God and contain and teach what we are to believe concerning Him and what duties we owe to Him and to our fellow men. Is it difficult to know that these scriptures are from God? He has taken care to engrave His character on the record. A large class of men take the book and examine its contents with honest heart and find that the wants of their nature are so well described, and the provisions made for them are so ample, and they feel their inner nature so satisfied and renovated by the power and influence of these holy writings, they enjoy a peace and happiness that no philosophy or science can ever give. They accept the teachings and work of Christ as all sufficient and bless Him from the depths of their souls for such favors. This is one way opened into the citadel of faith; a path trodden by the great bulk of the saved. The other method, is to come with an honest heart scholarly preparations, and investigate the evidences that lie open to all enquiries concerning the book, and their authors, whether they are the genuine productions of these men, were written at the times specified and have been transmitted pure and uncorrupted to us. These two paths may be termed the highways of the ages opened to men into the domain of faith. Should these be set aside, despised neglected, on the plea that God should convert us in a moment by a miracle, or some means not indicated by himself it would be to demand of him more than he has engaged or bound himself to furnish. If he determined to save us by knowledge or wisdom, it must be left to himself what communications to make and what means we should employ to possess ourselves of this knowledge. He has done more for us than for elect angels, who learn by the church his manifold wisdom desire to look into these mysteries but cannot fathom them. To refuse the truth till the mysteries should be solved would be to reject it forever. Nature is full of mysteries but practically they give us no trouble; why should we treat religion otherwise? Our nature is very limited but we do not complain that we have only five senses instead of twenty, making the range of our sensations four-fold greater than it now is and vastly multiplying our thoughts and ideas. We have very limited notion of light but it is associated with darkness. Light is very sweet and pleasant, but did it ever enter our heads to object to the idea of darkness? The night is esteemed and valued by everyone. It is rest for the weary. It wraps the memory of sorrow and pains in a soft thick vail of oblivion. It reveals immensity to the eyes of the beholder and gives the man of science ineffable delight as he tries to estimate the size and distances of these mighty orbs. To the mind hallowed by truth the night of mysteries gives exquisite delight unfolding the immensity of

the being who has bowed the heavens and condescended to converse as it were with his creature without undue familiarity.

The feebleness of our knowledge is accounted for in the narrow limits of the human mind. We are thinkers, it is true, but a little application shows us that in the region of thought we are very circumscribed. We can attend to a subject more or less closely, but how often is the train of thought broken up or interrupted by other fugitive thoughts obtruding, and we detect ourselves away from the point and must return. If the mind attempts several subjects or trains of thought at the same time it is overpowered and can do justice to none of them. Dissipation weakens the mind, and we would regard him as a prodigious man who could attend to several subjects at once. We hear of cases like Julius Cæsar's dictating to several writers at the same time, but some allowance must be made for the hireling panegyrists of the times. Experience will show any of us that to treat a subject properly thought must be concentrated, all else must be shut off, and we must be deaf to sounds and blind to surrounding objects if we are to attend to the one thing, not to speak of several things at the same time. If you consider that excellence of the mind we term the affections, the application is much the same. In the words of One who knew the mind better than all others we read, "No man can serve two masters," a person cannot indulge a number of passions at once, as the one will overturn the other. The love of money and the love of pleasure or glory antagonize one another or take the mind by turns, but some one is sure to be in the ascendancy. The mind may be absorbed in a subject so much as to wholly exercise itself in that one channel, leaving the other faculties idle, as if they existed not, or it could not employ itself in any of them, and the man may be for the time a thinking or a feeling being and completely so. Or if you turn to the external senses or the sensational part of your nature, the impression made on the organ, say the odors of the roses or some very rich perfume, the sensation wholly occupies you for the moment and you have no room for anything besides; or the vision of a landscape or beautiful scenery, like a magnolia grove or a flowering poplar, or a peach orchard in full bloom, your attention is completely engaged with the vision or the scent to the exclusion of surrounding objects. The same may be remarked of the charm of exquisite music and many other things. It is said that a pain tolerable in the day is insupportable in the darkness because the mind turns its power on it, other attractions being wanting to distract or divide the attention. All this applies so well to the subject of religion that, as we see persons employed in any profound study like scientific subjects, they find the progress very slow, and if slow in these human sciences how much more so in the abysmal depths of the mysteries of religion.

The narrow limits in which the mind is enclosed, and the manner in which it is distracted, having some fugitive thoughts ever tugging at it, asserting their claims to attention—the thoughts on cares of the body, health, comforts, the provision for the future, all urging a warfare within, a struggle for the ascendancy—is it at all astonishing the slow progress it is capable of making in the knowledge of abstruse subjects? Another reason of the limits of our knowledge is that these mysteries of religion are calculated to strike our minds with the greatest astonishment, and to overwhelm it with a deep sense of its own insignificance to grapple with such subjects. What do they treat of but that which is most impenetrable? They treat of the divine essence, His illimitable attributes, the perfections of the Uncreated One, whatever has been considered the most immense, grand and inspiring in his exalted nature; what is the most elevated and sublime; what has excited the wonder and commanded the admira-

tion of the best balanced, gifted and mighty endowed minds in all ages. Can creatures limited, confined, have any other than confused notions of communications made to them from the infinite mind? This holds not merely in our present state, whilst we see but through a glass darkly, but we can never be anything but creatures finite and circumscribed, whilst God is always infinite and beyond all comprehension. The limited can never reach the illimitable. Canst thou by searching find out God; canst thou find out the Almighty to perfection? Who maketh Arcturus, Orion, Pleiades and the chambers of the south? Who doeth great things past finding out and wonders without number? He goeth by me and I see him not; he passeth on also but I perceive him not. Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? Declare if thou hast understanding who hath laid the measures thereof, if thou knowest, and who hath stretched the line upon it? Whereupon are the foundations thereof fastened? or who laid the corner stone thereof; when the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy! Or shut up the sea with doors, when it broke forth as if it had issued out of the womb! When I made the cloud the garment thereof and thick darkness the swaddling band for it, and brake up for it my decreed place and set bars and doors, and said hitherto shalt thou come but no further, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed. Should it astonish us that creatures confined to a small portion of this earth cannot sound these depths? Is it not laudable to attempt it? Sometimes with impatient wing we take the flight, but when we have exhausted our strength and found no resting place we return with weary wing to the ark. In other words, let us rest securely on the Rock that is higher than we. Moses prayed to behold the divine glory. Paul, that he might proclaim the unsearchable riches of Christ. Let us, with these mightiest spirits of our race, seek to know what we are capable of attaining to of this incomprehensible Being, that we cultivate more exalted ideas of His immensity and grandeur. It would indicate want of sense and defect in the understanding to be dissatisfied with religion, because we cannot comprehend its infinite Author and the deep things it contains of Himself. Are we displeased that we are creatures endowed with intelligence? Do we not thank the Son who has given us an understanding that we may know him that is true? Shall we not brighten up our enquiries and push our investigations as far as our powers will permit with the hope of seeing one day face to face and knowing as we are known.

Another cause of the obscurity of our knowledge is that the simplest truth and the least complicated objects have depths beyond the "reach of thought," because there is no object in creation, no truth in all the fields of knowledge that is not bound by one end, if we may so say, to infinity, and how can the mind comprehend these unless it can comprehend that infinity? Here I am placed in the centre of multitudes of things foreign to me—sights, sounds, odors, flavors, lights, shades and figures to all appearance the least complete possible, but in depth they transcend the power of my thought. The sensations they produce stir up a series of inquiries in the mind that I cannot answer; difficulties that I cannot solve; obscurities that reason cannot illumine. Impressed with these sensations and perceptions, I ask myself: Is this knowledge of these actions real or only fanciful? Have these things a real existence independent of me, or are they only impressions or fancies in my mind? Is the idea of the object in my mind like the object? Some reputed philosophers question the existence of the external object. Cannot the author of all this produce these impressions and form these ideas in my mind without the presence of surrounding objects? On the contrary, will a being who is truth itself and possessed of

such creative powers deceive me by giving sensations and perceptions of adventitious objects that have no real existence? Contact with the objects produces impressions; these impressions remain, I am compelled to believe, in their existence or renounce my common sense because they surround me, but I cannot comprehend the simplest of them without comprehending that infinity to which they are so mysteriously united. Myriads of other things come up for discussion that I cannot settle. But is it not safe for me to conclude that the evidence they present is satisfactory and that without further question I should believe and receive that evidence on which their real existence is fully established? The Supreme Being alone can see all the evidence, know all circumstances and relations that connect the minutest of His works with himself—"Known unto God are all His works from the foundation of the world." The subjects on which religion leaves so much obscurity do not rest on simple principles that can be comprehended in an instant. Subjects require more or less time to unfold them according to their nature. The ablest calculator cannot make a demonstration of a complicated problem in a moment. He must have time; perhaps must do it in parts or sections; and if the onlookers are dull it will take the longer time to make his explanations clear to their capacities. One has to prove to himself by a succession of ideas what he cannot take in by a single view. A man on a mountain top can take a survey at a glance of a great stretch of country on the level plains below compared to what he could on foot, or even at a high rate of speed. The infinite intelligence of the mysterious Being who created all things has every evidence; all things open before him, from before the birth of time till time shall be no longer, far more perfectly than a single thought can be in our mind. We cannot suppose a succession of ideas in the infinite mind. All time is before Him. I am is his memorial to all generations. Great divines have supposed that He had all possible plans before Him when He made the universe, and that He chose the best. We think the supposition destroys itself; imperfect plans could have no place in a perfect infinite intelligence. Were religion cumbered with the details of abstruse doctrines, and we were required to study all the e, would a thousand years suffice for such an effort? Suppose one wished to commend the excellency of a system, say the Copernican or Newtonian astronomy, and I should furnish a dozen other systems, we can only judge by a careful comparison—now apply this to the universe; when could the comparison be made, and what bearing would it have on our duties, and, absorbed as we are in cares and anxieties, what attention could we give to such vast designs? Religion reveals but very imperfectly its mysteries, and maintains a discreet silence upon myriads of doctrines, because not one of them is required to be known in order to the discharge of duty, and to study these with our present powers would be like asking us to point out objects in the blue heavens in a cloudless day or in the dark, unfathomed caves of earth or ocean. Who ever could explain the work in our inner nature of that mysterious spirit from on high of the wind that bloweth where it listeth through the limitless universe in an instant? Our restless curiosity has not been gratified by revelation that would lead us to multiply speculation to infinity and turn us not only from doing good to others but from bringing our thought into obedience to Christ and purifying our souls in obeying the truth. The very restriction of our knowledge is a standing monument of infinite wisdom.

This contracted, fleeting life is inseparable from losses, trials, sorrows, sufferings, miseries. Prisoners of hope we are, it is true, but exiles, aliens, foreigners and strangers in a foreign land. The objections against religion and the objections against the complications of our calamities are capable of nearly the

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same answer. It is that we are still clothed with material bodies—that the fearful festering wounds of sin are not yet completely healed—that reason is enslaved—the circle of our thoughts contracted—the soul hungering and thirsting for knowledge; its true aliment is affected at every step in its investigations, fettered, imprisoned—wingless to take its lofty flight from a world where selfishness reigns supreme; smitten with blindness it knows not itself much less the infinite. Truth is so sublime, and the soul is so little that tropes, metaphors, images, figures, are essential to teach us to know even in part. Yet, how feeble these are to the realities. What is a kid for a sin's offering to the sacrifice on Calvary? What is the white robed high priest with his jewelled breast and shoulders representing the twelve tribes to the Great High Priest of our religion, Christ Jesus, who is passed into the Heavens having obtained eternal redemption for us? We are children here, but manhood is to be reached and then placed in the midst of the most exalted environments, we shall not so slowly proceed in our acquirements. We might here take a lesson from the fiery Tishbite. He ran before the chariot of the unworthy monarch to the entrance of Jesreel, and receiving there a notice that his head would not stand on his body by that time next day, he then fled for his life, and when at considerable distance, wearied out, he threw himself down to sleep under a juniper tree and prayed for death. Had he any will to make? Anything to bequeath? A cloak and belt—he would give his flesh to the vultures and his bones to the jackals—he seems not to know yet of his translation. Ready he was to leave his woes and sorrows and the warfare with the Queen, who was disappointed at not finding him to slake her thirst with his blood, then rather pleased that he had exiled himself from her dominion. He had kings to anoint and a prophet to train ere he stepped into the chariot of fire and took up the reins for his serial flight to a crown and throne. At the translation, when the whirlwind subsided, Elisha took his mantle and returned homeward, wailing out his regrets for the master he had lost. Did Elijah regret the world he left? Did he mourn his departure? Had he to gather up all his strength and resolution to meet what was like death and resurrection too—to summon all his fortitude to grapple with the last enemy? Alas! How we have to tear ourselves away—wrench ourselves off as if plucking up trees by the root—our attachment is so great we must be torn away. Is Heaven so uninviting—Heaven, the city of the perfection of knowledge, love, obedience and felicity, the great central kingdom of God's dominions around which revolve all these central suns with all their planetary systems, like so many archipelagos—so little enchanting that sinners cannot drop their burdens, enter the strait gate and follow the highway where the ransomed of the Lord are hastening onward to glory eternal? Embruted men to whom the perfection of beauty has no attractions! The rum shop—that covetousness which is idolatry—the love of gain, to gratify which they make their wealth a leverage to oppress and extort their mites from the poverty stricken of their own species—these, and the ten thousands of others that might be named, carry them headlong. They not only do not give to the needy as commanded but contrive to rob them of the product of their toil. This high-handed robbery is chargeable against governments in kingdoms, states and provinces, against manufacturers and merchants, combines, bankers and money lenders, against every form of extortion in the hands of rich or poor. Then, how speech and language is corrupted and polluted with blasphemous expressions, oaths and curses without number. What a vehicle to pollute one another is conversation corrupted by the vileness of the heart from which it comes and contrived and uttered to produce laughter and amusement absolutely indelicate

and calculated only to offend the ear of innocence. Wars are looked upon as horrible because thousands are slain and other thousands wounded, and nations are plundered and spoiled, both the conquerors and the vanquished, but drunkenness and riotous living are the common occurrences and scarcely rebuked. With what eagerness do some, and with what deliberation do others place themselves in that catalogue of whom it is declared they shall not inherit the kingdom of heaven. What an experience will it be to those to see the victims of their fraud, rapine and cruelty pardoned, purified and admitted to Heaven and they themselves left out. The door of repentance is open and the way of reformation is possible. The greatest difficulties of religion are of our own making. They are, in the practical part of religion, so clear, plain and palpable. Lives there a man who does not know that liars shall go into perdition—that deceit, extortion, fraud and a host of like evils are crimson in color. The difficulties of the speculative pale before the degradation produced by these practical defects in their degrading, dehumanizing influences on society and the world.

THE objectors to religion because of its difficulties should present one free from or with at least fewer difficulties and we would gladly receive it. The doctrine of the Trinity is very mysterious we fully admit. The object of our adoration is one God in three persons. The union of the divine and human natures in the person of the mediator is a depth unfathomable, but what sinner can afford to reject, what sinner does not need to believe in, a mediator so qualified and suitable? The manner in which the divine Spirit operates upon the soul is indescribable, ineffable; but who will deny the necessity of his work in the renovation of our nature and its preparation for the celestial state. The plans, purposes, foreknowledge, designs, decrees, of the Eternal Father are declared to us in the sacred Scriptures. These no created intelligence can fathom or comprehend. The lovers and defenders of religion are not all of gigantic intellects, perhaps cannot state arguments in the clearest light or arrange their evidences and proofs in the most perfect order. They may not be able to satisfy every inquirer, for some are not easily satisfied. They may not be able to see alike the same points of doctrine, so that forbearance and meanness is often taxed in the best tempered men. The golden rule is not always observed. These things are often used against religion. Collect then all the difficulties we admit, add to them if you please those we do not admit, and form your system. We shall then request you to show us in opposition to this a system which is not loaded with greater and more inextricable difficulties. Do you prefer atheism, and say we cannot prove the existence of God; how do you account for time, space, forms? Here are mysteries infinitely less defensible to rational beings than those of religion. "The invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead, so they are without excuse."

Do you oppose the doctrine of a Providence preserving and governing all creatures; their movements and actions; alleging that all things are under laws and do not require intervention or supervision? Did you ever know laws to execute themselves? Should you prepare statute books and pile them as high as Ben Lomond they would lie there harmless for ever as to execution. Whence come the laws that you speak of? Are they created or of eternal existence according to the fitness of things? Perhaps you think that to notice the little concerns of the world is beneath the dignity of an uncreated and eternal existence? Remember that if their creation was not unworthy of Him neither is their care and government. Could infinite wisdom and power create beings

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that would be ungovernable? Would He create intelligent moral beings except according to laws the observance of which would be the virtue and felicity of these beings and His own glory? What can you conceive to be a duty that is not prescribed? Speaking of laws and revelations:—Can you suppose that shepherds, poets, tentmakers, fishermen, husbandmen, vinedressers, and if you will historians and warriors, have been able of themselves to speak of the origin of the world, the formation of man, the philosophy of his nature, its desires and duties, the perfection of God, government and history, in a style far more sublime and much better sustained than all the sages of the East, the wise men of Greece, and the philosophers of Rome; names that made antiquity venerable, and whose fame has not yet died away in the world. If you say the religions are alike, or there is no authority but our own—"that man made his own temple." How then account for the preservation of the holy writings? The anxiety in man to teach truth to his species; in fact to carry it over the broad earth in the face of the most overwhelming difficulties? How would you account for that fearlessness of men, otherwise timid, braving all dangers, sacrificing life itself where the maintenance of truth is concerned? How do you account for the progress of human society in all lands where truth has been planted, a progress you look for in vain where Christianity is not in advance of it? Despotisms disappear before liberty, the captive set free, and that blot of humanity, slavery, destroyed. Investigate all the religions in the world, where will you find a light without darkness, a day without night? If the difficulties in religion were multiplied—its doctrines less clearly proved, our knowledge more circumscribed and limited—we should receive it with deepest gratitude as infinitely preferable to all other systems to which the human attention has ever been directed. The bare possibility of its truth should lead us to embrace it, to avoid the evil and secure the good. The Christian religion proves itself from God and claims for its author the homage of every man and woman of God's creation. Can a rational creature take any other part than admit the force of the reasoning supported by evidences so cogent? We must receive this religion or "make God a liar" by rejecting His own testimony of His own Son. If the truths of God were generally, not to say universally received, how soon they would change the face of society? Every man would speak truth—hypocrisy, fraud, injustice, violence and wars would cease—contentment, kindness, love to God and man, would have a glorious reign. Should not this hold in the British Empire? Should not party strife disappear that all professing Christians should be one—then as the Indian Empire of England is largely Mahomedan, and to the Christian and Mahomedan there is but one God, the Creator and Governor, should there not be one Lord Jesus Christ, the Redeemer? Could not the resources of our intelligence and wealth be employed under God to accomplish this unity of Christianity among ourselves and the conversion of our fellow subjects for the honor of the kingdom of Christ, the prosperity of the British Empire and the regeneration of society over those parts of the world.

Faith is a deep mystery in religion. We occupy a day between two dark nights; the night of the past and the night of the future, both cloudy, shadowy and gloomy. The revelation of truth covered nearly 4,000 years. Is it a small task to dig up facts connected with these truths on which our faith rests from the rubbish of traditions, and from the systems of bitter enemies, captious, sophistical, fraudulent, in the mists that have condensed around them during these cycles of rolling years? Do we wish to satisfy ourselves of the reality of future felicity? We must plunge in quest of it into periods that do not yet exist; project our enquiries into ages to come and walk by faith not by sight—

leave our kin and country like the patriarch for parts unknown and create for ourselves new orders of things now too shadowy to have any real existence. "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." The history of so many tribes of our race is so obscure, fabulous, fragmentary, and has to be raked up from monuments scattered over many lands, stones, bows, marble slabs, pottery and such characters, to read and decipher, as have tried the patience and scholarly attainments of our most talented and educated men. Amid all this confusion and uncertainty, the volumes of Revelation spoken and written "at various times" are complete, perfect, infallible, every word of which is pure, and the very life and nutriment of the human soul. Nothing has been added to it; nothing taken from it in all the transcriptions, nothing changed, nothing lost. To the faith in its truth we immolate all the theories of human religions, all the systems of human reason, all the pleasures of sense. We have learned to believe in the incarnation, the atonement, the resurrection and ascension, and we hope, in virtue of these great facts, we shall be delivered from the bondage of sin, and have an entrance ministered to us abundantly into the everlasting kingdom, to partake in the felicity and glory of the blessed God—to these hopes we sacrifice the charms of the visible creation, the wealth of the universe, the phantasia of greatness, the kingdoms of the world and all their fading glory. The mind is as capable of believing as it is of reasoning or loving, or even of thinking—these peculiarities are in harmony not in conflict. The initiatory point of faith seems clearly to be the evidence of the senses or of the object in contact with our sensitive nature. We see, hear, touch and regard as real existences the objects with which we come in contact. To these experiences of our own we add that of others—we see with their eyes, hear with their ears, walk with their feet, think and reflect with their minds, and thus increase our knowledge, multiply our universe and reach or grow up to the measure of the stature of well-informed beings. This second species of evidence rests on testimony that is the testimony of others, as distinguished from the testimony of our own senses. One mind comes in contact with another, recognizes its usefulness, submits to its authority and receives its testimony, which takes rank with our own experience. Let us try to illustrate. On a serene night, when myriads of stars sparkle in the blue expanse, two men occupy a point of observation. One lifts his eyes to the sublimity of the boundless firmament, where the gorgeous splendours of the starry vault fill him with admiration. Their magnificence, mysterious manifestations and glory furnish such awe inspiring evidence of that Infinite One, who in wisdom formed them all, that he stands impressed with that profound reference such a spectacle is calculated to produce. Here are abundant evidences of the object or of the senses on which faith is founded. His companion, with a mind gifted, cultivated, profoundly reverent, capable of great emotion, yes, ecstasy, stands a stranger to all this captivating vision, manifests not the least enthusiasm amid such transcendent glory. In vain has he devoted his mind to thought, in vain cultivated superior talents, to stand statue-like in the centre of such a scene. He is blind, he has never seen the light, has not an idea of a color in the rainbow, cannot paint one tint of the rose whilst enthusiastically admiring its fragrance. "Not to him returns day, nor the blest approach of even or morn." Ignorant of what has kindled up the mind of his friend, of the felt delight and what inspired it, he must wait the revelation to produce in him a kindred faith—a rapturous emotion, a corresponding admiration. Excepting this defect, both possess the like susceptibilities, are capable of the like faith in the existence of these objects. The blind man may form an idea of space or distance

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by pacing the earth, hearing sounds near or remote, but has not a conception of light, shade or beauty. His friend may convey to him an idea of these celestial globes, their magnitudes, distances; but not a notion of the radiant glory in which they shine. The glowing description arrests his attention, stimulates his curiosity, wakes up his thoughts; he concentrates his mental resources, calculates distances, admires the greatness and the order in their revolutions. Everything is new, striking, original, his faith grows with every flash on his mental vision—what a labor you say to form an obscure idea of what his friend by only opening his eyes can discover in the highest perfection. Are we sure that the eyes of his mind have not seen the grandeur of the universe in all but its sparkling colors, and the greatness of the effort to form this notion the more deeply rooted is his faith. On the other hand, the impression is not so profound, he can renew it at a glance, but the glory vanishes on shutting his eyes—and the reward generally accords with the labor. It costs the other far more and will prove worthy of the expenditure. He receives with avidity the testimony, believes in it and endeavors to form in his soul an adequate idea of the visible heavens. Here we find the philosophy of the human mind in accord and harmony with the sacred word: "Blessed are they that have not seen and yet believed." No illustration is perfect. But those who have not seen their Saviour in the flesh, nor witnessed the miracles by which he attested his mission and doctrines, must think, study, adopt a course of deep, serious reflection, suspend their pleasures, set aside for a time their worldly avocations to gain impressions of truth and cultivate this noble faith. In a word, it has pleased our Sovereign Creator so to constitute us here and to represent our career on earth as a race we must run, a warfare, we must accomplish, a victory we must win a kingdom, we must take by force and violence, and the principle that must actuate and govern is faith. "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." This is better adapted to the state of probation in which we are placed. The faith that rests upon the direct knowledge of the objects costs but little to examine them—but a look—but that which requires much labor, which lodges the truth within us, giving us so much nourishment and vigor to the mind must be much stronger faith. Hence divine truth is "full of faith and worthy of all acceptance." Faith is so natural to the mind that all inventors of human religions have given it the highest honor by placing it at the foundation of all their systems. Nothing can be more scientific, more reasonable, as it is not the peculiarity of privileged natures but the common heritage of the human race. It may be stronger in some exalted characters than in others less elevated; the objects are nearer, more vivid, whilst the evidences are alike open to all. Who does not believe that there is a city called London? They have never been there, but they have heard of it so often, read so much about it, that they know more doubt it than if they had lived there twenty years. But to believe a strange truth that few have heard is not so easy, especially if the multitude rejects it—this puts one to the greater test—this shows the dignity and the grandeur of faith. Galileo and Newton, Descartes and Locke, among many others, at great labor enriched their minds with grand truths, and, as the reward of their researches, cultivated and enjoyed such powerful faith as enabled them to dispense with the assistance of the crowds of their contemporaries. When the mind would bathe in the ocean of thought and is in danger of being carried away in the waves by the under-tow of doubts, then appears the value of faith which enables it to swim through the swells and the foam of the billows to the beautiful and tranquil beach of truth and certainty. If the mind is not an empty vessel to be filled with truth it certainly has a receptivity

into which truth may be showered from the bright clouds of revelation which it has the power of absorbing, holding, enjoying and being enriched and carried forward in the light and sweetness of it to the accomplishment of all its designs and commands. Truth is the light of the mind. It may be said, when we have reasoned out a subject from the premises to the conclusion, what more do we want? Much more; the way may be long or the route circuitous, the mind wearied with a long induction of particulars, and it doubt disturb not in the course reason leaves the truth without you; whereas, faith plants it within, interweaves it with our nature, vivifying and invigorating it, giving it a triumph over the most stubborn doubts and difficulties. "Seeing is believing," they say, but great must be the difference between vision and faith without the presence of the objects. In the long history of the race the mightiest deeds have been done by the men of faith. Such men have secured for themselves the estimation of others—their faith has been the strength of the weak and the salvation of the fainting, and men and nations have been mighty or feeble in proportion as they have cultivated or neglected this great virtue.

In great emergencies in fearful crises the victory has always been to him who had faith and who hoped against hope. Last year they lionized Columbus who gave Europe the New World. That intrepid hero animated by a strong faith went from one sovereign to another, begging an outfit and in return offering them a world. He refuses to be turned aside by the ridicule and the contempt of courtiers and buffoons till he got from Ferdinand and Isabella his little fleet that he might realize his dream. Battling for months amid the wastes of ocean, amid the dangers of an adventurous navigation, amid the cries of a mutinous crew, seeing his death written in the angry eyes of his sailors, he keeps his faith, he lives by his faith, and asks only three days, the last of which presents to him this conquest." Consult the pages of history, the warriors of antiquity. Gideon is called to raise an army of peasants to drive out the invading foes of his country. He asks evidences that he may be successful; he believes in these evidences, and when his army is reduced to 300 men his faith is not diminished. As directed, he takes his servant and glides stealthily to the camp, hears a dream narrated and interpreted, and with the faith and courage of a hero he gave the word and three hundred trumpet blasts, threw his enemies into a panic, and in the light of 300 lamps they thought a huge army was upon them, and the war cry, the sword of the Lord and of Gideon, terrified them, so that in the darkness they slew one another. The faith of Gideon and his heroes became contagious—the people of the land rose to the greatness of the occasion and hotly pursued the fugitives till they made an end of their enemies. Another intrepid leader with three hundred heroes appears in the history of the Greek struggles for liberty. Leonides, King of Sparta, with three hundred men was sent to defend the pass of Thermopylae, between the mountain and the sea against 800,000 Persians. It seems most unreasonable and unjust to send such a handful of noted warriors to immolate themselves in the pass. The king sent back the allies retaining only his 300 heroes who were to conquer or perish. Lofty souls they determined to set an example, not to the Greeks alone, but to the men of all ages by courage the most heroic and deeds, the most daring and splendid on the battle fields of the world. The Persian said: "Deliver us your arms." The Spartan said, "Come, and take them." The Persian said his followers were so numerous that if they let fly their arrows toward the sun they would darken his light. The Spartan said, "The Greeks can fight in the shade." Could it be anything but a mighty natural faith that sustains such intrepid heroes, till one alone was left alive to tell a tale of such thrilling interest? It is held,

too, that this natural faith gives men a presentiment of victory and its diminution a presentiment of defeat as they enter the battle field and engage in the deadly conflict, a presentiment that realizes itself. There are forms of government and of politics that have long endured, not because they are the best adapted to the people or the times, but because the people are accustomed to them, believe in them and hold them fast in their convictions. There are people that hardly change the form of their clothing from generation to generation for centuries. The ancient Romans are said to have believed that they could build a city that would last forever, an idea perpetuated from age to age which may have aided them in their great conquests. They never treated with their enemies, but as victors. When they purchased a peace with Brenus the Gaul for so many pounds weight in gold and the chief threw his great sword into the scale vowed he would have the weight of it extra, they took back the gold to the treasury and renewed the war. When Hannibal the Carthagenean had beaten them at Cannase and sent two bushels of rings worn by Roman Knights slain in that battle to Carthage as a trophy of the victory—when the imprudent Varo has lost them an army and escape to Rome they gave him a vote of thanks in the Senate because he did not despair of the safety of the republic showing how much importance they attached to faith. Laws the most unjust, even barbarous, are passed and people are attached to them and preserve them intact for ages. What else keeps the antagonistic policies of nations but the faith of the parties in them? Faith often attaches itself to an individual and a man will lead a multitude in politics or war. They do not weigh the reasons, they only believe in the men and obey them and their weakness is turned to strength by such a faith. Richelieu, Carour, Palmerston, Beaconsfield, Gladstone, may be named among statesmen; among warriors, William of Normandy, Cromwell, Conde, Parma, the Nassaus, Marlboro, Bonaparte, Wellington, Ney and others; among seamen, Blake, Nelson, De Winters, etc.—characters wonderful, gifted and mighty, who divided the empire of the world of men among them in their times and countries. They understood the men they controlled and the sublimity of their faith carried them through their vast achievements. Faith has been the principle of the greatest deeds the world has witnessed. Credulity is not faith. Men may report what is not true so often that they almost believe such things. It is delusion. Faith does not absolutely require truth for its basis, but what is not true cannot last, must be discovered and give way to something new though erroneous. Human religions being pure inventions of men, must in the growing light of years and ages be discovered as baseless, and be abandoned for something supposed to be better, and the superstitious notions held by many are but the dregs of old cast off beliefs of former times, that cannot bear the light of more intelligent ages. Such Pagan relics oppress instead of strengthening the mind. They were tyrannical to the moral perfections of man. They were a stagnant pool in which intellect could make no advancement and no improvement in moral culture. The true religion proposes the renovation of the mind. Except a man be born of water and of the spirit he cannot enter into the kingdom of God; and further proposes that we should find the greatest happiness on earth in the regeneration of our nature, "He that believeth on him is not condemned." "He that believeth not is condemned." "Great peace have they that love thy law." Great happiness there is in the growth of faith. It is most strange that men with such cravings for the Infinite should be capable of idolatry have been entangled in more refined science of politics, which have swallowed their whole devotions. How many in our lands make politics their religion; smile at the mysticisms of Christians forgetting that their mysticisms are less tender, not at

all spiritual and far more inconceivable to thinking men. Appearances may be deemed real, but when found unreal enthusiasm ends in disgust. When faith dies or its foundations dissolve the man is deeply grieved and humiliated to think he had committed himself to a baseless faith that deserted him in the hour of need. Would it not be infinitely preferable to cast it away and take a faith that never will desert you, but make you conqueror and more than conqueror through Him that loved us. All men should make themselves acquainted with this faith and if it possess excellencies above others, give it the preference. In Christian lands the evidence of its importance and excellencies are very manifest.

The greatest, the most absorbing characteristic is that eternal salvation is suspended on it. If thou shalt confess with my mouth the Lord Jesus and shalt believe in thy heart that God had raised him from the dead thou shalt be saved. Many other passages confirm this fact. Salvation is inseparably connected with faith. He that believeth not shall be damned. This faith stands in contrast with faith in all other religions in that it changes the whole life of man and prepares him for salvation, which begins here on earth and is consummated in glory and eternal life. Faith saves us only by receiving the truths of the gospel into the mind that regenerate and refine it. Truth lies out of the mind, are no part of it, till faith brings them in and enables it by repentance to retrace its steps backward to obtain and cherish the convictions of its great need of salvation and of God's willingness to confer salvation upon it. The soul thus penetrated by the truth is freed from the fears and the terrors of divine retribution, joy and peace spring up where trouble and sorrow reigned and the sinner pardoned emancipated has all the powers of the mind and heart turned towards his benefactor. The man under the clear impression that he is forgiven can now forgive that is loved, can in return love his father in heaven and his brethren on earth. They can "bear one another's burdens and so fulfil the law of Christ," since a loving saviour has borne "their sins in his own body on the tree." Can such a one stray from the path of life when it is a highway smoothed for his feet can he fail in benevolence who is conscious of having received everything he possesses. He willingly submits to that government which he knows is conducted by the wisest of Beings, offers his supplications to him who gives them a place in his imperial rule and whose very spirit teaches how to pray and "maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered." "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." Revolutions in human souls are so very mysterious that those who were the greatest persecutors became the most forgiving, the greatest haters the most affectionate, the most patient, pains-taking instructors of the ignorant and ungovernable. Humility takes the place of pride, and a man becomes all things to all men that he may win them to this religion in order to their salvation.

Faith is instrumental in lodging truth in the inward parts and then the life is one of faith. The great apostle says "The life I now live in the flesh I live in the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me." Is the man of faith misrepresented? Is he provoked to anger, wrath, revenge? Is he encompassed by ungodly men, who are rich while he is poor! Will he envy them ease, wealth, pleasures? His well grounded faith in that Providence who rules and reigns accounts for his submission, patience and tranquility. "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God; to them that are the called according to his purpose." Had faith only a finite object to rest on its success would be limited, its triumphs bounded; but when its foundation and author is God, who includes in himself all principles, regulates and sustains all, how could such a faith fail? The believer is to call on God

in trouble, who will hear and deliver his soul, and he shall glorify God. Besides, he knows that he must, through much tribulation, enter the kingdom of Heaven. The eye of faith sees the refuge; strength, present help in trouble—with such encouragement, such succor in view, can he fail to cultivate what is beautiful, lovely, pure and of good report in the whole field of morals; in a word, can he fail to work out his own salvation when God works in him both to will and to do of his good pleasure. Love may be called a characteristic of faith, or a quality, to speak philosophically. In scripture "faith worketh by love." Faith that takes in the truths which regenerate our natures manifests itself especially by love. The man who loves never calculates or measures the extent of duty. He would doubt its existence could he set bounds to its operations and say I can go no farther. Love shows itself in obedience. The object of his love being the Infinite, the unconditioned he gives the rein to love so that if the scene of his operations were too confined he would seek wider fields, new fields to conquer, that he might luxuriate in his new element, as in former times he may have done in vices. Love is its own reward; exercise inflames it; the more we love the more we desire to love. It generously sacrifices, and nothing is so enjoyable to the soul. Fire draws from the circumambient air to feed its flame and intensify its force and brightness. Love is inflamed to a greater degree by its own motions. The more truths you imbibe the more faith grows. Creation, Providence, revelation are three fields in which faith gathers, information spreading its roots deeply in each field acquiring a vigor and a force to be embodied to carry out the principle of active obedience. Almost any kind of knowledge, but especially heavenly knowledge, creates a thirst for more. Faith impels us on to the gratification of our desires, and love mingles in all the researches, making the exercise both easy, refreshing, profitable and delightful. There is virtue in the very desire, as it attracts the mind to the source of knowledge, the supreme beauty. Faith fills all the capacities of the soul; is the source of all that is grand and noble in action, because Christ is its author and finisher, a foundation immovable and eternal. No soul, nor any portion of the soul, could be barren under such an influence which widens, deepens, lengthens and prepares it to make a divine increase and growth. Faith emanates from the Saviour, who sheds it into our souls and cherishes it there to perfection. Can a ransomed soul fail to love? He who commands obedience became obedient unto death for us—how attractive that makes obedience and how much delight is it capable of yielding when we discover our nature purified in the process. The obedience of faith is the forerunner of future glory. It brings the future to be present. The holy activity of Jesus Christ in bringing life and immortality to light by the Gospel has been such a mighty example that Paul was willing to endure all things for the elects' sakes, that they might obtain the salvation which is in Christ Jesus, with eternal glory. Christianity, eternally young instinct, with its author's life, fills its votaries with a faith unconquerable to carry through the great enterprises according to the commandment of the everlasting, God to make known his truth to "all nations for the obedience of faith" and to extend and establish his empire over the whole world. We go back to the early days of the history of our holy religion and see how he that was to come projected his shadow back to the days of Eve and Abel and how the faithful put "their trust in the shadow" and, nourished by a faith the most unfeigned and heroic, they performed the mightiest deeds recorded in the world's history. Add to that the history of the struggles of the church for nineteen centuries against all the world. For nearly three hundred years, with no weapon but faith, she withstood the potentates of the nations and their

armies—bled at every pore—her apostles and bishops, her Pauls and her Pollicarpes were beheaded or burnt; her confessors and her martyrs bore their testimony in the face of opposition the most barbarous, and magistrates the most severe, terrific and unrelenting; and they loved not their lives even unto death. Upon such a survey who can help concluding that if there be any principle that can stimulate to deeds the most noble, the most exalted and praiseworthy, and to trials and suffering ineffable and the most excruciating, it can be no other than Christian faith. This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith. We have no sympathy with hero worship; we condemn it as unworthy of man. Peter said: "I am a man"; the angel said: "see thou do it not, worship God." We have occasionally apotheoses in the church and ministers sometimes slightly adored and others, even as good or better, dispised. These things are simply abominable. But casting all this to the winds we may see in the energetic work of the church, in all her branches, a proof beyond all controversy, the vitality, energy and activity of the principle of faith in all its subjects and votaries. Beyond this there is satisfaction and a certainty in faith. We do not refer to the external evidences of religion which have multiplied in the ages, which the agnostics and sceptics of these times treat with a supercilious contempt, and which perhaps not many in a thousand trouble themselves to look at. No; we refer to the evidences the Christian has in his own mind, which everyone can reach and lay his hand on; the love of Christ in his soul, which raises his faith above every other belief. Can you prove to the true Christian that he does not love God? He may not be able to convey to you proofs satisfactory, because feelings cannot be expressed in words, nor can words drive them away. That which has given him the power to love God must be from God. Christianity gives him that power, therefore it must be the truth. If God by this gives a man power to love him, will you venture to persuade him that he does not know the truth? We have established facts that faith springs from truth taken into the heart. Faith cometh by hearing and hearing by the word of God. Ye great scholars, profound thinkers of the nineteenth century, restlessly active spirits, who have unlimited faith in your money-making powers, in combinations and syndicates to fill your houses with treasures—you have faith in the power of the viewless winds—of the waterfalls, steam and electricity; you have faith in chemistry to dissolve or combine the elements in the composition of the globe; sever the precious metals from the dross; the aluminum from the thick clay; you believe in gravitation and astronomy; in cultivating the earth and navigating the seas. Many of you believe in almost everything but religion. You have human faith but not divine faith—natural faith, but not Christian faith. Your form may be of the finest mould; your talents of the highest order; intellects clear and vigorous. Your career may be a model of success. Your wealth millions. You may be princely merchants, sagacious statesmen, shrewd politicians, prosperous bankers, successful manufacturers, talented lawyers; whatever may be your occupation or employment, you may acquit yourselves well, faithfully and with credit, but what will you do with all these things in a few years if you be without that saving faith. Can you not examine this faith and consider well those heavenly truths that feed it and give it health and vigor and beauty? What we may say cannot cause you to embrace it. That must be your own voluntary act. Arguments do not convert men. Life communicates life. God converts, using the means of his own choice. But is the faith we speak of worthy of no consideration? Should the revealed truth of God be refused or lightly esteemed? Is the human soul, the highest part of the creation of God, unworthy of eternal life? Can a prudent

man object to a single sacrifice religion demands? Are fraud, falsehood, cruelty, oppression and wrong preferable? Is there anything shameful the Gospel requires you to believe or practice? "It is the power of God to salvation to every one that believeth." Paul says to the Saints at Rome, "Now unto Him that is of power to establish you according to my Gospel and the preaching of Jesus Christ according to the revelation of the mystery which was kept secret since the world began, but now is made manifest and by the scriptures of the prophets according to the commandments of the everlasting God made known to all nations for the obedience of faith. To God only wise be glory, through Jesus Christ for ever. Amen."

The faith of many is dim and feeble when it should be clear and powerful, because of the abuse of the distinction between moral evidence and mathematical evidence. You have a clear idea that two even numbers added together the result is an even number; that the radii of a circle are equal to one another; that the spokes of a well-balanced wheel are of equal length. This is mathematical, or if you will, mechanical evidence. An even number multiplied by itself produces an even number. This is a clear notion of the subject. Moral evidence on the other hand is founded on testimony worthy of credit. Why should this evidence not be as strong as the other? That there is such a country as Hindostan and such a city in that country as Delhi I have not the least doubt, though I know personally nothing of either by my own observation or experience. I have read that a great general, the brave Major-General Nicholson, stormed Delhi with a party of British troops, drove out the thousands of Sepoys and received the wounds that occasioned his death. I can only be persuaded of the existence, say of Delhi, by a kind of evidence that I may call moral, but to me as certain as any other. Could all the travellers and writers conspire together to deceive me as to the existence of the capital of that empire of the great Timoor or Tamarlane? You can no more convince me of this than that you can convince me that two and two make five. You could not destroy nor even weaken the testimony of which an intelligent man is convinced that Hindostan exists, and that Delhi, a city in that country, exists, if the existence of Delhi is illusory, that two and two make four is also illusory, and the existence of a city cannot be proved to the man who has not seen it. On such principles we could not believe that Demosthenes or Cicero existed; Hanibal or Fabius existed. We should not have a shadow of the past that would not be swept away into the gulf of annihilation. The common sense of men compels the admission that moral evidence is as sound, as firm, as reliable as mathematical evidence. This may disabuse the mind that evidence changes with the objects. By the same kind of evidence that we prove the existence of great historical characters we prove the existence of the noted scripture characters and by no other, and objections, if they hold to one case hold with equal tenacity to the others. The truth of a fact depends not so much on the nature of the fact as on the evidences by which it is supported, provided it does not imply a contradiction. It may be admitted that stronger proofs are necessary to form and establish the belief in extraordinary events than in those of daily occurrence—to induce the belief that a man of great wealth or of extraordinary talents and learning is humble rather than proud of his gifts—that a friend is as faithful in adversity as in prosperity, than that he is less so. But must it not be admitted that what is proof of ordinary facts or events is proof of extraordinary. Evidences apply alike to the natural and to the supernatural. Is it not most unreasonable to admit arguments and evidences as valid in the one case and not in the other? The stoutest objectors to moral arguments and

evidences urge the abuse of the distinction on the plea that there is so much at stake. Oh, if religion be not true, if we are being deceived by designing characters—all is lost, all is vain. Might it not be urged that the men who give the most attention to religion are certainly as happy if not as successful as those who neglect it? We hear no complaints, no self-reproach, no loud and bitter cry among the neglectors of religion, that they have taken no pains to assure themselves that there is nothing in it, by carefully examining its claims and weighing with keen discrimination the evidences by which it is established. If religion is a dream it is so pleasant a dream that one never awakes from it with a guilty conscience, never reproaches himself with wasting the energies of an immortal soul in doubts of its own existence or that of its Lord, or of having deceived himself with an irrational, visionary, baseless faith. The Christian religion is inflexible by its strength. The strong evidences, the powerful arguments which sustain it are so abundant and varied that it can with magnanimity dispense with fraudulent, fanciful feeble arguments as unnecessary, even injurious. The eminent George Whitefield is reported to have said, "Christianity has truth for its bases, heaven for motives, hell for threatenings, and eternity for arguments." The preacher may use great discrimination, collect the most invincible proofs, employ the most powerful reasonings to establish his doctrines, produce living impressions and league together himself and the possessors of faith to cheerfully wave their banners peacefully, maintain their stand in calm defiance of defeat from any combination, heathen, pagan, mahomedan, rationalist or errorists of any description in the universe. Some object that circumstances and details have not been minutely given by the sacred writers. It might suffice that it is the communication of divine wisdom who has kept back nothing profitable. The mind is not burdened with non-essentials. Inquisitive geniuses, have you any doubt about the facts (you have scanty details) of the battles of Hastings, Cressy, Agincourt, Australitz, Waterloo, Flodden, Bannockburn? Any doubts that Hannibal, Alexander, Cyrus and Cæsar existed, though we have few details, and some doubtful? Your regrets should be rather that so little attention is given to the myriads of facts so well established that so great ignorance of holy writing prevails, that minds are so barren of true knowledge, and so full of fancy, fable, superstition, that there is little intellectual and moral development and so much consequent poverty and misery. Can we have a natural, vigorous growth of faith whilst the sources and feeders of it are so neglected? We are ignorant of ourselves, and it is a most difficult task to undertake to know ourselves. The estimate men generally form of their own characters is an inexhaustible source of ridicule. Self blinded men are multitudinous. The most imperfect men form and express estimates of others bodily and intellectually as if they had concluded that they were only blocked out, or that the scaffolding of such creatures had been only set up whilst themselves were superb—perfect in mind and body. Most tender of themselves they fall foul of the whole human race. Here and there a hero, or a beauty, or a millionaire may command their adoration. How many heavy phlegmatic characters fancy themselves philosophers possessing an understanding uncommon, enlightened, accurate, clear, refined, and this opinion is so profound and deep-rooted that the forces of an empire combined could not drive them out of it. Politicians believe their policy alone true, worthy to be held and acted upon, and that the nation must perish should the reins of government get by a possibility into the hands of their opponents. When such a calamity takes place and the dreaded predicted horrors occur not, they never become wiser by the events but continue to propagate the deceit to future generations. The history of the British

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Empire is full of illustrations of this melancholy fact. Advanced as are the men of the Anglo-Saxon world, what laughing-stocks they make of themselves to the less civilized world in this respect. Let a party but get defeated in an election, nothing short of civil war will suffice to reinstate them in power. Englishmen who laughed at the late civil war (unpleasantness Americans call it) in America are not quite out of the woods themselves. To our shame be it spoken, but with reverence to the clergy, that "for the good of the church" they never fail to inflict, if fairly in their power and not injurious to their own popularity, the heaviest penalties—the most unheard of cruelties.

Who has not met with men of the least developed minds, not to mention cultivated or educated minds, who set themselves up as capable of deciding what is for the good of the church and society, men who give endless trouble. Their self-conceit is marvellous. They think themselves humble, gentle, lamb-like, benevolent. You hint their defects—their talents cover everything—or that no one offers them incense but themselves—they cannot help the wretched taste of the age—great men are calumniated and misunderstood while they live. You happen in with a company of slanderers and take a stand against their vice, all at once the party will be every one of your opinion, the most hypocritical will assume the garb of the most innocent, each thinking himself in no sense whatever such a sinner as he condemns. Such is our vanity—we cannot believe that we are in any sense what we are. If any of our readers think we are only indulging in a little play of the imagination, no stronger proof could be adduced of the point we are demonstrating, that it is extremely difficult for a man to know himself. If we would examine ourselves, and not be always abroad engaged with external things, and ask whether our good deeds arose from sincere or selfish motives—whether our faults were mere surprises or from internal corruption, we would soon know whether we would deny the truth with Peter, or die for it with Stephen. We refuse to see ourselves in the portraits others draw of us. How greatly we admire the courage of preachers who are gone, but do we tolerate from the lips of the living what we admire in the discourse of the dead? Elijah, Nathan, John the Baptist, Stephen, John Knox, Massillon, are heroes, but let the men of to-day take such a stand—how audacious! what presumption! Preach the pure truth and take "the sack." We know some who have done so more than once. Do preachers grow wise by experience and their sermons become harmless? Will congregations prefer the stillness of the grave to the activity of imbibing Christian doctrines and practicing Christian virtues? "Character" is the Diana of these days. "It was not the words of Paul but the character behind them that produced such effect on his audience," says a young modern. How unsafe is such teaching? We hold that it is the incorruptible word that God appoints as the means of conversion and which produces character. Our esteemed young friends fresh from our schools of learning should be better acquainted with Paul, whose "speech and preaching were not with enticing words of man's wisdom but in demonstration of the spirit and power." "Which things also we speak, not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth." The glory of God and the salvation of souls are the motives impelling youths into the ministry. Paul preached Jesus Christ, not his own character. Christ opened to men the scriptures. Character, science, history, may be all used as illustrations. We have known old preachers who have cunningly, carefully avoided doctrines and preached the characters of apostles, prophets, patriarchs, and were very happy in their work for long years, but such old kings will not be admonished. We are so honest in justifying ourselves if not in con-

denying others that the admonition of our best and most faithful friend would turn us against him. To have discovered our weak points makes him detested. Now the man of faith has a very full discovery of his condition as exactly like that of other men, except that this precious faith enables him to more fully unveil himself, that he may, cautiously and resolutely use all available means for his thorough reformation. His faith must grow by cultivation to fill up till there be no room for its enemies in the same mind. The destiny of the believer is to be changed into the image of the heavenly, "to be filled with all the fulness of God." Faith anticipates the future. Had we only to open our eyes to see the objects faith would be simply easy—but when we must read, reflect, pursue carefully a long course of study, consult men of learning and experience, suspend our labors and pleasures, investigate, meditate, assure ourselves that we are not imposed upon by designing men; showing most clearly that our exercises and effort correspond and are in fit proportion to our condition, regarded as a state of probation in this world.

Night of futurity we regard as a justifiable expression, because we know so little about the future. Could we open our eyes to the delights, joys and pleasures of Paradise flourished full into our view? Would it be difficult to sacrifice the pleasures of the world to secure them? But it requires the fortitude of a martyr, and in the strictest propriety of speech all Christians are martyrs, to immolate all that is considered valuable on the earth, on the truth and fulfilment of the promises of a future felicity. When we consider how sensible things engross the whole capacity of the mind, and that the more remote the object of attainment may be the less calculated is it to impress, and as so little, if anything, is left of power to attend to abstract truths, and such truths, when the objects of their contemplation are involved in a night of cloudy and thick, deep oblivion, where the promises, like the flashes of lightning in a tempestuous night, throw a vivid and lurid glare at intervals, as if to light us across the chasms, or as if to span or contract the distances between the promises and their complete fulfilment. We are told of a felicity that is eternal, but we see it not and know little if anything of what it consists. We are informed of a great eternal Father who has promised it; but he is the invisible one whom no man hath seen or can see. We must go from principle to principle, from promise to conclusions, to arrive at a fixed assurance "that He is, and that He is the rewarder of all them that diligently seek Him." This involves us in a greater difficulty. It is an entrance into the idea of which He is—the unsearchable infinite existence whose immeasurable vastness overwhelms and confounds our limited intelligence. We have an idea of time from the succession of day and night and the seasons of the revolving year, but we have not a clear idea of our eternal duration. We have no difficulty in receiving the testimony of our Creator that our soul is immortal and eternal. We are assured that our bodies will be raised spiritual and incorruptible. But have we any idea of a spiritual body or any adequate conception of unknown faculties, an unknown economy of new heavens and a new earth wherein righteousness dwelleth? Can I give any description of one race whom I have never known or conversed with; or of that still more exalted angelic society who are to be my associates in the glorification of my great King Creator? I imagine I picture to myself a state of happy unmingled bliss, dreams of enjoyment ineffable, sublime, but when I attempt to delineate them I am told they bear no proportion to anything in the whole wide range of human knowledge in our present state. We form most extravagant notions of human greatness. To sit in the seat of a president, or wear a dazzling crown, or occupy a throne, and sway a sceptre over millions of our fellow

men, what motives to do and dare and endure. Ambitious men would secure immense wealth, become men of great consideration, fame, power, influence, renown. Put these all in one scale with all that sheen and tinsel you can attach to them; then, in the opposite scale, attach a crown of glory, an inheritance in heaven, a kingdom appointed us by the King of Kings—who would not esteem the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt, choose and receive a kingdom that cannot be moved, look for a city that hath foundations whose builder and maker is God? But who do choose these enter the strait gate, choose life halt or maimed? The most vehement disclaimers against God's making choice among us for salvation, are the very men who neglect and despise salvation. What a consolation, what gratitude should it generate in our hearts to be able to survey with the eyes of faith, the apostolic, the prophetic, the patriarchal, the antideluvian ages, to go to the beginning of the creation of God and examine the evidence on which religion securely rests, and tearing up incredulity by the roots, and making study supply the place of experience, and hope the place of vision, we sacrifice sloth, languor, pleasures and a thousand other evils to the claims of truth, that we may live by faith and pray without ceasing; that we may multiply opportunities of doing good to all men as we have opportunity, especially to those who are of the household of faith.

One of the most mysterious doctrines of religion, and one that creates the greatest difficulty in very many inquiring minds, is the application of truth to the soul. The production of faith in us, our embracing Jesus Christ as our only Saviour, and the resultant connection with his flock, the church all combined, must be attributed to the Holy Spirit as his divine work, as the application of redemption, the regeneration of the soul. It is set out to us in the Holy Scriptures under various names, such as being born again, born of the Spirit, born of God, a passing from death to life, conversion, and also other expressions to the like purpose; as renewed in the spirit of your mind, created anew in Christ Jesus unto good works, etc. Nothing in the physical world can be adduced to set it forth so appropriately as these expressions, since it is a spiritual change, or as the apostle says, "to open men's eyes and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God." No subject of this change can give a clear account of the work in his own mind. Every portion of our nature is more or less affected in the transition, sensational, emotional, intellectual, spiritual. "The wind bloweth where it listeth and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth; so is everyone that is born of the Spirit." With the forming of Christian faith in the mind begins the passage from death to life. Faith is the bond of union with the Lord. Born in sin by nature, a child of wrath, sitting in darkness, dead in sin—he is made alive; called out of darkness into God's marvellous light—men are thus "made kings and priests to God." The change of the soul agrees with the change in the condition, so he is to "walk worthy of God, who hath called him to his kingdom and glory." The spirit of God comes on the man, gives him a new heart, expels the low grovelling notions, fills him with grace, produces in him a magnanimity assortable with the elevation, the dignity, the grandeur to which he is called of God. When the young Benjamite came to consult Samuel, the prophet, on a trivial point, he went away a king annoited. But how can that uncultivated, country youth assume the regal functions, maintain the dignity and polish of the palace, the discrimination of the judge, the sagacity of the statesman and the marshal valor of the warrior? Samuel said, in parting with him, "the spirit of the Lord will come upon thee—and thou shalt be turned into another man." There are the most ample gifts and quali-

fications for the imperial splendor. Besides these heavenly endowments the king in Israel must write with his own hand the law of Moses, and read in it all the days of his life. There would be a cultivation of legal knowledge and talents, and it is but natural to conclude that, as a careful student, he could readily acquire all necessary information for performing all the functions of royalty. A man in becoming a Christian is not, like Saul, made another man, but a new man. The Holy Spirit, in planting the truth in the soul, impresses it profoundly with the necessity of the study of the whole revealed will of God, by which it is nourished as a babe with pure milk. The unconverted sinner is low born, his father is an Amorite, his mother a Hitite; his thoughts are low, sensual, grovelling; he must be born from above, to a state of grace, elevated, sublime; his thoughts raised, purified by the "wisdom from above." The same gracious spirit that created the human nature of Jesus Christ creates men anew to Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that they should walk in. This noble birth gives them a high descent, the blood royal of Christ flows in their veins, and as He is so are they: "each one resembled the children of a king." It is sometimes objected that the Orientals abounded in the most striking figures of speech, but are the figures not the most appropriate, placing the facts in the clearest and most striking light, conveying to the mind the most convincing, pleasing, satisfying realities? Do you express astonishment at such a change produced by the spirit of God in the soul? Consider the change on an infant born into the world in respect to sight, hearing, respiration, nourishment, and almost all its sensations; is it not a new mode of existence, compared with its previous state? A Christian gives himself to be led by the Spirit, taught by the Spirit, guided by His counsel, moulded or conformed to the image of the Son of God. What idea can I form of the union between my soul and body? Of the mode of subsistence of my soul when it leaves the body? How do I know my soul? Is it by idea, or sentiment, or experience or its operations? How do I think? Is it by the use of the brain, the nerves, or all the parts of the body and soul combined? Does the loss of a hand or foot impair the thinking power? Can sensations be conveyed to my mind other than through the bodily organ? I may use these impressions to increase my knowledge by reflection, abstract, thought and comparisons. How do I imagine and propose hypothesis, collect facts and arrive at conclusions, or deduct these from the various objects around, as the works of God and evidences of His power, wisdom and goodness, and so increase my information; but how is the lesson communicated? What is to prevent my believing that I shall hear, see, think and converse with others when the body is reduced to dust and is no more in form till raised again from the dead? If a crucified Saviour and a crucified penitent thief could meet in Paradise, then there is no room for doubt of the capability of the soul for knowledge, action and enjoyment, whether in the body or out of the body.

The genius of the Christian religion supposes that a man should make the best use of his reason, not by renouncing but by exercising it, to enable him to decide that no claims can be so strong on him as those of his Creator, and that the true use of reason is to lead him to God. It is, impossible, perhaps, to demonstrate the doctrine of the immortality of the soul. Jesus Christ has brought it clearly to light. The like may be said of the doctrine of Providence, it is so complicated, difficult and mysterious. Jesus Christ has shown us that our Heavenly Father feedeth the ravens, numbers the hairs of our head, provides for the animate and governs the animate and inanimate creation. Whatever dislike men may have in submitting to human authority, can they hesitate

in submitting to the authority of God, when that is the condition of entering His Kingdom? It is a revolution in man's ideas turning from error to truth, darkness to light, from disobedience to obedience, or the wisdom of the just. The spirit is the author of this change in the mind, and the instrument he employs to produce it is the Scriptures, which make men wise unto salvation. The appointed means are above human reason, that it never, unaided, could have attained to such a lofty height. Who could think that God would send his Son in the likeness of sinful flesh and for sin to condemn sin in the flesh? Who could imagine that the spirit of God would inspire men in our sin-blighted race to write the word of God for our guidance and associate it with the history of so many nations for more than two-thirds of the whole period of human existence here below and make it the means of the regeneration of that sin-laden race? That the spirit should come and enter into the soul, festering with enmity against God as a dead body with mortification and putridity and make it clean, through the word, and pure through faith, and then to obey from the heart the form of doctrines delivered us? These things could never enter the heart of man. Hence the authority of God was necessary to impress these things upon us—reason, darkened reason, in its highest efforts was totally inadequate to the task. Can men be called Christians who attach themselves to virtue and cultivate moral truths on the greatest-happiness principle (Bentham) or when it assorts with their worldly-mindedness? They take no reckoning of the future world. Christianity refines our taste that we may attain to pleasures worthy of the excellency of the mind, and more compatible with the exalted nature of religion. The love of money and the love of religion cannot exist long in the same mind: one must destroy the other. How can men worship in spirit if their heads (not to say their hearts) are full of consuls, bonds, stocks, extortions, corners, limits, bills of exchange, ships (like the carnal Jews with their sheep, oxen and doves)—winds and waves trouble them, the state of commerce and the favor of the wealthy. Religion says: If the Lord will, we shall do this or that. A proper trust in the divine will and providence elevates the soul above trusting in man or in means, and teaches him to treat his fellow men with the love becoming those created by the same God, governed by the same providence, possessing the same excellence and the same meanness; not corrupting with bribes nor fleecing them as sheep, nor treat them as worms of the dust nor wild beasts of the desert. It is very difficult to believe that a double-minded double-faced man can be a Christian. No class of men was so denounced by the Saviour, and no class of men so likely to perish as these enemies of truth. All things are possible with God; but to be a self-righteous pharisee or hypocrite is extremely dangerous. A double-minded man is unstable. That the Holy Spirit can change a soul from the earthly to the heavenly in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, is not to be doubted; but a man to neglect his salvation on this ground is to mistake the economy of the Holy Spirit, as well as the accountability or free agency of man, two things closely connected. The Holy Spirit is the mover of the men who wrote and the inspirer of what they wrote. Now, if God intended to save men in spite of themselves, and without their efforts, would he have given them the Scriptures? On such supposition they would be useless. They declare they were written for our learning. The one implies the other. Then we must learn them or perish for lack of knowledge. We could not know what to believe concerning God or what duty he requires of us without their teaching. The promises, according to Peter, make us partakers of the divine nature. "My doctrine shall drop as the rain." The spirit gives men dispositions to acquaint themselves with God

in the way of wisdom. They reason on the things he has made and infer from them His eternal power and Godhead. The study of His glorious perfections in His own revelation is the duty not only of scholars but of every intelligent soul.

The Scriptures clearly teach that when the Holy Spirit applies redemption to man's mind He requires of man a corresponding operation. Man is nowhere in the whole Scriptures regarded as inanimate or irrational. He is set forth as a free agent, or at least an accountable agent, and his very accountability rests on his freedom. That famous old father, St. Augustine, teaches that "God who made us without ourselves will not save us without ourselves." The work of the Spirit and the duty of man are clearly defined. To-day, if you will hear His voice. Here is the work of the Spirit. Harden not your heart. Here is the duty of man. A new heart will I give you. Make you a heart. I will take away the stoney heart out of your flesh—keep the heart with all diligence, for out of the heart are the issues or springs of life. Can language set forth more clearly the work of the Spirit and human duty? Wash you, make you clean, is a specific command; then will I sprinkle clean water upon you and ye shall be clean—a clear special promise, and how often fulfilled? Work out your own salvation, etc. For it is God that worketh in you both the will and the deed. Behold I stand at the door and knock. If any man hear my voice and open the door I will come in to him and sup with him, and he with me. How well defined both works are there. I will pour out my spirit upon you. Grieve not the Holy Spirit by whom you are sealed unto the day of redemption. God gives light unto men's minds and creates an atmosphere of light for these eyes, and the reason is given, that they may know the hope of his calling and the riches of the glory of his inheritance in the saints. The brightest eyes are useless in the thick darkness, and the clearest light is equally useless to the man who is without eyes or sight to see and admire that light and going about groping his way or seeking some to lead him by the hand. Such a procedure would be as rational as to refuse to receive, believe and obey the Holy Scriptures. Yet nothing is so common. At the same time, what should call for such gratitude on the part of a good man as to see men receiving, believing and obeying the truth; what in the history of the race stands out so prominently as the undying efforts of men for the renovation of the race? It is scarcely equalled by that fiendish love of money that prompts some to corrupt, rob and plunder, and degrade, at least as far as in their power, their own species. Why give man a positive law, and stamp sin and righteousness in such burning characters, but to stimulate him to avoid the one with the hatred of death and cleave to the other with the love of life. Why have some men been impelled to search the whole revelation of God to find out what they are expected to believe concerning Him, and to disseminate the result of their investigations for the benefit of their kind, but that they have received a divine impulse from the Holy Spirit. Multitudes can neither bring the time nor the necessary talents to the work, but their souls are too precious to be left untrained and ignorant of themselves, the great Creator, and the work of redemption and of grace. The Spirit is the great sower, the Scriptures the holy seed, and the human race the field of labor and harvest. The Great Shepherd was despised and rejected of men, and many of the under shepherds fare no better. Their systems of divinity may be called gloomy, horrible, appalling, and their tempers hard, stern, cruel, ferocious epithets generally preferred in twos and threes by their enemies, to distinguish such men who have given the clearest evidence that the world is the better for their having lived in it—which can hardly be said of their detractors. Their aim was,

and they seldom missed their mark, to give the world in their great essays and sermons a knowledge of the blessed work of the Spirit in the soul, the purifying power of the blood of Christ, the mighty efficacy of divine grace, and the great victory of faith. It was well for the world that Moses and Samuel lived, that Noah, Daniel and Job lived in it, who all co-operated with the Holy Spirit as soon as they knew him. Perhaps they were barbarous characters. Moses gave back the blow like that of a battle-axe on the task-master. Samuel cut a captive king in pieces. The fiery Tishbite slaughtered a host of false, deceiving prophets. Ferocious in the estimation of a school of refinement he might be, but he obeyed the impulse of the spirit every time it came upon him, and he with the others has left us an example worthy of the cause they espoused. Paul was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision, but followed where the Spirit led and refrained where He forbid. His ferocious temper consented to the death of Stephen, and if too proud to throw the stones that put the martyr asleep, he kept the raiment of them that slew him. James and John may not bring down fire on displeasing people. Jesus himself demands why he is smitten undeservedly. Even Sampson, who is not painted as a model by any means, yields to the impulses of the Holy Spirit, and with all his faults is a man of love and prayer. The apostolic fathers, like Policarp and Origin, and the Christian fathers, like Jerome and Augustine, also many of the schoolmen, have left the noble testimony of their obedience to the truth under the guidance of the Holy Spirit. The reformers, on whom much mud is thrown since their days, and we presume very unjustly, and by men not very angelic themselves: the reformers waked up the slumbering nations to think and act as men had not done for a thousand years. The Bourdalons, Masselons, Fenelons and a host of nameless millions aided in carrying these principles deep into the hearts of men in all societies of Christendom. It should be carefully considered that it is the command of God to receive the truth in the love of it; and that whatever difficulties are encountered in obedience to this command are more than counterbalanced in the opposite direction. We escape the strong delusions judicially sent on them that believe a lie, and the fearful consequences of that sin. The good sense of men will at once admit that talents and endowments are given to be occupied. It is the wisdom of the recipient not to bury, but to multiply them. Whatever graces are bestowed are to be improved, not neglected. Whatever convictions are produced are not to be obliterated or worn out, but acted upon and deepened. Else all these shall be withdrawn, and the talent taken from him and given to the man who has improved his five to ten: and God shall send strong delusions, that they who received not the love of the truth may believe a lie. Then woe to the careless creature when the Spirit departs from him! It should not be imagined for one moment that because the Spirit is omnipotent that He will overcome our obstinacy and save men in defiance of their resistance and neglect of the use of their own natural gifts. Why are the means of grace so liberally supplied? Why are favorable opportunities afforded but that they should be seized and improved to secure the great desirable benefits. The loss and removal of these might well throw men into despair and overwhelm them with horror of being castaways. Reprobate silver should men call them, because the Lord hath forsaken and despised them. The discovery will yet be made that wealth will not save nor mendicity destroy, though the rich may fear no danger, for his abundance can purchase honor, and with these two he needs nothing; and the poor may be so downcast as hardly to look for salvation; but the beggar may be carried to Paradise, and the rich man buried in torments. Chastisements are from love and rebukes, and threat-

enings are to deter from and prevent sin produce genuine repentance and reformation of life. From the proper use of these the best results follow, witness Nineveh spared for a time; but if men will not repent, if the prodigal will not return, what then but a fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation, that shall devour the adversaries. Belshazzar and Simon Magus, are exhorted to repent. It might be a lengthening out of tranquility to the one, and perhaps the thoughts of the heart of the other be forgiven. But of, how much sour punishment than death without mercy, shall he be thought worthy who hath trodden underfoot the Son of God and counted the blood of the covenant, wherewith He was sanctified an unholy thing and hath done despite unto the Spirit of Grace? Why is the Holy Spirit given as a teacher if we are not to learn of Him? Why is the knock on the door but to call attention to the one who knocks, that we may receive him to be our guest? One thing essentially necessary to conversion, we must be enlightened. We must know the truths of religion. It is not necessary to be a philosopher to know the truth. The commonest minds are capable of understanding enough for their salvation. They need not be encumbered with curious questions that are agitated to no profit among men. Refined reflection and profound investigation far above the comprehension of ordinary and uncultivated minds are not essential to salvation. But all men will admit that we ought to receive instruction according to our means, capacities and situations in life. A Christian should be a Christian not so much because he is born of Christian parents, though that is a strong reason and to be gratefully acknowledged, but also because he has been educated a Christian, and much more, because the truths that make him a Christian have come to him from God. The Gospel reveals a God that may be known. This is life eternal that they might know Thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom he hath sent, all the declarations of agnostics to the contrary notwithstanding. We are required to prove all things and hold fast that which is good. This develops another principle the effects such truths have on the mind, they transform it and produce an influence altogether divine. He that saith I know him and keepeth not his commandments is a liar. "If ye know these things happy are ye if ye do them." The attention to be given to truths is not to gratify curiosity, but to better the soul. Now, a little attention to our own human constitution will show us that the earlier in life we begin our acquaintance with truth and its great author, the easier will be the attainment; and the mightier the results. Religion is not a spasmodic thing to be taken up and dropped again easily, but a vital principle in us that notwithstanding failings and frailties, holds on its way, and by repentance and renewed strength, shows virtue predominant over transgression, and in the end victorious. But if we heed not these peculiarities of our nature and defer the work, we risk the forfeiture of the grace, and render our conversion very suspicious; if not blight and destroy its prospects altogether. We are spirits lodged in material bodies and on the temperature of that material, depends very much our progress. We should not let our system decay nor our memory or other powers weaken till we had made at least respectable attainments.

We have referred to the work of the Spirit and the duty of man. We can set no limit to the work of the Spirit. Human duty is more within our vision yet indefinite. If we suppose for a moment that we can do all required to qualify us for felicity, we dishonor the work of God, deceive ourselves and make religion destitute of its divine element, a body without a spirit. If we claim merit for our deeds we forget what duty demands of the unprofitable servants and pour contempt on the merits of the atonement. If Job said he was perfect it

would prove him perverse. A half Saviour or a half Sanctifier is unknown to Scripture. It would be to do despite to the one or the other. Conversion must be the work of the Spirit in the soul; for it is born of the Spirit, born of God. It is clearly taught that there are works of God on the minds of men that do not rise to a new creation or a new birth. The people at Sinai readily declared that they would do all the commands and be obedient, and their speech was approved as excellent, well spoken, but it was only profession, for the reader of the mind said:—Oh that there were such a heart in them that they would fear me and keep my commandments. Moses refers to the hypocrisy of the speech afterwards, when he told them after all they had seen and heard, God had not given them a heart to understand, nor eyes to see, nor ears to hear until this day. Their devotion, like many professed conversions, lasted not even forty days. Stephen told the people:—Ye resist the Holy Ghost as your fathers did. They were uncircumcised in heart and ears, yet there was a work done upon them, and had it been intended to convert, it must have accomplished its object; but it was not mighty enough for that. There must be operations of the Spirit that men resist. Men have believed and were baptised in the early church and not renewed, but remained in the gall of bitterness and in the bonds of iniquity. There is a work of the Spirit on the soul that always succeeds; producing conversion preservation in the faith, and eternal salvation. This work is called the exceeding greatness of his power to us ward who believe, according to the working of his mighty power, which he wrought in Christ, when he raised him from the dead. Various are the conjectures of men regarding this, some think our free will must be so respected as not to be touched; or that we must be taken in some good happy mood, when we willingly yield and are converted. Some think arguments placing the truth before the mind in clear light are sufficient to secure our compliance, so jealous are many about the prerogatives of the soul they would rather have nothing to do with conversion; than that these confines of the mind should be overstepped by the converting Spirit. We prefer the testimony of the Spirit to all the reasoning of philosophy on the subject. It is a mighty power that can raise the dead; and conversion is wrought by the efficacy of the might of his power, and compared with raising the dead to life. This is an irresistible efficacy of grace. It is the healing of the soul by the Great Physician. It is the taking possession of us by the Spirit, and keeping us by the power of God through faith unto salvation. But to suspend regeneration on our free will, or our good moods, would not be the work of faith with power. Could the gospel be refused by our free will it would not be the power of God unto salvation. In this great work our faith does not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God. It is begun with power, carried on with power, and perfected with power. If a thing is done with power, free will and moral suasion are out of the question. Arguments may be used to advantage, motives presented and their force felt, even violence be employed, for the violent take the kingdom by force, but it is a pleasing violence, like the smiting that was an excellent balm; the cords of love, the bands of a man; a drawing that makes us run after him; this love becomes irresistible, so pleasant that we are not constrained, but respond willingly, attracted into his blessed ways. How is it that we are not led into temptation but delivered from evil? By the power of our own will or the arguments and evidences presented against such a course? By a mightier power of Him than is in us. Greater is He that is in you than he that is in the world. There is a circumcision made without hands, in putting off the body of the sins of the flesh, by the circumcision of Christ. This is of the heart and ears. This is the immediate power of God. Things not made

with hands, the renovation of the soul, the human nature of Christ, the house eternal in the heavens, the new Jerusalem, the city that hath foundation whose builder and maker is God. Our faith is the victory that overcometh the world, but Jesus is the author and finisher of our faith, and faith is the gift of God. When we hear of victory it is by the blood of the lamb, the word of our testimony; with the spirit mortifying the deeds of the body, or grace reigning as a monarch through righteousness unto eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord. When saints triumph over the world, the flesh, the devil, death, hell, they exclaim with the apostle, thanks be to God that giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. Our believing persevering to the end, being delivered from the body of death, all are summed up in, I thank God through our Lord Jesus Christ. Augustine draws the contrast between Adam free from sin yet tempted by a seeming good to transgress and a poor sinner full of corruption, but who has obtained a little grace in conversion, but whose whole environments are trials such as Adam knew nothing of, holds out generally against the many temptations, whilst Adam was overcome by one only. These difficulties are removed by one consideration: the mighty power of God works in him and keeps him through faith unto salvation. If man is sold under sin a child of wrath under the spirit that works in the children of disobedience, if there be any real liberty compatible with that state, and freedom till the son makes him free, then we are as deeply interested in knowing and holding the fact as anyone, and facts are not to be objected to. Let us make the most of it for we shall be held accountable for such freedom. We have never denied this liberty, but we have not been able to see that it had a great extent, a wide latitude, or a very lengthy range. We were awarded many prizes in the field of mental and moral science, having consulted many authors, and have been forced to the conclusion that the limits of our freedom are circumscribed till the Son makes us free, then are we free indeed. But there must be a method by which the spirit governs the mind, will, and all else included, sweetly, pleasantly, divinely, without overturning by the roots the nature he has given. Surely he can govern his creatures and their actions without violence to their nature. The human nature of Christ was always obedient to the Father, fulfilling all righteousness, and if in anything he cannot have his request, there is no rebellion. "Thy will be done." He was most free in the sense we claim freedom for our will. Could the precious promises be fulfilled if there were not a way of governing all instrumentalities? Men's souls that will are such, the human nature of Jesus Christ was an instrumentality by which the spirit of God carries out his plans and designs. What is freedom or real liberty? Is it when a man does of his own inclination actions as inferior creatures do? Or when he does them from choice because reason says they ought to be done? Are they not free because done from choice and with full knowledge and untrammelled choice? We fail to see any conflict here between the mind so acting and the Spirit energizing in us the exceeding greatness of his power, or the might of his power, as wrought in the resurrection of Christ. Theophilact and Chrysostom have said, especially the latter, that it requires a greater power to convert the soul than to raise the dead—a far more wonderful work to persuade a soul to believe in Christ than to call the dead to life by a word. Those who have the experience of this mighty work in their hearts now can easily persuade themselves of what may and can be done in them and for them hereafter. Should a man still say, I cannot see through such difficulties—how can these things be? We can only remind him that we are treating of what takes place here on earth; we dare not speak of what we do not know, but only as we draw from the treasury of

the Holy Writings, It would avail you little to take you out and show you the growth or development of the objects in the animal, the vegetable and the mineral kingdoms. You would admit that these things grow and that every object in these kingdoms of nature lives and moves and has its existence in the Creator of all. Were you to stand in a forest, you could, we suppose, observe trees of all ages from a thousand or more years to the seedling of last spring. You would admit that it required an amount of power corresponding to the age and nature of each to produce it; you would admit, in the education of our age, that the power supplied in all these years to such a variety could be applied in a moment by and from the same source. But you would cry, that would be a miracle. We admit it. But is it unlike a miracle that the pure spirit of God should come and take possession of a soul at enmity with heaven and root up the bitter roots of sin, break up the fallow and sow the seeds of truth, and garner the grand harvest in heaven.

The good will of God to men is abundantly referred to in the Sacred Writings. The power by which a man is led to turn from error and believe the truth is strongly stated and dwelt on by the sacred writers. Unite these two, the good will and the omnipotent power which that will exerts in us, and you have established a strong ground of consolation to the refugees of hope. If God be for us who can be against us? The very central doctrine of our religion is that Christ died for our sins, and was raised again for our justification. The power that raised Him up will raise us up and present us faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy. Has the spirit wrought faith in us now? That implies forgiveness, deliverance from the power of darkness, translation into the kingdom of His beloved Son. The apostle gives thanks to the Father who has made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light. We cannot form a conception of the power that raised Christ from the dead to glory, any more than of that glory to which he was raised. We can understand that there is a proportion between the power and that glory though we cannot measure the extent of either. We quiet our doubts about these wonders by asking, is anything too hard for the Lord, or impossible, or even difficult? He shall change our vile bodies and fashion them like unto his own glorious body, according to the mighty working whereby he is able to subdue all things to himself. Superabundant provision is here made for soul and body. Peter lays down in beautiful order: Elect according to the foreknowledge of God the Father, to obedience, through sanctification of the Spirit and sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ, begotten again, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you, who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation. The first creation declares the eternal power and Godhead, the second the exceeding greatness of His power—the hyperbole, the ineffable, super-excellent, overcoming might of His power, by which souls are converted, carried through the preparation and qualified to sustain a far more exceeding and an eternal weight of glory. The gospel exceeds or excels the law in glory. The weakness of God is stronger than the might of the strongest of men. The same word is used of the love of Christ that passeth knowledge. He is able to do exceedingly abundant above all that we ask or think. Isaiah says: He calleth them all (the heavenly worlds) by names, by the greatest of His might, for that he is strong in power not one faileth. Greatness of might, strength of power, this is the Hebrew mode of doubling to express great power. What admiration for God must these expressions create in the soul; He has bound himself by His good will to employ such sur-

passing all conquering energy of His power to bring us to salvation. All this power is to usward who believe. How moving, how invincible. We are not mere spectators, we are interested. The prayer of the apostle is that we may know it, as a super-excelling, all-conquering power to usward. Peter has it: The Lord is long-suffering to usward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance. To us a child is born, to us a son is given. The exceeding greatness of His power to usward is an extraordinary, a most astonishing expression. It implies the utmost exertion or exercise of the perfections of God for our salvation. It throws a burning light on the awfulness of sin calling for such a remedy the power that worketh in us, and the power by which He subdues all things compared, will show that the power working on all believers equals the power put forth in all else in the wide creation. The grace of God to men, the salvation by Christ, and the application of it by the Spirit, form a stage on which all the divine perfections are exhibited to the uttermost. To even wicked men he shows riches of mercy; but riches has reference to numbers, but to saints the exceeding riches of His grace in His kindness toward us through Christ Jesus. The brightness of the new creation throws the old into the shade, the glory that excelleth makes the other as no glory. The new heavens are so absorbing that the old is forgotten. Every reading of the scriptures gives a new discovery of the beauty of truth that takes the place of former impressions. The Spirit unveils or reveals the facts more clearly to the understanding. This greater manifestation would seem by its greater brightness to indicate as if it were the first time come upon the mind, but it is only the brighter manifestation covering from view what was less manifest. Speaking after the manner of men, God seems reluctant to punish. What if God, willing to show His wrath and to make His power known, endured with much long-suffering the vessels of wrath fitted to destruction and that he might make known the riches of His grace on the vessels of mercy which he had before prepared unto glory. Judgment is his strange work. He delights in mercy. The grand reason is love. Nothing commands strength like love. Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy strength. He loves with all His strength. I will rejoice over them to do them good with my whole heart and with my whole soul. Moses thus interceded: Let the power of my Lord be great, according as thou hast spoken; saying, the Lord is long-suffering and of great mercy; pardon, I beseech thee, the iniquities of this people, according to the greatness of Thy mercy. Mercy is power. Mercies are multitudinous, riches are arithmetical. Power is (megethos) bulk size immensity. Did a king possess power in himself to conquer all enemies without armies or navies and to rule all men with equity what a power he would be. God is such a power, absolutely irresistible. The Judge of all the earth cannot but do right. Therefore hath he mercy on whom he will have mercy. Who hath resisted his will? All souls are his. All need forgiveness and mercy. What encouragement to sinners to seek forgiveness since this mightiest of sovereigns has pledged the mightiness of his omnipotent power to bring men to glory. When you say forgive our trespasses what argument do you use? Thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory. Sovereignty, dominion, strength, honor and glory are his; but of all these he will abundantly pardon, renovate and bring to glory everlasting. If the spirit of Him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you, He that raised up Christ from the dead shall quicken your mortal body by His spirit that dwelleth in you. Therefore, we on whom such favors are bestowed must with the spirit mortify the deeds of the body, that we may live. Salvation must answer to the work that fits for it. The glory of the new heavens must corres-

pond to the exceeding greatness of the work ; the inhabitants must be assimilated to the image of the Creator. A proportion is observed in the putting forth of strength, or power, according to the work to be accomplished. The baffled magicians said it was the finger of God. Christ used the same expression before the sceptics he encountered. With a strong hand he brought Israel out of bondage. Thou hast a mighty arm, strong is Thy hand and high is Thy right hand. Mary says : He hath showed strength with his arm ; how the exceeding greatness of his power, the might of his strength, all divine perfections, are engaged to bring men to glory. Well may they run the race ; bought, born of the Spirit, justified, sanctified, and they will be glorified.

The salvation of man is the stage on which all the divine perfections are manifested. Wisdom, love, grace, power shine forth simultaneously. Exceeding greatness of power shows itself in the working of faith in us at the first. Conversion is the effectual working of his power. The believers in this passage are hedged in with exceeding greatness of his power following ; and the fair construction of the sense must be the production of faith. It is compared with the power in the resurrection of Christ. The foregoing richness of glory, of inheritance, in the saints, refers to heaven, where the saints are perfect. Believers are on their way to that perfection. Faith is lost in sight then and there, but it supplies the place of sight here on earth. When that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away. We believe, now, therefore, the power by which we believe is now present. He refers not to a future resurrection but a present believing. The reference to the resurrection of Christ is in the past ; he uses the present to usward who believe. Paul must include himself among these believers. Was his conversion not one of the most marked in all history ? He is met and conquered in the zenith of his persecuting power. The glory of that light persuaded him ; he willingly yielded to his convictions. O, King Agrippa, I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision. I was made a minister according to the gift of the grace of God given unto me by the effectual working of his power. His conversion is expressed by his receiving grace and apostleship. They are almost, always associated, sometimes exchanged. At conversion Christ says to him, " stand upon thy feet, for I have appeared unto thee for this purpose, to make thee a minister and a witness, both of these things which thou hast seen and of those things in the which I will appear unto thee." Here his conversion is expressed by his apostleship and the narrative of his conversion includes his call to preach, and the revelation to Ananias, shows what he would suffer. He tells Timothy how exceedingly abundant the grace of God was in converting a blaspheming prosecutor, mad to excess against the church. To the Ephesians he tells of his conversion and ministry, according to the effectual working of His power, and he makes a corresponding statement to the Romans. To the Galatians he says he was made an apostle by Jesus Christ and God the Father, who raised him from the dead. You doubt not then of the power that converted the persecutor ; the same power converted you, with perhaps some difference of circumstances. Peter calls it the like precious faith with us. The conclusion is legitimate, and also inevitable, that every conversion is by the same power of the Spirit in all ages. The connection of the words with the foregoing is a second reason here. The object was to encourage them to labour and qualify for glory. Believers were few, enemies and discouragements many, and the operation of grace being similar great encouragement is given to persevere in the life of faith. People that have no doubt of the resurrection, doubt of their power to persevere ; as if some sin would be their destruction. I shall one day perish by the hand of Saul. It may be said

the blessed Spirit is profuse in these encouragements. The innerman is renewed day by day. Afflictions are light, of short duration, and it is blessed to endure. Be renewed in the Spirit of your mind; in righteousness; put on the new man. You are kept by the power of God, through faith unto salvation. Now if such a power must keep them from falling must not such a power make them believers? It is easier to preserve life than to raise from the dead. It is worse to reconcile enemies than to keep friends. If Christ died for the ungodly, will He desert the godly? If love led Him to make the sacrifice, and deliver us from bondage, will love fail to reap the fruits? The work becomes easier as we advance, and to add glory is but to give a new degree to grace already given. To fill us with a knowledge of these things is the aim. How little could we know of this power in our own experience, had we not the Scriptures to meditate on and from which to draw our information? It is perhaps in spiritual life as in natural or physical. We must reflect that we are sustained by a divine power, but what note do we take of it? We scarcely observe our natural growth, pay no attention to health in our normal state, any more than bestow a thought on the free air we inhale, or the pure sunlight which invigorates us. We are so absorbed in other things, we pay little attention to the majestic rivers when they are not in high flood, or to the endless variety and development of vegetation so useful and necessary over the landscape. Thankfulness should abound to the Author who has made these records to sustain our spirits in strength and vigor instead of feebleness. Augustine thinks we must thank ourselves if our own will and not the divine will is the cause of our conversion. It must be admitted on all sides that whilst we are bound to work out our salvation with fear and trembling; that it is God that worketh in us, both to will and to do, of His good pleasure and that no greater sin than ingratitude can well be imagined. Scripture treats man fairly, where it exhorts him to vigilance in the practice of every virtue in the present and to prepare for the future without arrogating anything in his own merit. To strengthen this most important point, we have but to consider what follows. The power that set Christ at the right hand of the Father, far above all thrones and dominion, and every name in the universe. Then the raising souls to life from the dead and delivering them from the dominion of Satan; and the power of darkness; and bringing them into the marvellous light of His own life. According as His divine power hath given us all things that pertain to life and godliness. Now, in setting Christ on His throne He has given Him a kingdom, for He says He has overcome, and is seated with His Father on His throne, and the victor shall (says he) sit with me on my throne. The king is the head of the nation, Christ is head of the church, consequently the King. Anticipating the resurrection; the Psalmist frequently refers to Him as the King of Zion, the King of Glory. Since the ascension of this King to glory, the church is under the dispensation of the Spirit, who recovers souls to Christ, one by one, not like an earthquake shock by the tramp of armed hosts precipitated on one another with the confused noise of the warrior and garment rolled in blood. Regeneration is the baptism of the holy Spirit and spiritual fire. There is no fourth person in the Godhead, and any appeal beyond the Spirit's work no second probation in scripture, and no need of a further dispensation to prepare human souls for glory. Several parallel passages confirm all those grand ideas of this power. The force of the reasoning cannot be evaded. Eternal life is the gift of God. Conversion is the baptism of the spirit; and the power of God preserves the believer to eternal life. If it was impossible that death and the grave could hold Christ, it is impossible that sin and Satan can hold a soul; when the good pleasure of the persons of the Trinity

gives to this soul a light above the brightness of midday sun, it will burst the barriers and volunteer into the service of Christ and begin the work of its salvation. The spirit giveth life and life displays itself by activity. If it be said that these strong expressions are oriental figures of speech; we reply. Fire is a figure, but if not put out it may become a conflagration and represents great destruction—endless sufferings. The furnace that purifies the precious metals represents trials and purification. Strong figures indeed, but their meaning is clear, their significance great, or they mean nothing. If the preparation for, and the preservation to glory is not accomplished by the power of God, by what is it done? The words are inspired by the Holy Spirit, who knows what to employ; words which the Holy Spirit teacheth. To be the subject of this divine work is the highest favor conferred on man, and it works agreeably to our constitution given us by the Creator. The difficulties of Christianity may be immense in its depths, unfathomable, but can anything take its place? To what shall we turn? Has this religion the words of eternal life? Then bless your God from the depth of your soul that He has given it, and in it, explained with satisfactory clearness, what would otherwise be inexplicable.

In the whole system of the Christian religion there is no doctrine to some minds so full of difficulty to comprehend as that of punishment, and that such punishment should be eternal and before appointed and predetermined. The enemies of Christianity place it in clear and well known expressions, "that God created men to damn them," and persist in maintaining that Christians believe and teach such a doctrine. The same parties hold that safety from punishment and preparation for felicity depend on our own choice. The strange thing is that so few make the choice. We have not met with such characters nor have we found them in history. They do make such a choice, but not of themselves, till a mighty work has moved them to it, some as Saul of Tarsus or John Bunyan of Bedford; others like Jeremiah or John the Baptiste, Nathaniel and others in every stage and state between these extremities. Hence churches, schools of learning, missions, and a world of outlay of wealth, labor and patience as outward efforts additional to all divine labors to move towards this accomplishment. Why all this if a wish can save us? What sect in christendom that is not putting forth effort? Does not this universality of effort imply a divine work as its basis? God works in us and we respond or we oppose, and the disease is mental or moral, not physical. Some reason thus: "After one has formed habits of sin he is not responsible." How would one of our judges treat a criminal who had accustomed himself to quarrelling with men till he could not keep his hands from shedding blood? Would he say the more he was addicted to crimes the less responsible he became to society? Is a man not responsible when he cannot cease from sin? Men will not come to be saved nor receive the love of truth, nor incline their hearts to wisdom. They oppose the express will of God as to repentance or faith, or sanctification. Men have nothing to do with the secret will of God, but with His commands. He has connected obedience with salvation. Let men not sever this connection.

It was revealed to Paul that he would reach Rome and appear before Cæsar, but he took great pains about the ship, the health of the passengers and the sailors and the landing to fulfil the prediction. What calamities God suffered them to endure with the loss of the ship and cargo, and all but the precious lives of the people. He knows how to deliver the godly and punish the wicked. Dr. Campbell charges the God of the Old Testament with inciting Abraham to murder his son—he will charge Him in his next lecture with the murder of Christ, because He did not answer His prayer to save Him from that hour.

To some minds the trial of Abraham's faith as ranking with the patience of Job is an event the most sublime in the ancient world. The author of that faith knew what it could endure and for others benefit, as well as that of Abraham and Isaac, he tried it and stayed his hand when raised to make the last act of the sacrifice. It tells to all ages of the world that the God of the Old Testament would do in the fulness of time, even for men a little more profane than the learned professor. He would probably say all these things were done by the Devil, but did the latter not ask permission from God before he dared stir up the enemies of Job, or of Christ to carry out the counsel of God. Talents so very respectable should not be wasted beating the air in promulgating doctrines nobody can believe, and attacking the strongholds of truth, when he might as well attack the sublimities of the firmament. His mind was perhaps, lost ballast, in his wide wanderings through the waste howling wilderness of Hitlite migration. But to return—"God has ordained the reprobate to dishonor and wrath for their sins to the praise of his glorious justice." (W. C. F.)—"foreordained them to dishonor and wrath to be for their sin inflicted to the praise of the glory of his justice." (L. C.) This is very different from "creating men to damnation" or compelling them to sin and delighting in their destruction. The more criminal the culprit the more deserving of punishment. If to punish ill desert is not unjust, it cannot be unjust to determine to punish or predetermine to punish. Nations legislate to punish individuals for crimes and the persons may not be born for ages after, and no one objects to the law as sinful, or its execution as unjust. The liability to punish is in the breach of the law. The legislature is not the authority of the sin. It lays no physical disability in the way of the offender. That it is ignorant of the transgressor in advance does not in any wise interfere with the conditions of things. This applies in the destiny of the dregs of humanity to the rewards of their evil deeds. Benhadded the Syrian, with thirty-two confederates, kings, marauders and plunderers, were wantonly attacking Israel. Ahab, after a very decisive victory, made a league with him and sent him away safely. The prophet tells him, forasmuch as thou has let go out of thy hand a man whom I appointed to utter destruction, therefore thy life shall go for his life, and thy people for his people. That wicked king had repeated evidences of divine goodness, to have attached him to virtue and obedience, but headstrong adherence to idolatry works ruin. The Syrian king commanded his captains to fight only with Ahab, the man that had showed him mercy. Ahab would in spite of warnings overthrow the predictions, fight in disguise and leave the king of Judah to be the victim; or save his life by ignominious flight. The stone from the sling makes a dent in the giant's temples, the arrow at a venture finds a crevice in the armor, king's necks are not invulnerable.

Pharaoh will follow into the sea if it should be his destruction. Who hath hardened himself against God and prospered? Multitudes take no interest in truth, despise all warnings and rush headlong to destruction. Saul seems the only one in the company saved on the way to Damascus; though the light shone gloriously to the eyes of all. Hazael brings a soothing message to the sot Benhadded and the next day suffocates the man capable of recovery. How quickly sinners mature in crime. Is thy servant a dog that he should do this great thing? Yes, dog, lion, tiger, if need be, to secure a crown or dominion. A kingdom, even a vineyard, a Herodias, one wedge of gold, will prove fatal, and men prepare themselves for destruction, whilst God prepares the vessels of mercy for the glory he has ordained them. There is a strong disposition in men to turn their thoughts from the transgressors to find fault with the punishment

not the sin. Even reverend and learned doctors have engaged all their resources of reason and logic to prove that Esau and Judas Iscariot will be saved. Could they establish this point they would end all controversy and all further effort in religion; for if Judas is not in perdition there is no danger of any one and no perdition to avoid, no distinction between virtue and vice. Dr. Adam Clarke established that all knowledge with God is present knowledge. Archbishop Tilotson poured oceans of contempt on the idea and asked how it explained things? But with the leave of the archbishop we think the Dr. the more philosophical. For if eternity is present with the great I Am then what was, and is, and is to come are all before him, and if it is just to punish them it is just to determine to do it, or as we say of the past in predetermining to do it. The difficulty disappears. The present knowledge of present events proves their existence, as the foreknowledge of things proves their future existence or the knowledge of things past that they existed. Their existence, however, depends not on the knowledge of them, but on the power that produces them; but it is positive proof that there is nothing accidental or contingent with God. It proves, moreover, that there is no injustice in the punishment of men, who before God, are not only sinners, but like Ahab and others remain impenitent, obstinate and determinate in the face of all warnings, threatenings, mercies and favors. The remedy for sinners is returning to God at his invitation and repent and believe the gospel, and do works meet for repentance. Why do sinners persist in their transgressions? Why delight in provoking the most merciful God, to cause his indignation to burn like fire against them, when they might break off their sins by repentance and obtain mercy?

Why fill up their lives with practicing all manner of rebellion, and then find fault with that righteous government that will bring every word into judgment, should sinners prefer to have God against them than on their side; and to continue to fill up the measure of their sins, till wrath shall come upon them to the uttermost? Acquaint thyself now with God and be at peace.

Science in our day is proud and haughty, flinging up its heels against Scripture and declaring itself wise above what is written. If science were well established or had an immovable foundation, its claims would be less pretentious and more admissible, but the ascertained facts are few and easily reckoned. Its theories are legion, and young men are carried away with the lofty and eloquent speculations of learned writers without waiting to weigh or measure, or perhaps bringing with them the capacities to discriminate in the case. Astronomy since the days of Copernicues, Kepler and especially Newton is among the best established branches of science, and except Newton's principle of gravitation it professes only to be out on the highway or the hilltops of discovery. Medical science is kindly feeling its way to relieve human suffering, having done much yet confessing itself face to face with inaccessible mountains or arrested by chasms and gorges, over which it can yet throw no bridge on which to cross to the other side. Geology having shifted its foundations so often within half a century cannot lay much claim to science much less tell how things were created or what creation is, whether done in the analytic or synthetic process. Yet the pride of our human depravity is such that the sciolists sit in judgment on Revelation, instead of admitting that they themselves are the criminals not the judges. Agnostics glory in their shame, they ought to, and they do know better. Men of sense admit gladly every fact established by honest investigation and careful experiment, conceding all legitimate claims of human authority whilst deeply deploring the self-sufficiency that sets aside without ceremony the highest authority. They admit grudgingly that the Word of God is



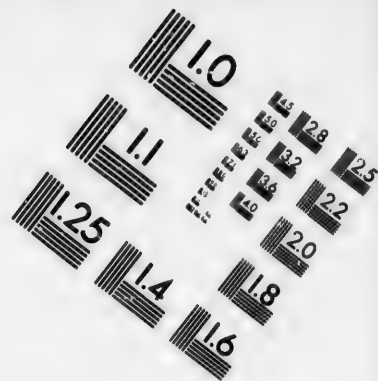
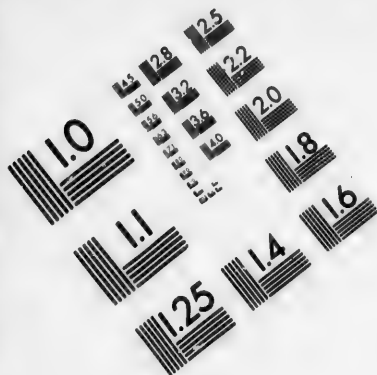
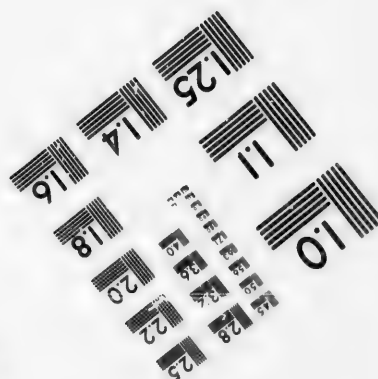
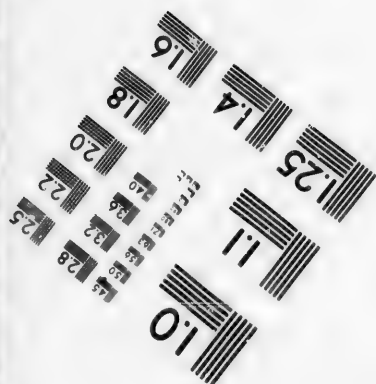
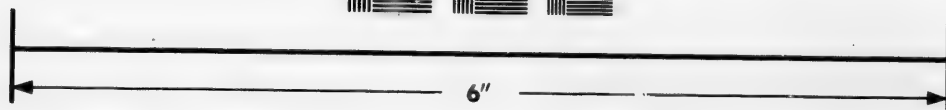
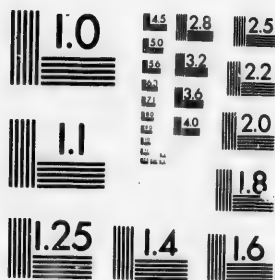


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contained in the Scriptures, but hesitate to take the Scriptures as the Revelation of God. They would divide and sub-divide, and alter and subtract, showing what is human, what divine, what is inspired, what not, what is more, and what is most inspired. They are such metaphysicians, such hair splitters, such judges of what revelation ought to be and ought not to be. They have not yet ventured to drop out the parts not inspired, as they think, nor divided the human parts from the divine. They are only hinting such things, yet hoping for some bold editor to spring up that will do what they are feeling the way to and wish accomplished. Paul writing to Timothy speaks of the writings held by the Jews as the Law, the Prophets, and Psalms, as the "Holy Scriptures," and that "all Scripture" referring to these "is given by Inspiration of God" (Theopneustos). Now one would suppose that to be sufficient; but Peter tells that the 'Prophecy came not of old time by the will of man, but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Spirit." Paul also certifies us that he taught "In the words which the Holy Spirit teacheth," as in contrast "with the words which man's wisdom teacheth." Men have labored to make Christianity rational and scientific, but then they find it useless, resembling that remarkable creature among insects that when it looses its sting dies. It may be mortifying to human pride to admit that the foolishness of God is wiser than their wisdom, and the weakness of God far above their strength, but such is the case. It pleases God by orthodox doctrines to impart to men faith, and by the "foolishness of preaching to save them that believe." Scientific Christianity has made no converts and it is not to be expected that it ever will. Who will dare to say how far God's inspiration goes and where it ends? All Scripture (Pasa Graphē) and (Ta Grammata) the words of the original, Hebrew and Greek are inspired, breathed into the writers from God, not merely the thoughts, or as we say, the sentiments and ideas, but the words. He shall tell these words whereby thou and thy house shall be saved. Words may be called the clothing of our thoughts; but more so, as we cannot think without language, the act is the embodiment of the intention. God has given a commission to the true preacher, not to the wise nor speculate, but "Preach My Word." Obedience is here in demand and will be found more successful than the noblest oratory, the most eloquent delivery, the most ethereal speculations of philosophy, the most refined human ingenuity. The church, the whole church, should set its face against the employment of such speculative professors whose rarified imaginations carry them away from the sound doctrines of Scripture, to indulge in fable and fancy. It may seem harsh to dismiss a professor; but the injury to the church by leading its young men into the atmosphere of speculation, which, however pleasing to them for a time, must end in ruin to themselves, and greater destruction to the church; for whilst promising apparent liberty is only bringing her children into bondage. These unstable souls carried about by every wind of doctrine, soon produce much instability in others and under the notion of originality produce "original nothings." These men make difficulties in religion where none exist, call on question the best established facts, throw their lightweight into the scale of men of corrupt minds, who handle the Word of God deceitfully and make merchandise of their hearers. Many men of wealth dabble in science and make it the rage, when most of their lucubrations are only science falsely so called. Then it has become very meritorious to push out large volumes of endeavors to reconcile science and scripture since the days of Dr. Chalmers, Hugh Millar and Professor Hitchcock. The established facts of science are not, cannot be in conflict with Scripture, and need no reconciliation; whilst most people will admit the impossibility of harmonizing what are not facts with scriptural truths,

Perhaps the most rational idea that we can form of the Supreme Being, the Living God, is that the past and the future are with him as is the present, if it is even comprehensible by our finite rational minds. We bring up the past in memory and recollection, but to the infinite mind all is clear standing before Him from eternity. We take in the future periods by projecting our thoughts forward and anticipating times and events from our experience of the past; but to Him the future is present, one day as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day. Then this idea is the most philosophical, it being infinite in every perfection requires nothing like our memory, as everything is open before Him, and the future as the present, comprehended in His infinite wisdom as well as His eternal existence. The past, present and future are only applicable to created being who had a beginning and many of whom have an end. This idea, rational and philosophical, is the scriptural notion we have of God. He knows the thoughts of our minds before they are formed there, as well as in their present existence. He accommodates His revelation of Himself to us according to the mode of speech in the language given us in our constitution as rational creatures. The use of such terms might not be necessary to spirits or disembodied souls. We cannot tell. A thousand years as a watch in the night or as a moment. He is the same yesterday, to-day and forever. I am is His memorial to all generations. Before Abraham was I am. This eminently correct idea kept before the mind will relieve it from any difficulty arising out of our crude notions of God's dealing with men in affliction dispensations, chastisements, punishments, and the like, where we would err from scanty knowledge of the cases in question. It may also quiet our minds on what is so great a stumbling block to some not very clear or profound thinkers about divine purposes and decrees. It is not considered unjust or partial to call men now to the fellowship of the Gospel, and unite them to Christ in this calling. We have not heard of any plea of injustice set up against the conversion of many souls in ministrations of the Gospel, whilst all are not converted. It will not be considered unjust to punish wicked men in the judgment for unrepented sins. Nor can it be unjust to so determine beforehand humanly speaking. "Known unto God are all His works from the foundation of the world." The narrow limits of our knowledge and the employment of language suited to our capacities should not be a reflection on the nature and actions of the Deity. The past and the future being wrapped up in the present with Him, it is not unscientific to say that an hour and ten thousand years are the same to Him, that limit and succession have no place or application to Him. The Christian has no quarrel with science, as it establishes truth, he only objects to the fallacies imposed on him by the would be scientist. The word infinite must be applied to every perfection of the Supreme Creator, Ruler and possessor of the universe, else we could suppose a being infinite in every attribute, and that being must be uncreated, one who inhabits eternity, who can learn nothing from any creature He has produced and cannot be over reached by anyone nor deceived by appearance like those who see through a glass darkly and are but of yesterday and know nothing. He is infinitely wise in counsel and excellent in working. Our difficulties regarding His plans and their execution arise from our limited acquaintance with Him, our too contracted notions of His perfection and our inflated and exorbitant ideas of ourselves, our fancied powers and rights. And what have we that we did not receive? Our knowledge and the language that exhibits it to others are all given us, lent us by Him in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. The only remedy for a sinner is a return to God by Jesus Christ, a careful, diligent investigation, a profound search

of the Revelation of God to man, the Holy Writings of the Old and New Testament, every word of which is God-inspired and necessary to the new life of the man who lives not by bread alone but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God. Let us not try to teach God how to govern, but as children learn of Him who is meek and constitutes Himself our teacher and guide, and we shall find rest for our weary laboring souls, transformation into the image of His Son, be made partakers of the Divine nature and bear the image of the Heavenly and wear a crown and eternal weight of glory.

This crown of glory is not placed carelessly on the heads of men as a mere gratuity, nor yet given as a reward of their own unaided labors. The invitation is given to lost men to believe in Christ as the only begotten eternal Son of God. They comply, receive Christ, who dwells by faith in their hearts and at once they begin to bear much fruit. This is their Father's will. This is carrying out the Father's design, conformity to the image of His Son. The word of truth which they receive is the instrument. The invisible Spirit of God is the efficacious originator and internal worker in this human temple, presenting the attractions of Christ and the salvation He offers or brings with Him into the heart and soul, showing the hatefulness of sin as enmity against God, the necessity of spurning and avoiding it on the one hand and of preparing for glory, honor and eternal life on the other. Does his faith grow, his love burn with a vehement flame, his hope heave and cast its anchor in heaven, his humility deepen and extend in view of his deliverance from sins so aggravated, his love expand in length, breadth, depth and height, corresponding in some measure to that love which creates it, his zeal for the conversion of sinners increase and grow, his principles take a deeper root within his soul, his readiness to show mercy with cheerfulness unfold itself, these and the like graces prove that his calling and election is being made sure, that he is now chosen to salvation through sanctification of the Spirit and belief of the Truth. He has no disposition to parabolise or allegorise the Words of God on the narrative of the creation and the unhappy fall of man, like the pretending scholars of the Old Testament, the Workmans and the Sampsons, to whose double thrones the Old Testament will not bow. Where were these wits when the foundations of the earth were laid? The believer cannot leave the Word of God, and entertain the fables of worldly wise interpreters like these modern critics. If the framing of the world by the Word of God is allegorical so is the ark and the deluge, so is Abraham's departure from Misopotamia and sojourn in Canaan, so is the story of Joseph, the burning bush, the passage of the Red Sea, the desert wanderings, subjugation of Palestine, the Temple, the Captivities; all written not for our learning but for our entertainment, like the Arabian Knights, Robison Crusoe, and the heart of Midsothian. O bewildered scholars! Has your much learning made you mad? Is it wonderful that there are few conversions, that the most earnest preachers of truth cry over their little success, and raise their wail over the burned stones, dust and rubbish of Zion! Howl O gate, cry O city. Enter into the rock, hide thee in the dust for the fear of the Lord. Ye profound thinkers, ye great scholars wading for half a century up to the ears and chin in the deluge of your eloquent theories and witty allegorical inventions, how would it do for you to leave for a while your fancies and return to the path of common sense, and believe with Paul that the world was framed by the Word of God, or with John that all things were made by Him, that by Him all things consist, that the woman being deceived was in the transgression. But what do these statements of an infallible interpretation signify to the authority of the allegorical gentlemen who prefer the authority of the scientific philosopher

to the authority of God. So deferential are they to the men of knowledge that the sacrifice of truth costs them not a thought. By what authority does Dr. Workman and others speak for the scholars of the Old Testament? Has Dr. Green given up the historial for the allegorical in Genuses? Has the Presbyterian church in America or the British Isles, or the Reformed church of France, the Christians of Switzerland, the Waldensean or the churches in Australia, or anywhere given up the historical account of the creation or the fall? An occasional comet may flash out among the fixed stars, but his flight has been so rapid and his career so brief that his phosphoascense is soon buried in the oblivion, and his name forgotten whilst the few that were dazzled by his sudden appearance and collapse, soon recover themselves, and the church continues in her wonted orbit without an eclipse. When the sacred writers allegorise or parabolise they let you know, but Moses gives you not a hint of either, and Moses proves himself too honest a man to plagerise, or merely edit, collect or redact the writings of predecessors without a sign of credit given them or a mention of their names or works. He gives the words of Balaam Balack, and many others more honorable, but you cannot discover from him any author except, "The Lord spake unto Moses." If he begins his history of the creation without first proving the Being of God, he does not fail to multiply the proofs as he proceeds. Creation proves a Creator. The orderly government of the universe, with all the apurtinances thereof, amply prove a providence that before determined the times and the seasons and set the bounds of all our habitations. The invisible things of Him, His Eternal Power and Godhead are clearly seen from the creation of the world. They are understood by the things that are made, inferred from them, so that sceptics are without excuse. Jesus Christ gave not the least encouragement to doubting, chided the disciples for it. Wherefore didst thou doubt. When the passage of the Red Sea is opened and the way to the Jorden and the very heart of Canaan laid open, is it not sinful to doubt, and in our hearts go back into Egypt? If a professed scholar sets at defiance the external and internal evidences at his disposal, and publishes his doubts to the world and aids in multiplying sceptics and infidels, he is surely not for but against Christ, places himself outside the Gibraltar of Christianity and joins his forces, be they ever so few and feeble, to the armies that assail the church of Christ. It is the manifest duty of every scholar to cultivate faith and give his doubts to the winds. Everyone calling himself a Christian should turn away his ears and eyes from these wandering stars, of whatever magnitude they may be, lest they involve him in the blackness of darkness for ever, and apply the words of the disciples to the Jewish rulers in this case; whether it be right to hearken unto these honest doubters more than unto God, judge ye. If there be anything in the Scriptures not the Word of God, it is necessary to complete the narative, consequently it comes under the rule of Scripture, the engrafted word which is able to save the soul. If words saved the people at the meeting in the house of Cornelius, then every word of God is good and inspired, and essential to the nourishment of the soul in every feature of its spiritual life. Every creature of God is good and nothing to be refused if it be received with thanks given, for it is sanctified by the word of God and prayer. Is it hatred of God a preconceived dislike to his word that arms so many who would like to be thought honest scholars and fair minded men to raise objections, invent and contrive difficulties when they know how hard it is for the many to overcome themselves and keep the faith when the roaring lion seeks their overthrow? Why not seek the hidden wisdom ordained before the world to the glory of believers? True, men may not agree in the interpretation, but

are they to glory in this thing as if Scripture must have a double meaning or Christ were divided? How deliterious this course pursued by these scholars is on the rank and file of the church, turning their minds to controversy when they should bend their whole force on the study of truth on which no doubt should ever be cast. Let them prove their speculations. The ramparts of truth will not be shaken by the noise and array of these pop guns. In order to acquire the habit of piety there is only one course open to us, the daily performance of all its duties. Christianity is largely a system of teaching. Its author places the intellectual training largely before the emotional. Everyone knows how restricted is the period in which attention can be given to these things, and if that is neglected or suffered to pass unimproved, how shall we escape. To us it locks sin against the Holy Spirit, to set minds adrift from the pure truth He seeks to impress on them, turning away their ears from the truth to fable. No amount of popularity, or the praise of men, can possibly compensate for the self inflicted injury done himself in the dishonesty, guilt, villiany, in torturing, misrepresenting, hiding the meaning of truth as if it were falsehood. Can piety, sanctification, be obtained without pains, labor and devotion to duty? The man who neglects this is guilty, and the man who turns others to speculation and relaxation of duty is equally guilty. One member may defraud for a corporation of a hundred or a thousand and be guilty, so is every man of the thousand that approves his deeds equally guilty.

The love of these sins cannot accord with the love of Christ in the soul. The love of money is the root of all evil, which while some coveted after, they have erred concerning the faith and pierced themselves through with many sorrows. This love is so ardent in the rich men of our day as to burn out all convictions of wrongdoing, and sear their consciences into a cinder. Every wickedness is employed to make wealth. Then when it is rotting in banks that give only to a certain extent interest and very low on deposits, half what they charge the borrower, these money men will lend at a ruinous per centage if they can, or on security three or four times the value, or as the appraiser is generally in their interest after a deposit is extorted from the borrower a valuation is made so low that he is swindled out of what he put up and the money cankers on. What resemblance have these slaves of mammon to Christ. What are they but the most virulent cancers consuming their own species, that are like the Gentils prostrate under the wheels of their idols' cars. Are these wealthy slaves happy? Can their covenant with death save them from His syth? Or their agreement with hell save them from its blue blazes and brimstone burnings? The trusts of oils, sugar, woollen, cotton and coal and insurances with every other combine are the white rots of humanity in these degenerate days, and yet the clergy pronounce eulogies on our age as if we were in the Zeneth of the millenium or in the heart of paradise itself.

We have mentioned Daniel holding out the idea of repentance to the idolatrous Belshazzer, and showing mercy to the poor, if it may be a lengthening of his tranquility; and Peter to Simon Magus, repent of thy wickedness and pray God if the thoughts of thy heart may be forgiven thee. We say by the authority that commands repentance and remission of sins to be preached in His name to all nations, beginning at Jerusalem, to all these enormous robbers of the poor in their lowering wages and extortionate prices repent and make restitution. What will your hundreds of millions do for you as impenitents in the abyss to which you are driving with bicycle speed and recklessness. Others as mad in their love of the world as you repented. Zacheus gave half his goods to feed the poor and made a declaration unknown in the mouth of a covetous mer-

chant, so that it is certain he repented and was accepted, but the extortioners of our day can gain by his experience only when they follow his example, which is very doubtful, but which we earnestly exhort them to do, as their eternal destinies may be suspended on their immediate actions. The Mediator was sent to bless such as you are by turning every one of you away from your iniquities. Turn, gentlemen, at these reproofs and on the foundation such promises afford and escape from the wrath to come. It was better for Saul of Jarsus, it was better for John Bunyan, it was better for humanity in all after ages that they repented and gave the ages a sample or more of how the chief of sinners can be saved. Then there is one grand statement for the encouragement of such Jerusalem sinners as we treat of and there is an efficiency about it almost startling only requiring the sinner's submission for its accomplishment and perfection. It is perhaps the lengthiest Greek word in the New Testament. We render it "that He might gather together in one" seven Saxon words contained in the one, and it not fully translated. The reader will excuse my giving the original word in English letters (*Anakephalaiosisasthai*), the literal rendering would be "that He might again gather together in One Head all things in Christ, both which are in heaven and which are on earth even in Him." The gatherer as evidently the Father by His Holy Spirit, employing what subordinate means He may see good and fit. The power must be the most unquestionable, the means the most unobjectionable, as the results always prove incontestably. The one Head is the Omnipotent Saviour, and the again implies at first a oneness, then a sad break up and scattering necessitating this second gathering. The parties gathered are the unfallen angels in their confirmation in allegiance to their King and Head. These are the things in heaven and the fallen sons of men redeemed by the precious blood of the Son of God, their Redeemer and Saviour, shed for the remission of their sins. The angels were fallible if not gathered under their King then they cannot fall, Adam and Eve were fallible and did fall, so did some of the angels, who are reserved in everlasting chains under darkness till the judgment of the great day. Angels are gathered, confirmed, under Christ their King in the empire of heaven above, men fallen are gathered again into the service of their King from the colony of earth. But there is no gathering again from the abyss of darkness, no redemption thence. This is the grand encouragement for sinners of the darkest, deepest, deadliest hue who will not stubbornly resist divine grace to be drawn in and associated in this divine gathering. They were scattered by the fall and its fatal consequences from the true worship observed by the loyal angels and by our first parents at the origin of our race, and God's mode of uniting them again is this regathering in His Son even in Him. He that gathereth not with Christ, scattereth abroad for ever. Will men so love the perishing things of this life as to sign and seal their eternal condemnation. The Redeemer shed tears over such lost souls as these that reserved their own for the place of weeping and wailing. Will the millions and millionaires and the wretched poor that are as great money lovers though they cannot get it, cast themselves away as (the dross of silver) reprobates, who no man cares for, not even themselves, conjuring up difficulties in religion where none exist, except those wholly of their own making, when heaven's gates are not shut day or night till by their own hands these sinners bar them against themselves and judge themselves unworthy of eternal life?

To the sincere Christian, whether he hold the place of leader or follower, teacher or learner, who addresses himself earnestly to the work of acquainting himself with God and cultivating true devotion, there is the greatest of all possible encouragements. Take this as an instance, "In whom (Christ) ye also

trusted, after that ye heard the word of truth, the gospel of your salvation ; in whom also after that ye believed, ye were sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise, which is the earnest of our inheritance until the redemption of the purchased possession, unto the praise of His glory." In Christ, united to Him by faith that worketh by love the believer is freed from the danger of condemnation, he is a new creature, he is a king and a priest to God, justified, pardoned and accepted, with his heart and spirit renewed, he is to oppose and conquer every form of sin indwelling and foreign, to fill his soul as a treasury with the Word of Christ, promote the reign of the grace of God within his heart, live by the faith of the Son of God, and cultivate pure, tender, kindly affection to all the saints, rule his own spirit as well as his household, ever to speak truth with his fellow man, practice moderation, justice and temperance always ; but can he accomplish all this? Yes, by grace, through Christ strengthening him, he can wait on the Lord and renew his strength, mount up with wings as eagles, run and not weary, walk and not faint. The promises of the gospel, exceeding great and precious, make him partaker of the divine nature, his adoption into the family of God makes him of the seed royal and blood royal of heaven, each Christian resembles the child of a king ; old things are passed away, all things are become new, heart, spirit, conduct, character and life. His belief of the truth, pregnant with a world of knowledge about God and Christ to know which is life eternal, has lifted him out of his corrupt state of nature from darkness to light, opened his blind eyes and healed them, that they see the light and he believes in this light, is no longer of the night or of darkness, then he is vigilant, walking circumspectly in wisdom, redeeming the time that the adversary may not get an advantage. It may be asked, Is he always conqueror? Alas, he is often fooled, but never suspends hostilities, never treats with the enemy, but as a conqueror, and sometimes rises to be more than conqueror through Him that loved him. The princes of the house of Orange, we are told often confessed that they learned more by their own blunders than otherwise. The Christian learns caution, patience, experience and hope, his penitence is real, and he strengthens the weak parts, but his source of true knowledge is the word of truth, the gospel of his salvation. Alexander's high birth kept him out of the Olympic games unless kings were his competitors. The Christian's high birth keeps him from all mean, sinful things. He cannot, he is unable to make up his mind to sin deliberately as worldlings do, because he is born of God. He is in daily communications with God, who speaks to him in His Word and hears and records his prayers. Enock walked with God. Yes, in that age that Savants in their ignorance and blunderings call barbarous. By the new covenant of grace in Christ the way is opened for the flowing forth of gifts and favors. The Christian dispensation is by way of eminence, the dispensation of the Spirit, which implies much more than even the Christian can be aware of in this limited confined condition, largely enlightened as it undoubtedly is, for he is only at school here, cultivating his powers to reach their manhood. Now the aid of Him in whom we live and move and have our being is so graciously given to carry on the work He has begun, that after men believe in Christ they are sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise, who is the earnest of our inheritance until the redemption of the purchased possession to the praise of His glory. The new born babe must be nourished, and the sincere milk of the word is given him that he may grow thereby. First life, then growth. The Holy Spirit is the author of this life, growth and health. The worldings receive him not, because he is invisible, and they look only at things that are seen, temporal and perishing. But believers know him for he dwelleth with them and in them, there

bodies are his temples, guiding them into all truth, influencing their prayers and all their good works. In the above quotation the Holy Spirit is called a seal and an earnest a double security to the believer. The seal binds in the covenant. No man may reverse the writing in the name and sealed with the ring of the Persian king, how much surer this writing of the Lord and the human soul in covenant. The Greek in purchasing from the Persian the fine fabrics in merchantile dealing, gave a piece of gold as an earnest which confirmed the contract, this the Persian kept till the remainder was paid and the Greek who returned not to fulfil the contract, lost the earnest. In this case the earnest makes the inheritance sure, the earnest is never lost. The word Holy generally comes before the Spirit, which is not always applied in the use of Father and Son, not because there is any distinction but because it is the work of the Spirit to make us holy. Then he is called the spirit of promise for two reasons, he is the promised spirit of the New Covenant, as the Holy Child Jesus was the promise of the Old Testament. As the desire of all nations, the expectation of his people, the fulfilment of prophecies and promises, Christ came. The disciples were commanded to tarry at Jerusalem till they were endued with power from on high to wait for the promise which they had from Christ, they waited, and the fiftieth day, the first day of the week Pentecost, the promise was fulfilled, the Spirit came, they were furnished, endued, endowed for the work and went forth to conquer the world for their risen Lord. Then he is the spirit of promise, because he usually, if not always, raises the hopes, exalts the mind and more clearly opens up the way of the soul by a promise. Peter bears his infallible testimony here to the power of the promises. Exceeding great and precious by which we are made partakers of the divine nature, having escaped the pollutions in the world through lusts. The word exceeding is the hyperbole so often used in the latter writings of the apostles, an indefinite word expressing an unknown quantity to us, what we cannot measure in the bulk fathom, in depth, nor measure, in latitude, or longitude, nor by diameters, immeasurably incomprehensibly great, the excellence of the new economy above the old, the excellence of the Christian above the Jewish dispensation exceed in glory, the voice from the excellent glory, from heaven itself, how well applied to the promises of God, which are yea and amen in Christ Jesus. Are they not worthy of all faith, all trust, all confidence. Canaan was the land of promise, Isaac was by promise, Christ by promise, the Spirit by promise, salvation, eternal life, heaven, all by promise. Should any of my readers be without Christ, a stranger to the covenant of promise, under the wrath of God and exposed at any moment to the pouring out on him that wrath to the uttermost. What profit can he gain by the world, or pleasure, or wealth and loose his own soul, fail to obtain eternal life, and be cast away for the ages of ages, into the blackness of darkness, to take part only in the eternal wail of the lost? Think fellow mortal of your danger and be persuaded to escape from it. Will you be satisfied with the excuse that you could not fathom the mysteries of religion? That you could not believe in a God or a heaven you never saw is no plea for how much do you believe in that lies in the region of the invisible. Your sin is against the living God that has lent you your existence. He opens the door of His kingdom to you and you pass it by and transgress against your own soul, prefer death to life, turn the truth of it into a lie, worship the creature in the face, under the eyes of the Creator. You reject the atonement made by the Son of God that sacrifice of the sincerest and purest love ever unfolded in the created universe. God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have eternal life. By giving His life, shedding His blood, He redeemed us.

We are purchased, ransomed, redeemed, but not with corruptible things as silver and gold—but with the precious blood of Christ—again redeemed us by His blood out of every kindred, and redeemed without money, bought back, bought with a price. These expressions ought to settle all controversies about the redeemed. You despise the Spirit offering so often to apply that meritorious sacrifice to cover all your demerit and the deformity of your fallen guilty spirit. If you are chosen to salvation through sanctification of the Spirit and belief of the truth, you can only be saved by believing the truth, and through that truth being sanctified by the Holy Spirit. In love you are set out for salvation, then redeemed, ransomed, then sanctified, and made meet for glory. Would you adopt God's plan and be saved? Would you rather, like Cain and thousands of his sympathisers, reject God's plan and point out a wiser one of your own? Can you defy the Omnipotent God and turn away His indignation against you for your sins? If you could escape, is there a corner in the universe where His eye does not penetrate? Where is the darkness of the shadow of death, in which the workers of iniquity may hide themselves? There is a day coming when the very heavens shall be on fire and elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burnt up. In view of these dissolving heavens and consuming earth what manner of persons ought men to be in all holy conversation and godliness? Take warning from the destruction and misery of others and flee from the wrath to come. Lay down your weapons of war. Rebel no longer. Consider the unequalled kindness God has shown you all these years, not one act of which you have merited. You cannot conquer the Almighty. You must be overcome and treated precisely as the enemy you have made yourself. Think of it. Christ has made reconciliation for iniquity and opened the door to you. We pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God. Christ by His obedience has procured an everlasting righteousness, that is all you need, accept it and begin anew your life's journey heavenward, and He shall present you spotless before His Father's glory with exceeding joy. Open your heart now to receive to its overflowing Christ's eternal unfathomable love, turn your feet into that holy narrow path trodden by the feet of ages, open your lips to publish the praises of the once crucified but risen and exalted Saviour. In that name which is above every name, bow your knees before that reconciled Father, whose eyes are over the righteous and whose ears are open to their prayers, and the Holy Spirit will help you. Answers will come. You will view in a new sense and light the ways of Providence, your lame feet will be on straight paths, your crooked limbs made straight and healed, and you will be able to comprehend with all saints the length and breadth, depth and height of the love of Christ which passeth knowledge and be filled with all the fulness of God. Now to Him that is able to keep you from falling and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God and Saviour be dominion for ever and ever Amen.

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